

My City on Fire

The city I love
in which I grew up,
full of love and laughter
Now lays in ruin behind me.

Deviation rained down upon it mercilessly
Until all the light that it once held
Was snuffed out, never to reignite.

I left behind my innocence in that city.
My treasures and memories
are now buried under ash and burnt lumber.
All I have left of the city that made me
are the clothes on my back and
ashen memories of my youth.

With no home to go back to
I pray that where I am going holds safety and warmth.
Not the warmth of a raging fire,
But the warmth of fellow displaced peoples.
People who know and can recognize my suffering.

I hunker down with my few belongings
And hold fast to the idea that
things will get better.
When the dust and ash settle,
When the fires in my eyes are finally extinguished
I will see that I survived.

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