

## Survivors

by ryall *Monday, Jun 13 2016, 2:08am*

international / poetry / post

after the horror,  
the few remaining formed  
disparate, motley groups.  
it was decided to leave  
the old dead world behind

and so began the migration,  
first in vehicles and then on foot  
when fuel and parts became unavailable

into the burnt, hopeless expanse  
a few hundred began their journey,  
as there was nothing left to sustain them  
in the cities and towns they left behind

the burnt land offered nothing but starkness  
and gnarled reality, the sun barely visible  
in the darkened sky of day --  
desolation reached to the horizon  
yet as is common to the species the will  
to survive moved all that could move, forward,  
many had already perished leaving only a few dozen  
to continue -- those destined to die were left  
silently whimpering,  
there was nothing anyone could do but continue,  
dead hope was left with the dead billions  
that had perished in the holocaust

after months of walking and supplementing  
supplies with roots, dried grasses and bitter rain  
we reached a gorge, its narrow, foreboding passage  
forking in two directions -- which way to go?

the group, now only 33 souls,  
argued and deliberated over the course to take  
neither direction offered any more hope than the other,  
the next day we would decide

in the permanent twilight of day  
the strongest gathered at the fork,  
the majority decided to go right,  
however, for some unknown reason

i chose left, intuition had overruled reason

i made no case simply stating i had chosen left  
a few joined me, the majority proceeded right  
to their oblivion we were later to discover

barely alive and cursed by the others that willingly  
joined me, the narrow fork opened up  
into a hidden valley  
protected on both sides by mountains.  
clean water flowed tho not abundantly,  
green seeding grasses grew and small animals  
foraged in the crevices and undergrowth

in my twilight years i decided to scratch  
this story in one of the deep recesses  
of a cave that offered refuge before  
the survivors populated the valley  
to eventually form new settlements beyond it.

🔊 [A Day in the Life -- Beatles](#)

---

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-2263.html>