

*Whoosh* go the planes  
shaking me awake violently  
*Rumble* go the trains  
prying open my eyes and blowing hot air  
*Beep* go the cars  
pulling me into reality

Chicago  
Where I will wake  
Eat  
Sleep  
And work

My “comfort zone”  
Where I will feel everything but comfort

Thoroughfare leads to foreign land  
“Go there” whispers my conscious  
Such a beautiful place

Wrapped by sky and mountains  
Feeding off the milk and honey of the hand  
Strangeness felt familiar  
Where my consciousness was fully awake  
Inhaling the sweetness hidden in bright  
fuchsias  
A thrilling feeling played by the band  
Surrendering to unknown

Unknown land  
Where I will live

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