

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>