

Assemblage 23 "Grid"

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The ground is pulsing,
The pace is constant,
So unrelenting as the day goes forward.

There's no escaping,
It's too incessant,
This only shuffle in the crushing boredom.

It'll drag you down if you allow it to.
It'll chew you up and have its way with you.

The noise relentless,
A pounding hammer,
Against your psyche and it's growing stronger.

The blarring anger,
Constant frustration,
You can't endure this clamor for much longer.
It'll drag you down if you allow it to.
It'll chew you up and have its way with you.

Where is the quiet,
The dulcet silence,
That used to punctuate this lack of order.

No time to wonder,
They will replace you,
You'll be discarded and thrown in the corner.

It'll drag you down if you allow it to.
It'll chew you up and have its way with you.

It will drag you down if you allow it to.
It will chew you up and have its way with you.

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