

## **Aeon Now**

# **"Shopping Carts & Trash"**

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The leaves are on the wind tonight  
the city grinds and hums  
I cat tongued to pass through the glow  
of sodium lights on a concrete wall  
through the factories and railroad tracks  
through shopping carts and trash  
where bottles broke in fits of mirth  
where weeds spring forth from trampled earth

my mouth is sewn my hands are bound  
my dreams are cased in stone  
my memory in charcoal draws a flower

the wind is blowing through the trees  
casting leaves upon the night  
a train is passing through the yard  
pulsing light between its cars  
and from each box car's passing door  
a ghastly vision peers  
it sends a tremor through my skin  
for in each car I see again

specter watching from beyond  
that's bound to ride like me

reappearing in each passing car  
it's eyes sunk in like dying stars

and wherefore has this vision come  
that none should see but me  
it's face like what my mirror shows  
displays my fate from choices chose  
fate not sealed not carved in stone  
still a different path it excludes  
choices yet to make with trains  
to ride or lay down on the main

I feel a chill like shards of rime  
and light a cigarette  
I shudder because freedom found  
and maybe it's time to leave this town

so puttin' out my cigarette  
I take my pack up from the ground  
in the wind that blows before a rain  
the fated one runs toward a train

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