

there will come soft rains .









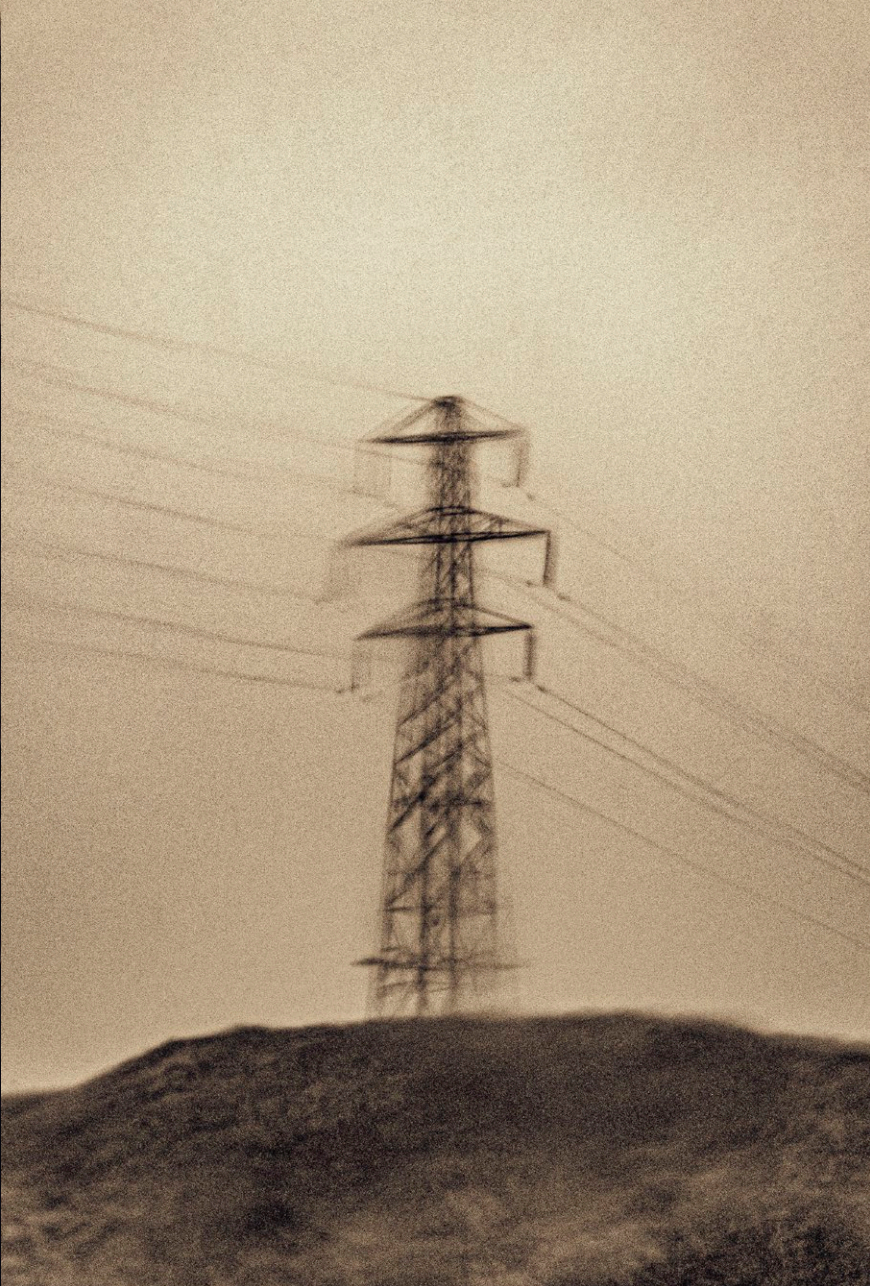






















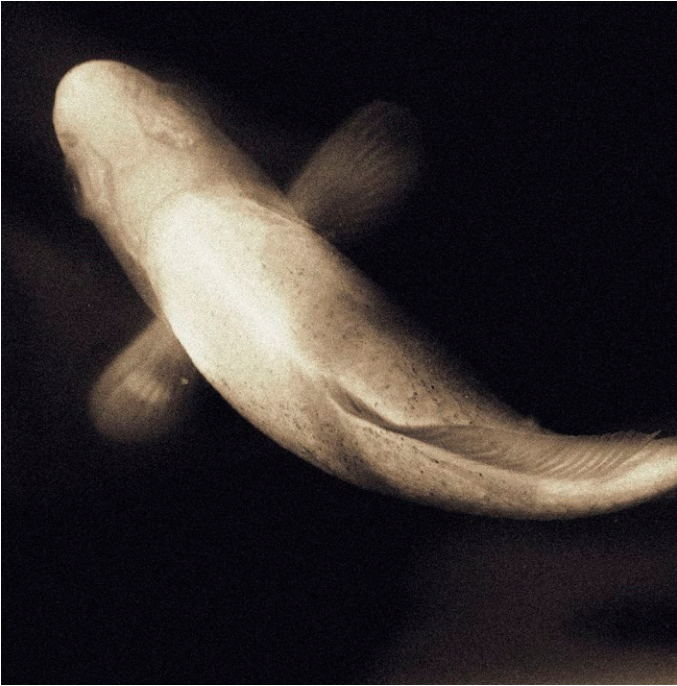


















There will come soft rains and the smell of the ground,
And swallows circling with their shimmering sound;

And frogs in the pools singing at night,
And wild plum trees in tremulous white;

Robins will wear their feathery fire,
Whistling their whims on a low fence-wire;

And not one will know of the war, not one
Will care at last when it is done.

Not one would mind, neither bird nor tree,
If mankind perished utterly;

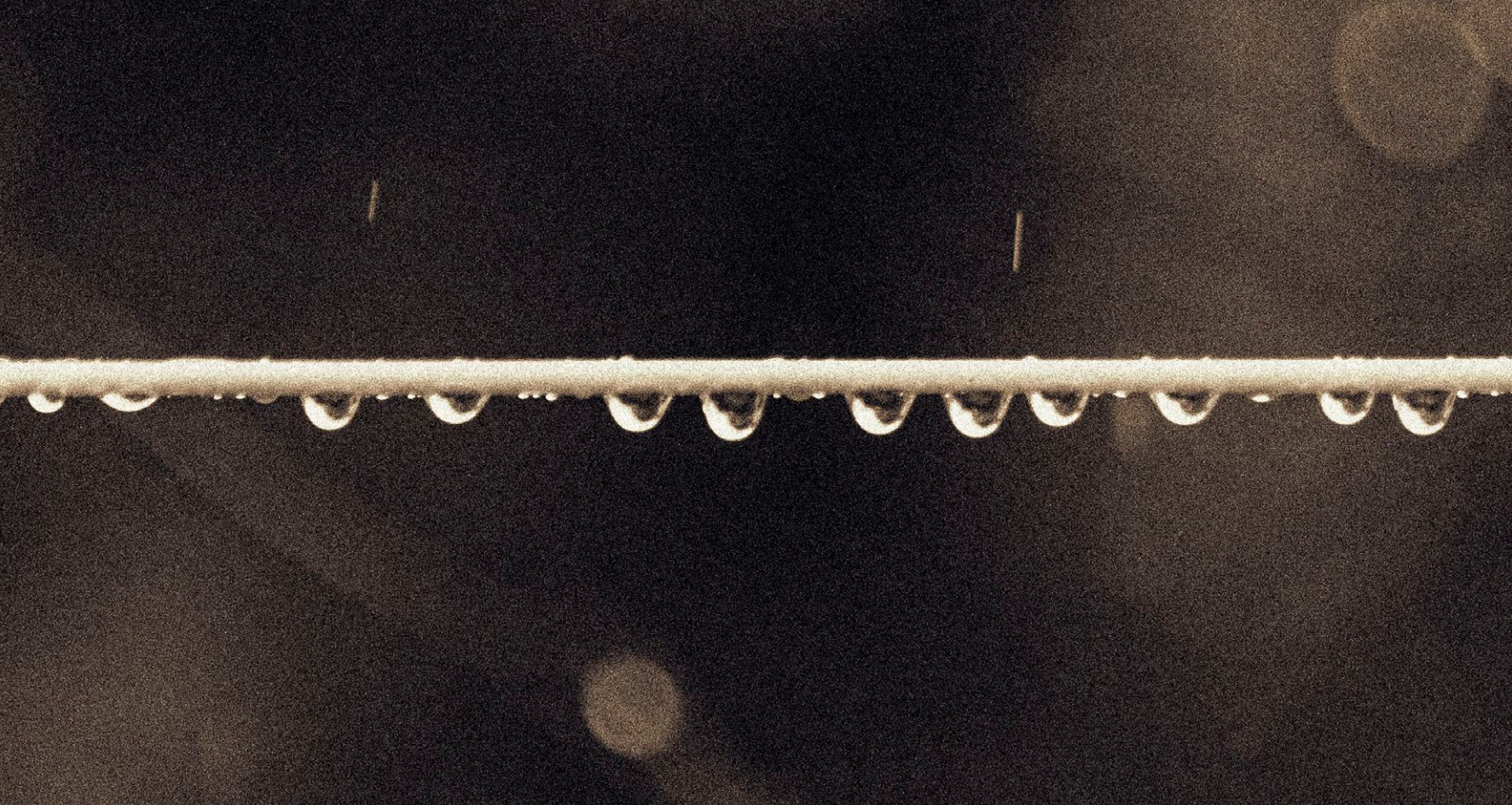
and spring herself when she woke at dawn



would scarcely know that we were

gone.





Photos by Sennen Powell

Poem by Sara Teasdale

Style inspired by Shaun Tan

Narrative inspired by Ray Bradbury