

time to travel

wind has turned
clouds have come up
to cover the sun and
drive people into the bars

oh lonesome time to travel
farther, to
slow down the process of rotting
move one's butt in order to
not falling asleep

use your brain, grain of dust!
sad
sad is to leave, yet
arrivals are happy
mostly

behind panorama windows
empty-eyed gin fizzes
the wind's speeding up
it's about time