

We are traveling on the
Path but not touching the
Ground.

We believe to be awake;
Awareness of the pull of
Leather on palm.

But reality eludes.

We revolve between yellow
Lights and lines, and
Even in darkness,
We find the shine.

We view planes of
Times New Roman on
White contrast. Flickering
Pupils like the flashes of
Metal ahead.

But reality eludes.

We disregard the sway in
Our step and the
Loosened limbs— because
We didn't feel it.
We didn't have a ride.
We didn't think it was
Real—for us.

It couldn't happen to us.
We lived just down the road.
Until our beaten-down Chevy became
Scraps on
Asphalt and
Dirt.

*For reality may
Elude us.*

*We can not elude our
Reality.*