Eamon Post-Apocalyptic

 The mangled pylon stood alone against the grey sky, unmoving, as a chill wind rustled the stalks of the dying corn, and drove the dark, flat clouds steadily onwards, and tossed up the sky into a blackish, churning mass. The corn threshed the wind, and it made a hollow whistle, which carried over to the agitated river. There, moored out in the middle, was a solitary motor-boat, disregarded, forgotten, abandoned. Dull paint came off in withering flakes, as dry rust crept from the tip of the bow along the gunwales, engulfing the boat in some terrible, infectious rash.

 Across the dead landscape, nothing stirred, save the restless clouds, and the shivering, twisting sea. There was no sound, apart from the wind, and the rustling of the corn, and nothing else. A shrivelled-looking whooping crane called out, pleading, inaudible against the hollow wind which howled across the wasteland. Nothing. Nobody. The man walked, his footsteps grinding and crunching, across the black gravel, and trudged hopelessly through the remains of a once-peaceful, once-prosperous civilisation. And he dragged himself on under the same dark shadow cast over the land, and braced himself for the storm. Still nothing. Still nobody. Six years, and he was still thinking-figuring.