“Naught remains of fire and ash”

Adam Brown

Naught remains of fire and ash
Perhaps some rubble strewn by time
The wire barbed holds nothing in nor out
Tracks half buried lead the way no more
Stench indescribable has ceased to pollute the air
And god’s still absent like he was before

So many figures travelled through these fields
To useless labour geared to have no end
But most joined the line that soon ceased to exist
An end for which no words can right describe
But offer only lack

The demolition of a man was here
Identity turned anonymous and hard
A realm of ambiguity and death
Of which no one can know nor understand
An effort such as this is an offence
That I should stop

Yet who will keep the memory as it fades
As those who saw it happen pass us by
While spectres of this ghost do reappear
And haunt a different place and then move on
Too real is all the wreckage left behind
Of this distant past so far and near

All human things are subject to decay
Memory does shrivel up with time
And relies on repetition to proceed
A mimesis that proves everything but that
And even this few people read or see
And find things in it that are not there
Or should not be
It is in this growth that memory recedes