A Dim Entrance

The Good Life

send me to bed.
my head's drowning out the thick and blurry sounds
of horses on the highway.
the days are running down
and i'm drowning out this overwhelming sad.send me to bed, and tamp out the lamp.
in the dark the colors fade
to shades of grey and black.
but the city's fireflies wash the bedroom with light
like an overwhelming sad.i must be drowning out..the roar of the engines
as they escape into night.
the stillness unravels the long lost strands of our lives.
they drift out the window, they drift out to sea;
and i fall asleep.
to an overwhelming sad.

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