

Death Mobile by Jocelyn Osoria

Crowded road, crowded mind.

I could walk but there is no time.

We possess a cruel metal;

wheel, a gear, two guileful pedals.

Eternal lines drone on and on,

Contorted, alien faces drawn.

We live to work, and live to buy,

Blind to the poison in the sky.

Mechanical hearts throb and roar,

Intense rumbles throughout my core.

I sit within a creature's chest,

and sit passive on its grey flesh.

We, in a rush and haze, pass the

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,

The candle and rose, a cursed pair.

The countless more we will accrue,  
On the lanes, it can 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.