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1 a.m.

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# 1 A.M.

Mariah McGuire

The night is alive.  
It is pulsing, beating breathing.  
Every inch, every motion  
May be the last.

There's a dangerous rush  
adrenalin surging throbbing.

The static on the radio becomes illuminated clear.  
The message that has been lost in the busyness (the routine)  
Comes in clear.

Turn up the volume and it disappears into the void  
Adjust it and its gone.  
Stay true and you will hear when you most need to.

It guides you down the One way Do Not enter streets  
Past the turned out drunks who have nowhere but violence  
Past darken shop windows empty of souls,  
Just four void walls holding in scars.

Stop at the octagonal sign.  
Take a moment to absorb what you have become immune to,  
See it with night vision.

Round the corner and the lights follow you home.