

Gedichtband

Von Yukon_edencreek

Kapitel 9: The dark day

The dark day

the sun rise about the smoky chimney-wood
nobody can see it
cars are driving
factories become to beehives - full of working people
machines pray for the new working-day

heavy, dark clouds hide the filth on the streets
nobody can see it
it's dark and nobody is there

the sun sets
a signal
people go home
tiered of the long day
tiered of there lives

and tomorrow - the same procedure