

Paved Way

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Oblivion set before the clock,
The view.
Dark and obscure with the heightened sense of-
Tunnel vision.
Voices empty, hollowed dreams.
Tick, tick, click.
Did you smile? No.
Unfathomable seriousness with harsh whispers.
Sore and rigid, with a twist.
Thin pavement responding coldly to the bare.
Stand,
Play god for the scolding viewers.
Watch night rattle the spine with inconvenience,
Sparkling stars to only reject the moon.
Push the clock back as it conspiratorially rushes back ten-fold.
Laugh in the moments, never to regain.
Fly, crash, smear.
Gritty anger turns pitied tears.

Jump.

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