

Greyhound

Denver never looked so quiet
under one o'clocks moonlight
then but when Omaha sleeps
there's nothing much in sight.
Yet through the back of the greyhound bus
I see Chicago's tower,
and the Quakers in Clevelands terminal
in the very late night hour.
Kids cry, mothers sigh as I lay awake at nite
for all this and a little more
must be a greyhound busdrivers delight.
And as the clock ticks and sounds like sticks
my eyelids bounce so wide
like another trip o'er America
with tiredness glowing inside.
Yet when I reach my journeys end
I scream a joyous sound
for another trip is over
another trip 'board ol' greyhound

James Dooney

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Sleeping

You know what..Yo I got something to tell ya

You know

I, I think sleeping, yeh you know....

That thing that people are supposed to do in
bed at night,

When they are all tucked in and warm and that

You know what I am saying ??

Yeh, you know what...its so overrated !

I mean what do you get from sleeping man ?

I mean, you know like,

I spend most of my day doing it

and it gets me nowhere..

Do you know what I am saying ??

Yeh I thought you would..

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loneliness

loneliness to me
is being all alone
in my room
without anyone or anything with whom to talk
except the four walls
that reflect the sound
of my solemn voice
rebounding off their painted panels

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Peaceful Dove

Peaceful Dove

White as a knight
in shining armour
leaving a glistening trail
as it flies high in the sky
above the clamour and chaos
that erodes below.

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