

Greg MacPherson **"Genuinely Frozen"**

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The sidewalk's cracked and the people don't look so good on my street. Our fences are so tall there's not much hope anymore left for the neighbourhood. I've been away, I've seen other cities where the bus runs all night long. I'm tired of walking, I want to get out from under the broken dreams outside. Somewhere out over the skyline and out past the city lights, over the bridge you can't look at the river from there's a broke down farm where my mother was born. She said they were only ever young. With an open conscience and their whole lives ahead of them spelled out in the truth and a golden car fueled by the mystery of the dark and the falling of the night. Genuinely frozen by the fear of growing older and picking out the colours of these broken dreams outside.

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