

## Waving No Longer

Brehanu Bugg

### *I.*

Time marches on as  
sombre skies stare silently:  
hope has flown the coop.

### *II.*

Many hands grab me,  
from graves not too far away,  
wrinkled and worn.

### *III.*

I cry many stars  
(only thirteen remain now),  
reviving times past.

### *IV.*

Symphony of sounds;  
cacophony of chaos.  
Who will save us now?

### *V.*

Wind waltzes by me—  
tasting concrete this wild night  
—I wave no longer.