I remember it
Plain as day:
A grey dress
With pearl buttons
And lace around the collar
Left behind in a deserted town.
She must have cried
To have forgotten
That dress.
Could they have left
In such a hurry to forget.
Everything deserted.
In the general store,
Crackers and pickles are
Still in their barrels.
Bear traps hang on the wall.
Picks and shovels
Once shiny but
Now dull with age.

Line the wall.
Outside, the iron ore
Smelter ovens stand empty
Waiting for ships
Loaded with pig iron
Which will never come
To tie up to the
Rotting pilings
In the bay.
No one comes
Except tourists
Who are not even allowed
To pick up slag
From the beach.
And so they only gape at
The dome shaped ovens
And the grey
Weather beaten buildings
And anything left behind.
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