

# No Traffic

## All

You flush a fish down a toilet and look down to See your second hand is dead still. You think them somehow connected but you can't be Sure and it's just as well. What to do next when the shit piles up? You'd almost swear you hear voices, but you know it's You can't decide. You go outside. Stand in the moonlight drinking coffee from a paper cup. You hear monotonous noises. It's that time of night Nothing but a noisy, guilty conscience. Its so predictable. Oh what a feeling to listen to your blood. Like someone sucked you dry and pumped you full of rocks and mud. The way it feels when it congeals, No traffic, in or out. Close your eyes. Tired eyes No traffic, in or out You won't decide anything tonight. No need to Rush things, they'll keep until tomorrow. Just make a fresh pot of coffee and stay up All night and get nothing done. Don't you hate preference? I know you hate choice Just hang your limbs out in the wind And clear your throat because you don't know when you'll need your Voice You hope it won't be long before you're back in Light goes off and you fly away. Who gets to say when the switch flips and the The action like a moth around a light bulb, but You could be standing and watching city lights But where you'll be is where you'll be Close your eyes And what you do is up to you. Stand still you've got the right No traffic, in or out No traffic, in or out Tired eyes And as I face the East, I swear I taste the East I think I see the East, I think I see the East I've got to go back East Where there's no traffic, in or out.

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