

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 refleks
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.