

Annoyance

by Lorenzo Sewanan

A woman dances confined in a square,
And a little bit of humming;
Nearby, a woman beats her chest,
Without remembering the right words,
The men stir around so aimlessly.
More black than blue,
Rain tarps around outside, enclosure
In sanguine tones complete.

We awake together to this dream,
A life lived at the rate of bus,
A time that ends now shortly,
And end point has been found.

