A Stranger on Lonely Streets

It’s the absence of nothing you can’t hear it you can’t see it. Empty parking lots and silent streets, It’s all I’ve ever known. Nothing but the screaming machines and the howling wind could be heard. He walked and walked, but still no sign of a living soul. It was in this moment his own machine began to fail. His heart began to stop beating, and his eyes began to dull. As the nights turned into eternal darkness, he could find no hope and no means of escape. Day after day, it was the same repeating insanity that rattled the far reaches of his mind. The same program of thoughts running on an hourly loop. With no purpose in his mind to keep him going and no one in his life to relate to. It’s fascinating how humans were designed but yet they end up so alone.