

GREY FLOWERS

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i sit on the corner of Pine and Jones
sip coffee
from a white paper cup
with a plastic lid
and i watch them.

man in black
woman in grey
another man in a black suit,
another woman in a grey suit;
in their hands
screens with white cords
stuffed into ears,
these devices that
shut off and seclude them in their own world

i light a cigarette,
sip coffee,
adjust my butt on the ledge.

i watch them as they sedate themselves
in this city of grey faces
and handheld coffins.
it is a nightmare of human dilution
into pallid faces and artificial expressions.

this city is now grey;
from beatific visions to hollow suits.
the humans that crawl
along the streets are grey.
and i sit,
sipping coffee,
turning grey.