

# Deserted Cities

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No more reason to come or go  
A city all alone in the middle of nothing  
Red Rocks  
Walls of stone  
Fields of sand  
Lost in the emptiness

The days that they were  
Lost in the sand of time  
Between nothing and useless  
Lost in the wind  
Like trees in a field  
Left all alone  
No growth, no process  
Future gone  
Lost city  
Lost existence  
No more reason to be

Deserted  
Banded  
Desolated  
Isolated  
Dropouts  
Set outs  
The lonesome of the sand

Build in times of faith

Times of growth

Build for a passion

Reasonable

To be used

Lived

Cared for

Used by

As a home

A place to live to be

The essence all gone

Forgotten

Blown away by the wind

That still passes everyday

It tells the story of the places that used to be

The places that lived before they died

The love

Fun

Loudness

Fullness

Chaos of life left

The laughs of the children died in the sand

No more of it all

No sandcastle is left

No track of a car

The spirit of the place lost  
Everyday determined from

Sunrise

Till

Sunset

Till

Sunrise

Till sunset

Cold dark nights

Silent

Dry

Waterless

The deserted barren wasteland

All there is left is the image of how it used to be

To be became not to be

The question, the reason

Never be answered

Never be a home again

Deserted and forgotten

The text was told/performed during the second Intro in Situ night organized by the iArts students during the performance block.

The text is a reaction to the work of Aglaia Konrad called *Desert Cities*.



