

# An Occupation

By Josh Smith

A dull buzz arises  
From a similar crowd.  
The voice of an ocean,  
Its words lost beneath waves.  
With pressure increasing  
To draw breath is to drown.

Space between syllables  
In days without hours,  
As one we take cover  
From their furious tongues;  
Waiting for the spiral  
To respond to that sound.

While monuments crumble  
Into meaningful dust  
That grinds against our lungs,  
We lose all faith in time –  
Its movements transfigure,  
Disappear with the breeze.