

Anne Clark "The Haunted Road"

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Driving the steel
and black wheels turning
onwards without destination
pausing in moments
for something familiar
some trace of knowing
Distance approaches
blurs into passing
colourless void
without change
so much to long for
takes so much effort
so much strength to contain

The haunted road
the scattered ghosts
of years of days of nights
driving these wires of darkness
fleeting shapes in the lights
Violent landscape
internal dreamscape
a journey that constantly tells
leaving places
loosing each other
we lose whole parts of ourselves

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