

Harvest

Young man driving a bus
On its way to somewhere
Yellow fields of harvest
Red september sunset
Light bled on the flat horizon
By a sun that's going to die
By a sun that's going to die

The man turns on the lights
Driving through the darkness
Some passenger slips in a sleep
Some other thinks of home
Or wonders about the others
Or thinks of the destination
Or thinks of the destination

Humans gathered together
As in a kind of exhibition
Specimen in the mirror
For the driver to watch
To separate the wrong from the right
And the right from the left
The left from the taken

...and the sun will rise tomorrow
On that flat landscape of harvest
And there is no destination
There is no wrong from right
There is no right from left
There is no left, no taken
All there is is that flat landscape

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