

# Mayhem Magnified

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A trail of fire travels to, and onto, and into, the sandy hill  
torched exoskeletons scatter about, and around, the bleak site  
the sun shows no remorse; in fact, it gleefully cooperates  
with the lens-based calamity.

Mothers, children ... families conflagrate in flames  
the wielded glass is a notoriously relentless  
god forged from heated sand.

Some have seen this catastrophe unfold before  
they are unable to avoid the infinite panic and pain —  
no more picnic raids for this fallen colony.