

My City after the Flash

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I survived, so few remained.
Once this place was bustling, full of life untamed.
Now nothing's left, not a soul in sight.
All has vanished, everyone's out of light.

The streets, the houses, the bridges – where have they gone?
No trees, no parks, nothing lives on.
A mountain collapsed upon the land,
The city itself became a grave so grand.

Life was here, so bright, well-known,
Balls and dances, concert shows.
People came with all they could bring,
No one remains who could still come in.

There was a house, flowers in the window.
Every morning the lady would show.
Quietly she stood, coffee in hand,
Her white robe caressed her body so grand.

A circus stood there, full of light and cheer:
A giant tent, acrobats, clowns, animals near.
Children laughed with joy, carefree, so bright;
The flash consumed them – it struck mid-show, in the light.

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A great house stood there, an important place.
Here they declared war against peace's grace.
The bomb struck them full, the flash so dire,
And it dragged the whole world down into fire.

They fell down into the deepest hell.
For them it ended; there's no more to tell.
For us, life begins again, the task is ours to keep:
Never again war! It's not worth the grief!

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