

The spotlights on the truck depo shine like the stars their bright glow overshadows,
regularly overcast skies and the not so far off city make them the only replacement.

The lone street light on the corner down the road,
the only of its kind for miles,
casts a circle of dull ochre,
the dead winter grass a sickly grey in its off-putting spectrum of illumination.

Through the misty fog,
the cooling towers warning lights erupt in flashes of crimson,
the steam, billowing from within the towers themselves,
only adds to the ever expanding volume to their emanation.

In my head I can see images of the sky as it should be,
and as I may never see it again.