

In a state of mutual desperation we declared our level of alienation. Any silent crowded situation it felt so full of concentration. Never looking in that direction. Sat on the end of a private section of wood, the waiting room conversation still waiting to break the speculation. And the same thing's happening again: people taking their solitude out of the rain and into their houses to the same refrain of, "Have a nice day, dear?" "Can't complain." Cause the dream of anything ever changing remains a nightmare of really starting what you feel. So you carry on waiting for someone else to say they understand but it will always go as someone else has planned, the capitulating silence gives them the upper hand. There's always someone louder who will tell you what to do. There's always some instructions at the front-end of the queue. And in this mass of silence there's more than just a few who would love to burst out laughing cause they've thought of something new. But only if they knew for sure they're not the only one, cause so often the reaction is as if you'd fired a gun. The shattering of silence is so often seen as violence. Just goes to show that fear of altered circumstance is rife. A fear imposed by those who say that rituals in life are needed to sustain the draining off of inspiration, so no one ever dare complain about their situation. Imagine what the change could be if what was thought so constantly was said, not kept locked up inside our heads. Too many people thinking, "No one thinks like this. What if no one else agrees? It is too much of a risk." A nod and half a glance contain the contents of a super-brain for all we know, or he could be insane, but it's hard to tell cause he looks the same, and anyway, he didn't say his name, not that anyone dared to ask. All of us playing the waiting game in a state of mutual desperation. No use saying, 'Oh, I can't complain' if you want to change a situation. Imagine what the change could be if what was thought so constantly was said, not kept locked up inside our heads.