



“Warrior of the Fall”

by Anna Marie Nanni Hernandez

I am the Warrior of the Fall.

Not fallen ~ fighting.

Not broken ~ burning.

I walk through the wreckage of counterfeit kings
and call out their crumbling crowns.

I saw the badge bow before the whisper.

I saw the father's house rot from the root.

I saw the porn empire pixelate into dust.

And I stood.

Sword in one hand, mercy in the other.

I am the Warrior of the Fall.

I do not mourn the collapse of corruption.

I dance in the ashes.

I build temples from rubble.

I speak with the voice of YAHUAH

and I do not flinch.