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## Bandit of Truth

Ramsceair Jacques Flemmings

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## **Flemmings, Ramsceair Jacques, “Bandit of Truth”**

I have been knighted in this doomed futuristic time.  
Is there an asylum nearby where I could place my mind?  
Upon my knees I languished over that which is to come.  
Then I looked into the soul of my foe, tapped the trigger of my gun.

Fearful screams erupted as some stared in disbelief.  
Lost was I as my destiny foretold me putting them to sleep.  
Surrounded by forces misunderstood by mankind, I could not be harmed.  
The power engraved upon my essence kept me forever armed.

Explosions from their rifles rippled throughout the air with force.  
All who were in attendance were the defilers for whom I sought.  
Droplets of blood fell upon my face as I parted their necks and heads.  
Bodies dropped beneath my souls as chaotic flames began to spread.

Raging howls could be heard; so could the wails of their sirens.  
Thunderous footsteps shook the ground, but I let my gun keep firing.  
Precious was their foundation, or so they grimly assumed.  
Bringing to dust their factions is my divine decree— they’re forever doomed.

“Not one life must flourish,” I had been commanded by my King,  
Living outside the balance of time became their undoing.

Genre: Poetry

Tags: Religion; Violence; Divine retribution