

## The Road

The road is straight  
perfectly straight and empty  
of cars, of people

it stretches out before me  
a jet-black line  
all the way  
to the bottom of the sky

there is no reason  
to start running  
no reason to think  
that I will make it

all the way  
to the end

and yet  
all of a sudden  
I am away and the air  
is warm breath on my face