

Death Mobile by Jocelyn Osoria

Crowded road, crowded mind.
I could walk but there is no time.

We control a cruel metal;
wheel, a gear, two guileful pedals.
Eternal lines drone on and on,
Contorted, alien faces drawn.
We're out to work, and out to buy,
Ignore the poison in the sky.

Alloy engine hearts throb and roar
Intense rumbles throughout my core
Grey, sprawled skin upon my flesh
I'm sitting in a creature's chest

We're all in a rush, In a haze
Soft mangled bodies without shape
In pieces, all throughout the street
Like a stranger's hand, or their feet

A cross, in vain, for those who cared,
A candle for whose love they shared,

The countless more we will accrue,
On the lanes, it could be me or you.
We seldom use what's solely ours,
Two legs ten toes; instead we sour
the Earth for convenience's sake,
a living hell, we surely make.

A grim matter of time, time, time.
I will lose what is solely mine.