

Sidewalk 2020

Crisp and crunching and
That gravel isn't taking you anywhere
But the breeze etches you into the present
Madness of the empty grey skies
That greet you warmly and no one else

The others hide for now, brimming with hope that
The sun's corona riddled radiation will save them
And so the sidewalk is open for your strolling
As the paused cranesong warbles and chokes

Breath the silence into your thirsty lungs
Gather the scattered pinpricks of ice and sirens
Tuck them away under the sweet spring honey bloom

The dire script of your dna spells fire in chalk
Follow it until the beat drop

This is it
You are free