

all is one

Love's neon
flashes across the asphalt apron
18 wheelers move across it
unconstricted, unleashed
the scream of the highway traffic
has only subsided for a moment
behind the Love's sign
the Arby's sign
the setting sun illuminate
the crack in the sky
and slowly gives way
to the new night
that heralds the new day

across the apron
opposite the setting sun
the grey cooling towers
relieve themselves of a billion cubic feet
of steam a second
and the twin columns rise straight up
then trail east, a monster cloud of steam vapor
hits the upper atmosphere
creating the new art
industrial landscape of the now
the lone power station fits in
with the hills, the gawdy gas station neon lights
where all is one
and car, light and the setting sun
are one in their celebration
of combustion