

Michael McGuire "The Witness"

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THE WITNESS

After everyone was gone,i just traveled around from
place to place to
watch the change,at first it looked like it would happen
pretty fast,in only
a few years many of the roads and highways were
covered with grass and
weeds,after about fifteen or twenty years you could
hardly tell where
most of the roads had been,those same roads that
used to go somewhere
anywhere everywhere,in the suburbs all the manicured
lawns were now
the widest jungles,the houses all still stood in good
shape empty
reminders of countless scenes of private life,despair
fear violence hope
love joy a world framed in walls,after about a hundred
years these worlds
were the jungles pedestal as quite as loneliness,in the
cities the creatures
vain monuments to prosperity,the jungle underneath
was just starting to
push off the weight of the concrete,and in a manner
completely void of
malice or pretension weave its way into the work,vines
wrapped around
skyscrapers wildflowers and grasses take the place of
once congested
avenues,after several hundred years surprisingly most
of the cities were
still standing,though they were covered in foliage in
such a way,that if
one were just seeing them now for the first time they
may think that they
grew organically,after a few thousand years there was
hardly any sign at
all that the creatures had lived here once,the cities had
all crumbled
underneath the weight of the jungle,the same jungle
that these ego's in

stone had once crushed and held at bay,here and
there were
conglomerations of unimpressive ruins,ruins that could
offer no clues to
what had been engulfed in the lining of the womb,after
several thousand
years the whole of the little planet was once again
pristine,it was
beautiful an absolutely aching beauty.

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