

Nothing by Alana Summers

Smog-choked stars
sadly watch me on the cool night
whispering, "What have you done?"
What have I done?
Nothing.

Garbage litters streets.
Cans clatter, thick winds blow.
They howl to me, "What have you done?"
What have I done?
Nothing.

The future watches the past
solemn-eyed, wondering why,
crying, "What have you done?"
What had I done?
Nothing.

Nothing is what made our only future
what it is now.
No help, no effort, not a care.
What have we done?
Nothing.

The future is gone.
We have failed.
The whispers, the howls, the cries
of our dying future
echo on the cool breeze
murmuring
Nothing.