

## Echoes of a Silent City

It stood once, golden and proud, on the edge of a winding river. It's towers standing tall and powerful like warriors. The sun would shine through the stain glass windows, projecting colour through to the grand halls and illuminating the dark rooms. The smell of freshness spreading through the city as time moved gently.

Now, the city sleeps and doesn't sing the same.

Vines coil around the stone columns as moss spreads along the cracked floors, covering the ancient stories told through mosaics. The river still runs, its banks crumbling like forgotten promises, but now has no competition to be the loudest. No birds dare to sing or even enter the city. Streets once filled with footsteps now only echo with dust. The market square, once alive and thriving, now a ghost town full of shadows. The golden sculptures now unrecognizable, covered in overgrown green.

No one recalls the rituals; the songs and the stories etched into the walls. The idea of this city having a language has faded into a memory. Though this doesn't stop nature from occurring. Rain still falls heavy on the rooftops. Moonlight still drapes the city's ruins in silver light. Twisted branches still invade the buildings, threading through the shattered glass like wire.

The city continues to erode, but still stands, waiting for the day when *someone* or *something* discovers it. Sometimes, the wind carries a whisper through the trees, not a voice, but instead a thought that maybe one day this city will live again, and wake up from this really long dream.