

Ashes to Ashes: Odes to a Shattered World

In the aftermath of nuclear wrath,
Where hope lies shattered upon this path,
I raise my voice, a furious cry,
A poem fuelled by anger, no reason to deny.

Once, a world painted in vibrant hue,
Now desolation reigns, no life to accrue.
Gone are the cities, majestic and grand,
Reduced to rubble, by our own reckless hand.

Radiation lingers above in a ghostly haze,
A deadly, silent killer, its touch never betrays.
The air, heavy with the stench of decay,
I curse the day that led us astray.

What folly, what madness possessed our minds,
To play with fire, to leave nothing behind?
Greed and power, the demons we embrace,
Now we wither and writhe, lost to barren space.

No birdsong to serenade the morn,
No laughter or joy, all innocence torn.
Families shattered, torn apart,
Their cries forever etched in my heart.

I mourn the rivers, once then crystal clear,

Now poisoned and toxic, their purity disappeared.
The earth, scarred and battered, wounded deep,
We sow the seeds of regret and in sorrow we reap.

Leaders who danced with war's deadly tune,
Now sit upon thrones of ashes strewn.
Their words, empty promises, hollow lies,
While the world crumbles, beneath blackened skies.

I curse those who wielded power with disdain,
A legacy of suffering, of irreversible pain.
The screams of the innocent haunt my dreams,
A symphony of anguish, a chorus that gleams.

Yet, in this anger, a glimmer of light,
A call to action, to make things right.
We must rise, united, from this dark abyss,
Rebuild a world where hatred does not persist.

Let this poem be a reminder, a fierce plea,
To honor life's sanctity, to set our spirits free.
For the anger I feel shall not be in vain,
In the face of destruction, love shall remain.