

# The **SUNDAY NAIL**

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The **T**raffic **L**ights have stopped

The bells stopped years before  
and now ...

the traffic signals have no power,  
the lights go on and off prior  
to not at all anymore.

Whatever is this  
to be saying to us now?

Whatever is it able to relay  
that was not before?

How can it be  
that the traffic lights have ceased  
and now no power anymore?

Whatever is it  
we are able to see,  
that was not there before  
because traffic of an endlessness  
no way to stop that flow,  
that ceasing of where ever, just go?

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The traffic signals,  
whatever do they mean  
in a twenty-first century?

My understanding  
is far greater than  
the superficial standing machinery.

My understanding  
is that the traffic of life  
is nearing an end.

Whatever does that mean  
twenty-first century technology?

It means ...  
that when the lights of any end go out  
it means,  
we the people, have no more light  
and therefore to live  
means we have to find an alternate way.

So that we, the people,  
own our individual responsibility  
to shower love instead of hate  
where the red constantly did indicate  
to stop the rage and settle down  
and find a forest, where ever possible,  
to rest and relax, regenerate  
to avoid that of an insistency of hatred and harm,  
wars all the time, and violence in the homes.

I am

I am no saviour self.

I am no means  
to have answers for anyone else.

I am on a trip of knowing not  
when all this horrendous-ness  
does come to a stop ...

and nuclear  
burns away into our nostrils of life  
in every form, every endlessness of days  
until the light of our life burns dry  
and we have no more electricity of life  
and die.

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