

Softly traffic noise

Softly traffic noise brushes granite walls
Metropolitan winds sigh through man made fissure of glass and
steel
Soft church bells laugh at such rigid resonance
Seagulls caw and squeal in tilt and flight
Eyes glowing desperate red in search of a byte
Such peace is seldom held in time
Soon split by sirens in search of crime
And voices echo most alone
A disappointed reveller bound for his Liverpool home