

## One Am Radio, The "Don't Panic"

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skating on a smooth obsidian sea,  
black sky reflects under your feet.  
miles away, the lights of your city life still burn,  
where the tick of clocks and the click of locks are  
anxious for your return. the cold air drowns out every  
sound except your breathing - your breath rising up  
from the ground. you could glide forever with your  
hands behind your back, but unseen,  
the ice beneath you begins to crack.  
are you out there? who is watching over me?  
I am floating. here's to hoping. here's h

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