**We who drive the bus**

what are we doing?

we who drive the bus

we are in a place benighted

locked in a grid of a million standing vehicles

we have come here

by a path both long and full of longing

that has lead us from desire

to the unpeace of a daylight

that has slipped away

and all we wanted

the simple things programmed

by our strange evolution:

to do as we wish

unmarred by the senseless

has come to a head here

we are not the end,

but the end is with us

with eyes closed

we wreak havoc on ourselves