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This Poem Has No Name

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Author Note

I hope to do something involving Industrial Ecology in the future.

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Horns shout every second
Car alarms scream each hour
Only birds break the astounding silence
Crickets chirp a few times a day

Pollution clogs your throat
Dust makes the visible invisible
Clean air lets you breath easily
Your eyes can see for miles

Millions wander the streets
Fruit and flower men tap on taxi windows
One step onto the driveway
And not a soul can be heard

Buildings and structures clog the streets
While dirt shuffles around your feet
Trees can be seen across acres
Highways give route to deserted land

Layers of fabric dangle off women's' shoulders
Sandals protect the dirty feet of men
Girls sport as little as possible
Aggressive sneakers are donned by men

Millions bustle
People hide in their cars and houses

India
The United States of America