



like a token left behind  
from sweet innocent dreams.  
There now lay forgotten memories  
in place of secrets once whispered  
under picnic table forts.  
Where hordes of candy corn  
and peppermint sticks were once piled  
like gold, lay discarded heaps,  
sticky and covered in sprinkles  
of dirt and small black ants.

The echoes of delighted screams  
and full belly laughs, mixed  
with friendly conversations  
about good food and Christmas presents  
are lost, replaced with deadened silence  
and empty eyes while mouths  
chew food with no taste and no love;  
just another forgotten moment in time,  
forming the divide between love and loss.

Begone from this town! Leave behind  
you the lost souls of Fika, mute your ears  
to the call of its bell, and desperately race  
further away from the dilapidated road  
before the last bell tolls –  
else its empty melody encloses  
the town once more.