

Coastal Laze

An eruption caused each person to flee.
Town of Aramiere gone, fled from the fear.
It's been that way, for centuries.
No one has returned, come close to its frontier.

In April I visited, the house of my ancestor.
Crumbled down and broken, not a pretty sight,
A look to the right, found something to gander.
The bright blue seas with crystal sands, spotted with tektite.

Strolling through the foggy thicket led to a clearing.
Sunlight filtered through the trees, ash covered the logs and timber.
There lied the skeletons of two people, to a each other they showed signs of caring.
Held hands, lovers with opinions that concur.

A hike off the beaten path reveals signs of recent life.
Structures and vehicles titled "Lusse Brothers" were carved on the exterior.
An abandoned Bumper Car amusement appeared to exist without strife.
The whole area was explored with a ambler.

Dozens of cars, painted yellow and blue with hides that've faded due to neglect and time.
The crumbling iron frame grown stagnant, overgrown with trees and bush.
This carnival has been treated well, the salt of the sea affected the park for it was located in the Maritimes.
Trailing towards the beach, laid a debouche.

This is the land of my ancestry.
This land is fertile, we can live again, in this city of Aramiere
Each inch alluring, from heavens to sea,
At this time, I have returned midyear.