

After the Storm

left on the sidewalks
in the middle of the street
on the stairs of the closed bank confectionary college
on this patch of grass here
on that stony memorial of past heroes there
in the stream of life that fills the city
lay hundreds of them
just an hour ago
these shoes moved the family of throats that cried
freedom
the bundle of hearts that wished
justice
the horizon of eyes catching a glimmering sight of
future
now they are all fallen
still
silent
scattered
the humble reminders of the dreams they once carried
in all colors shapes sizes
helpless prisoners of the dark equality of the trash can
leaving the injured souls they once carried
wondering
what to envision
where to cry
how to wish

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