

Highway Song

The sunset set
in a purple violet
that didn't belong in the sky,
just yet.

And the clouds all stopped.
And the clocks all stopped
at 5:52 in the late afternoon.
And the radio stations
stopped playing their tunes.
And all the red lights stayed red.

And the folks going home
from their jobs in their cars
found out that the horns didn't work
but instead,

had been transformed into
symphonic musical instruments.
And each driver became a seated musician.
And each windshield clear pages
of notes to be played.
And the unseen conductor
conducted the way
the score was to be heard.

And for just a moment,
everyone listened to the sound
of their human heart beating.

And then it was over.
The piece was all done.
And everything went back
to where everything begun.
And everyone went home
humming the highway song.

And the sunset set
in a purple violet
that didn't belong in the sky
just yet.