

As the sun rose, when the sky was still murky and loaded with misty smoke, in the center of a bombed street, the city felt demolished and miserable. Punctured windows and coiled railings glistened in the pasty sunlight, as if the city itself was trying to reconice what harmony felt like. Firemen with soot-stained expressions and lengthy, colossal hoses rushed through the vapour-filled streets, battling upon the roaring flames. Blazed planks and crumpled shelters fell into the diminished roads delivering scrambling into the shadowy air. Through the mayhem, the smell of flickered ash and oil hung above the ruins ripping the eyes and throats of all who observed or vulnerabley. Amongst the mounds of bricks and dust, a single green bicycle reclined against a fractured wall, lingering torelently as through the rider might return at any moment. Across the street, torn newspapers fluttered in the frosty wind, muttering forgotten headlines of bravery and loss. From somewhere nearby, a child's faint cry rose through the steamy air, mingling with the flames and hiss of the hoses. Even after the bombings, faith lingered beneath the rubble quiet, stubborn and unbroken.