

# Brother Twing's Overly Dramatic Riddles

## Issue 2

1.

By my mere presence I make my decree.  
Perhaps I bid one rise from the many  
That right of ownership be theirs only,  
Or maybe such a boon I grant to all.

Yet halfwits employ me haphazardly  
And decide upon my use whimsically  
And make the learned sigh on sight of me,  
Lamenting where the fools have bid me fall.

2.

We hold aloft that which shall bar the sun,  
We hold all that you'll see, once the day is done.  
We hold aloft that which shall hide the rain,  
And once all that departs, shall hold what remains.

3.

The land is devoured,  
The sea closes in.  
Earth and sand scattered,  
Man's works all shattered,  
Poseidon grins.

4.

How you shall detest me,  
Do not think I'll care.  
You depend upon me,  
To scorn me you'll not dare.  
For all your labours start with me,  
When my dread call doth blare!  
And every night you fain charge me,  
With dawn, your soul to tear.

5.

Serpentine about the maw,  
Beneath the nose, above the jaw,  
Foulsome filth shall rue my scorn,  
Tis pity you don't use me more.

