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All the *Tokoloshes* Are Dying

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The last line of defence, when even the most distant *tokoloshe* returned,
Took up a place of arms or/of wisdom, to make the last stand of the world. Even the
oldest ones returned, long away in their peace and nature after their years of service,
even The Oldest Ones, returned.

For their world, our world, shared and sacred, co-created and our own, we custodians
all, built it.

And now the encroaching,

now the feeding,

now the devourer of all life

It's as if this creature, came from a different place, a different species altogether

It didn't come from the plants

it didn't come from the rains

the old gods didn't make it,

no-one knows where the new ones were anymore, no one could find them,

no could see them

hear them

touch them

feel them,

anymore.

And so it was the *tokoloshes*,

I have seen them, heard them,

watched the great abyss depths

of their care for us

Who can show us solidarity,

if not our most intimate demons?

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But the *tokoloshes* too
are dying.

These creatures, these beings,
our most undying of foes,
our greatest of warriors and hunters,
are dying.

Their great might and endless spirit,
becoming extinguished,
too.

The Great Darkness it seems, eats them
up too

We do not know what becomes of
everything the Dark accumulates.

Our mightiest of forces,
all falling too.

Even a weed has a right to life.
Even our dear friends, *uTokoloshe*.
and even the unborn.