# Sleeper In Metropolis

## Anne Clark

As a sleeper in metropolis
You are insignificance
Dreams become entangled in the systemEnvironment moves over the sleeper:
Conditioned air
Conditions sedated breathing
The sensation of viscose sheets on naked flesh
Soft and warm
But lonesome in the blackened ocean of night
Confined in the helpless safety of desires and dreams
We fight our insignificance
The harder we fight
The higher the wallOutside the cancerous city spreads
Like an illness
Its symptoms
In cars that cruise to inevitable destinations
Tailed by the silent spotlights
Of society created paranoiaNo alternative could grow
Where love cannot take root
No shadows will replace
The warmth of your contact
Love is dead in metropolis
All contact through glove or partition
What a waste
The City -
A wasting disease
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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