

Poem

"Post-mortem"

The winds blow across the streets.
Intersections that once bustled with activity
now empty.

The telephone lines that had buzzed with emotion
ring no longer with laughter, cries of joy, or even a hint of sadness,
but are now heavy with an eerie silence.

The buildings stand as empty shells.
Broken lights. Quiet and still with dust.
No visitors, no inhabitants.

And yet, the courses of the highways and the roads
still trace the outlines and take the same paths
by which the lifeblood sustained the city.

The cables that hang from the utility poles
are a testament to the intimate connections.
A glimpse of the incredible network of human nature.

Though empty, the towers of brick, concrete, and glass
retain their slender curves and sleek faces.
The architecture still holds personality, and
the walls still do not fail to scrape the sky.

And by exploring the details,
the city will divulge her secrets,
with each aspect to be taken apart
to reveal every little niche.
Each corner holds its own story and memory.

Only in her deconstruction can her beauty be fully realized.
And yet, despite being deprived of
the vitality and vigor that used to define her,
the skyline still holds true
to the magnificence of how she had thrived.
What continues to exist is not a shadow,
but a reflection of her former life.

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