**Dead Ends**

Back roads, blank arrows

Blurred lines burnt out.

Dead end, one direction.

Hopeless search for a way to escape.

Questions pondered, plans thought out.

Endless journeys fade to black.

Questions pondered, plans thought out.

Blackness plays to wicked end.

Alone a man wonders

Upon a road without and end,

Isolation – hesitation,

No one knows of up ahead.

Dead man wanders

Deserted streetways.

Empty highways.

No man to be seen again.

By, Danielle Retterer