

Last Days

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nothing is left, the last day is here!

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The fear-free winds echoed through the once crested landscape of the earth.
Only to find nothing to hold it back or turn it.
Picking up speed as it raced headlong through what was once a great city,
Gathering up the particles of a dead race.

Out in the desolate space filled sky, no birds are seen or heard.
One man stands alone, against a dead universe,
Waiting, waiting and lusting for the final moment that awaited him.
Hunger and thirst, no longer dominated his thoughts,
Nothing existed except, the wind, sand and the bright glare of the sun,
As it tried desperately to penetrate through the haze of the dust filled planet,
That lay dormant under the blood-red sky of doom.
-written by Robyn Brown

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