

## The First Seal: The White Rider

And I bore witness,  
when the child broke the first seal,  
there was no thunder from heaven.  
The thunder came from Earth.

It sounded like applause in the halls of power,  
like cheering in boardrooms when the price  
of commodities rose and the value of life fell.

And then I saw it, a  
white horse.

But this was no savior.  
This was always illusion.

The rider wore a crown, but  
it was not magic.  
It was made by human hands.  
It was given by cameras.  
By slogans.  
By selling fear.

In his hand: a bow.  
But no arrows. Because the  
threat of power was enough  
to bend nations.

He went out not to liberate but  
to conquer perception.  
To make war look noble.  
To make empire look divine.

And I understood, this was not  
merely the beginning of the end.

This was how the lie always goes:  
Dress the destroyer in white.  
Call it a show of force.  
Call it pursuing freedom.  
Blame it on God.

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## The Second Seal: The Red Rider

And I bore witness,  
when the child broke the second seal,  
the voice that once cried “holy”  
now cried out in warning.

Not from the throne.  
From below.  
From the ground that had soaked up too much blood.  
And another horse came,  
red as fury,  
red as fire,  
red as spilled life.

Its rider was not carrying justice.  
He was given a sword.  
Not to protect.  
But to take peace from the Earth.  
To turn brother against brother,  
neighbor against neighbor, nation  
against nation.

And they called it strength.  
And they justified,  
said it was defense.  
And they swore it was just.

But it was none of those things.

It was war for profit.

War for control.

War to keep the White Rider's crown polished.

And I saw that he

did not kill alone.

He had help.

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Laws.

Legalities.

Leaders.

All waving flags held too distant to feel the heat.

And I heard the cries from the rubble,  
from the children under ceilings made of missiles  
and the mothers screaming names that would  
never be spoken again.

The sword was not forged on that day.

It was only unleashed.

And the peace that was taken,

However, it was always just an illusion.

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