

The Traffic Jam

Trapped in the congestion of the cemented fingers
Stretching in every direction
He edged ridiculously close to death by suffocation
He summoned his last juice of strength
To look upward at the sun he loved.
To his dismay, the fiery orb had run away
Or at least hidden permanently behind a massive cloud of gray

Where's the character?, the drifter mused
Struggling to free himself from the cement web,
He felt a bit abused.
Days ago he sensed the wind and watched
The sun delightfully descend beyond the devil's mountain
He experienced an inner peace as
Sailboats dotted the pale blue horizon

But now, he crawled, like a snail with his house upon his back
With thousands of others, slowly escaping the somber warnings
A fascination with fantasy, elegant cars sit obediently as
Accents to perfect pristine palaces
Dogs bark politely, wanting to excuse themselves when nature beckons

Intriguing world, where a man is judged by the label he wears while
Children, ancient before their time, worry about levels of tanning
And suck cigarettes with lips that have never formed a please or thank you.
Even the darkness could not hide the plasticity.
The drifter, not born to great wealth, nor immune to hard work
Continued the struggle, lacking bitterness or emptiness
With his own existence and open ended possibilities
....A slight opening developed and the drifter eased on.

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