

## 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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