

# Anne Clark, Sleeper In Metropolis

As a sleeper in metropolis  
You are insignificance  
Dreams become entangled in the system

Environment moves over the sleeper:  
Conditioned air  
Conditions sedated breathing  
The sensation of viscose sheets on naked flesh  
Soft and warm  
But lonesome in the blackened ocean of night

Confined in the helpless safety of desires and dreams  
We fight our insignificance  
The harder we fight  
The higher the wall

Outside the cancerous city spreads  
Like an illness  
It's symptoms  
In cars that cruise to inevitable destinations  
Tailed by the silent spotlights  
Of society created paranoia

No alternative could grow  
Where love cannot take root  
No shadows will replace  
The warmth of your contact

Love is dead in metropolis  
All contact through glove or partition  
What a waste  
The City -  
A wasting disease