

MY LOVE'S IN THE TOMBS

The sweetest refrain from any song can be heard with the sounds of nature on this chilly, crisp day.

I can not understand how my heart doesn't register what has happened, and what I am seeing before me, as I walk down the streets of my city, now devastated by the earth's fury.

My love's in the tombs, is all my mind seems to be saying.

All the buildings and homes now in rubble at my feet. Here is where my sister, mother, father, and I lived, here on this street. This pile of rubble is my home, where I spent so many happy afternoons playing games with my family.

My love's in the tombs, the growing silence of the scene is enveloping me with an eerie silence.

I lie down with my love's, near the rubble, and sleep.

I miss my family.