

QUARTER MILE FROM INSANITY

Concrete, steel, glass, lights the city.

Collisions of sounds verbalizing the hopes, the fears, and the energies that fuels movements of humanity.

The hustle, the bustle, the good, the bad.

Countless entities moving about, moving forward with continuity, of logical insanity.

The city its thoughts move with rapid fluidity.

Day or night it shapes the shape of things to come.

Days cascading without end.

Infested with creative non-creative repetitive investments of mundane madness.

Reaping monetary rewards equating levels of survival.

A nine to five for 20 to 35 looking for more than a gold watch.

Looking for more than a depleted 401-k plan.

Looking for more than some treachery of corporate board absconding with pension funds.

Days are truly madness, a daily game of making it to clock out time to the final clock out.

Yeah man we move to do, what we must do.

As we await the rotation of revolving earth.

Night.

Like vampires we come alive.

Licking wounds from the non-relenting pressure of regimented survival.

As darkness slowly soaks up daydreams of scaling Everest.

Absorbing the madness of daily repetition of repetitions.

As we look for what is calmness.

Programmed we seek refuge looking for isolation of inner peace within the population.

Looking for quiet solitude within the multitude

Hoping, attempting to relax to recharge our souls.

To feel the energy of Quasemodo's screams for Esmerelda

Sanctuary, sanctuary, sanctuary,

A place where only you can invade.

A place where only you can invade

But within the city I found a place, tucked away, a quarter mile from insanity.

Away from the glaring bright lights, noises and smells of man's movement.

A mini Eden so to speak.

With lushness of greenery, the bountiful, beautiful odors of nature permeate everywhere.

Day or night it is wonderful.

It is nature's narcotic peace.

The nights regardless of season are stunning and hypnotic.

An awesome, rawsome beautiful.

No streetlights, the sky becomes a pitch black canopy of sparkling, blinking lights of far off constellations that stills cloaks the mysteries of the universe.

Trees pillars of centurions go from green to bare.

Allowing no one in but nature.

Guarding the peaceful fullness of emptiness.

With eyes closed the smells, the flutter of wings, the rustle in the bush, the rushing water of a river that never stops.

Sensory overload into Utopia.

Venting pressures of those robotic days.

No cold turkey, a soft, slow release of contained pressure.

As nature relaxes and replenishes you with it's goodness, it's essence of creation.

Remembering when time was not rigid or linear, but one's perception of it.

Overloading into peaceful relaxation of exhilaration.

Becoming one with self.

Relaxing in the bosom of Nature, a quarter mile from insanity.