



I stand.
Not in strength.
There's simply no place to sit and rest.
Around me is rubble.
Things that used to be beautiful and useful are now shattered and broken.
Detritus around my feet.
Dangerous even.
What was smooth and elegant is now jagged.
Rough.
Sharp.
God didn't smash them.
He gave these gifts.
Good and perfect.
Now they lie scattered and destroyed around me.
What is left is worse than the emptiness that was here before the gifts.
Beauty, health, and light, battered to become crude, dangerous, and dark.
I stand responsible.
Here I stand.