

POETRY

THE 2010 ANALECTA

The End **daniel BOCK**

Follow the mustard colored dashes—
they are embedded in the charcoal-black path.
The road is full of danger;
stay in the middle.

I am walking alone—
into the heaven light.
Each ray pierces my back and chest
simultaneously.

The steel cages imprison
their inhabitants.

Their faces contorted by fear.

A cage breaks away from the track.

My body is a stalagmite
and I have nowhere to go.

Everything goes black and
the windshield's cracked.