

Waving No Longer

Asfaw

I.

Time marches on as
sombre skies stare silently:
hope has flown the coop.

II.

Many hands grab me,
from graves not too far away,
wrinkled and worn.

III.

I cry many stars
(only thirteen remain now),
reviving times past.

IV.

Symphony of sounds;
cacophony of chaos.
Who will save us now?

V.

Wind waltzes by me—
tasting concrete this wild night
—I wave no longer.