

Postmodern Desolation

The pale sunsets
Over the ruins
Of the city. Cast shadows
Of rusted metals,
Broken and empty.

Stumbling buildings
Stripped of the paint and the glass
Like skeletons ready to collapse

In the endless corridors
Of the dead city
Wanders an android
Paranoid android
The last of his kind

All lies in ruins and disrepair

The city awaits its finality
Its only survivor
Of that golden flame
A paranoid android
Now wander
In the ruined streets
In the desolation
Of the post modern age

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