

Crowded road, crowded mind
I'd rather walk
But I haven't the time

Instead, I operate this clunky metal
Using wheel, gear, and distant pedal

Endless lines drone on and on
Frowned, angry faces readily drawn

Out to shop, Out to buy
Together, ignore the poison in the sky

Engine hearts throb and roar
Endless possibilities to end up on the floor

In a rush, In a haze
Mangled bodies without shape

I should use what's solely mine
But I haven't the courage or the time