

Free

Blurry smog feeds the morning sky gassy gulps as
Germ motorcars scuttle in lines along their causal highways.

Here we are folks in our trafficopter helicopter reporting the-
latest developments in the traffic condition All streets-
are running smoothly as of right now and it looks as though-
this condition will continue for the remainder of--

The helicopter suddenly
Descends into the mass
Of smog and tin and milling men
And violently cracks open like a transparent egg,
Giving birth to an afterlife or two.

Free.
Free are helicopters.
Free to fly about in untold yards of morning sky.
Free to watch the roads of other men, advise them where to turn.
Free, some, to fall a fast free path to the hardness of the ground.