

What Remains.

I watch it perched
Perched at the edge of the world gone silent
It doesn't know joyful noise—
not the way we do

The bird sings
Each note falls perfect
Flawless, calculated yet a disappointment
Its body: metallic and sharp
The notes aren't like they used to be
Not like the delightful chaos I used to hear
Used to hate

The bird caws
The days of real caws are gone
Real caws would be a wonderful symphony of notes,
wonderfully blending together
What remains is only a replica of what once was
A replica of what was once wild
I miss their chaos
They were messy, unpredictable yet undeserving of hate
Perfectly imperfect

The bird whistles
I wonder, "does it know what it is imitating?"
Just as it is unaware
It will never recover the absence
It will never know that the world it sings to, is dead
It will never sing the way they used to

The bird sighs
Not at me, but at what is left
The trees are gone

The rivers are gone
The people are gone
The sky is now stretched thin like a pale, gray sheet
And all that remains
Is this hollow, fake bird
That keeps functioning, gears and all, like nothing has happened

The bird screams
I want to crush it
To reach out and make it stop pretending
Stop pretending like trees will brighten from the joy of spring
and the rivers will speak again
To make the sound of the world reappear

But I don't
because it's all that is left
Left in a world where everything has slipped away
Where all sounds of laughter, joy, freedom
Have eternally disappeared

The bird cries
And I stand there crying with it
Listening to a ghost, not of the bird
But of us
Of everything we ended
Living, breathing, real, humans

The bird laughs
At everything we destroyed
everything we let slip away,
while we covered the earth in plastic and steel
Destroying everything until we were the only things left
thinking we could live without the things that made us human

The bird sings on

A reminder not of what remains but of what we have lost

The bird sings

And there is no one left to listen