

The Sleeping "15 On The Freeway"

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Calluses, forming from the numbing touch.
A painful price, payable, I am alive. A powerful glance
that consumes you in image.
Images reflect what some of us have been fighting for.
A fight that goes on until the day the sound dies.
Fearless and brave we attack head on until the sound
from another dies. Counting down. Just a few more
days until it's time to throw away everything. Nothing
left behind. Such a painful price, payable with feeling.
And I'm alive. Press on move out. An older image to
consume. You'll come back, faithful, resting on that
image.

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