

# The City

The city waited twenty thousand years.

The planet moved through space and the flowers of the fields grew up and fell away, and still the city waited

And the rivers of the planet rose and waned and turned to dust.

Still the city waited.

The winds that had been young and wild grew old and serene, and the clouds of the sky that had been ripped and torn were left alone to drift in idle whiteness.

Still the city waited

In the sky a rocket appeared

Revenge was and is my name  
I've waited for the sons of the sons of the sons to  
return."

The incisions on their necks were invisible  
There was a faint electric hum from their heads  
"We return to Earth immediately."

Slowly, pleasurably, the city enjoyed the luxury of dying.