

## **Bruce Cockburn**

### **"Silver Wheels"**

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High speed drift on a prairie road  
Hot tires sing like a string being bowed  
Sudden town rears up then explodes  
Fragments resolve into white line code  
Whirl on silver wheels  
Black earth energy receptor fields  
Undulate under a grey cloud shield  
We outrun a river colour brick red mud  
That cleaves apart hills soil rich as blood  
Highway squeeze in construction steam  
Stop caution hard hat yellow insect machines  
Silver steel towers stalk rolling land  
Toward distant stacks that shout "Feed on demand"  
100 miles later the sky has changed  
Urban anticipation -- we get 4 lanes  
Red orange furnace sphere notches down  
Throws up silhouette skyline in brown  
Sundogs flare on windshield glass  
Sudden swoop skyward iron horse overpass  
Pass a man walking like the man in the moon  
Walking like his head's full of irish fiddle tunes  
The skin around every city looks the same  
Miles of flat neon spelling well-known names  
USED TRUCKS DIRTY DONUTS YOU YOU'RE THE ONE  
Fat wheeled cars squeal into the sun  
Radio speakers gargle top 40 trash  
Muzak soundtrack to slow collapse  
Planet engines pulsate in sidereal time  
If you listen close you can hear the whine

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