Death of an American Small Town

In the mist of growing death
A life grows within me
Kicking and squirming
Much unlike the town that surrounds me

Through the painted leaves
It played
Pushing and pulling
Cool it felt
With the sense of smoke
Gritty to the taste

In a week the smoke
Will be gone
The steel mill will close
Then Dan will lose his job
With the rest of the town

Many have already left
Their homes and shops stand vacant
A testament to their lives

Dan can't wait to leave
He says
Work is plentiful in the city

But I know
We will die
In the cage of concrete and steel
They call a city

For how can we live
Without the trees and plains
Of our home

No there is only death
That awaits us
Only death that wants us
And at the end of a week
Death will have us

by Joseph Borkowski