

Ghost town...

We used to wake up to the roosters' cries and fall asleep to the songs of crickets coming from the wide-open windows. We used to have the luxury of enjoying unhurried walks in the park and funny games with our kids in the backyard.

We had all we needed at arm's length: our loved ones, hospitals and pharmacies, favorite job. We weren't afraid to let the child go to school by himself or leave the keys from apartment with always kind neighbor Natasha, knowing that she would certainly remember to water the flowers on the windowsills. We could always count on the unselfish help of taxi driver Mikola when we urgently needed to get to the hospital, even in the middle of the night.

And then the devil came... With its fucking primitive slogans like "We can repeat", "You are not a nation" so on. It came with not knowing exactly what it was doing here and why it wanted to punish us. It shot poor people who couldn't rearrange themselves and, as usual, drove through the familiar streets in search of some medicaments for themselves or water for their loved ones. It used to shit in our empty apartments and wipe itself with children's clothes which could find around.

We have nothing left to come back to. Our houses, already destroyed to pieces, continue to be shelled daily. Aunt Natasha is no more. She couldn't survive and taxi driver Mikola... he was just sleeping when a rocket ruined his entire family along with the walls, to the ground. No schools, no pharmacies, no backyard...

And now, driving along the streets, you remember every time: "Here's this corner, where a bloody man in a blue jacket lay, and over there were two shot-up cars with people inside. And here exactly I saw two women dragging a dying girl wrapping in a sheet to the hospital. And here's the church we used to live near, which is now a cemetery" ...

Now it is city that doesn't exist.