

# Clark Anne, The Haunted Road

Driving the steel  
and black wheels turning  
onwards without destination  
pausing in moments  
for something familiar  
some trace of knowing  
Distance approaches  
blurs into passing  
colourless void  
without change  
so much to long for  
takes so much effort  
so much strength to contain  
The haunted road  
the scattered ghosts  
of years of days of nights  
driving these wires of darkness  
fleeting shapes in the lights  
Violent landscape  
internal dreamscape  
a journey that constantly tells  
leaving places  
loosing each other  
we lose whole parts of ourselves