

THE WHISTLE BLOWS  
A HIGH PITCHED NOISE  
I STAND AT ATTENTION  
TO A 4 P.M. COUNT

I AM PART OF THE NUMBER  
THAT IS INVENTORIED EACH DAY  
I AM A LONELY CREATURE  
WHOSE VOICE IS SELDOM HEARD

MY EARS CONTINUE RINGING  
FROM THE TIME SET HORN  
I WONDER - IF IT WILL BE ABLE TO HEAR  
WHEN MY RELEASE IS ANNOUNCED

-James Collins

I LOOK ACROSS THE BAY AND SEE  
DESPAIR, A CITY HELD TOGETHER BY CASH  
AND CEMENT, IT'S NO WONDER POLITICIANS  
THRIVE THERE

I STOP MOMENTARILY TO WATCH A  
SHIP DISAPPEAR INTO THE NIGHT SMOG AND  
IF THAT WERE ME - I'D SAIL ON TOO, FOR  
THIS CITY IS COLD AND BOTHERSOME - EVEN  
THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE SEEMS TIRED

-James Collins