

## **SOUND TOWN**

by Francis Dawson, St. John's – Junior Division Poetry

The town hangs thick  
And tired, just  
In from an  
Abandoned journey  
Cigarette butts blowing,  
Overcrowding sidewalks.

Every path taken fades  
Onto another; we,  
trapped like rats  
In a lab  
Sipping refreshing cocktails  
Of painkillers,

We, anxious flies standing on  
Duty amidst  
Week-old takeout  
Entertainment Tonight reflekt  
Around nose jobs, perfect skin  
Fitter happier,

We, the perpetual  
Jaded buzz resonating  
Through speakers  
Signals leaping  
to and fro  
Finely retuning brains

Aside trees sigh,  
Fallen leaves  
Filling up shopping bags.  
You don't need a weatherman  
To know which way  
The wind blows.