Triad No More

Lady Justice's once-firm grip on the machinery of power slips, greased by Strongman's heartless grab. She joins Duma's eunuchs as impotent branches of our dying canopied, nurturing tree. We're left with one impaling shaft, no shelter from the storm, no leafy protective shade for huddling masses on barren land below.



Image by AI (ImageFX)

22 March 2025



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