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“Create-A-Story”: lonely gypsy left behind, lost reputation, in an apartment, ‘engine’, post-apocalyptic future

**Nomad-er What, You Have to Stop and Wander**

Nomad-er what, you have to stop and wander

The air was still, the door ajar

The end had come and gone

We’d had our fill of the end days

But life still carries on

The wanderer passed by the open door

It used to be custom to knock

To barge right in, wholly unannounced

Was sign of lower stock

But naught remained of civil behavior

Not remains nor ruins seen

A world of waste means survival states

Take precedent over who we’ve been

So in went the gypsy, cautiously

Across the threshold, calling out

Taking in all that’s around

Asking “is anyone else about?”

The air held silence of heavy weight

As the wait stretched on and on

After a time, there was a chime

And it seemed everyone had gone

The man then went into the room

Taking in all that lay scattered round

The dusty floor, an ajar door

And more silence to be found

Behind the door, the man could see

Something he did not expect

He peeked his head in, curiously

At a bounty he could collect

The pantry there was not empty

There were things left from before his arrival

Water, food, even medicine

The essentials of essential survival

An honest wanderer he was in the past

But that time has come and gone with a sigh

Now a thieving squatter is who he is

As he clings to a lifeline supply

Remember even if civilization gilds

The edges of harsh reality

The engine of fate shall never abate

And we all must bow to necessity