

Traffic on the 401

August 3rd, 2024.

Traffic on the 401.

Heat waves-

No AC.

Hotness;

Cars crawl.

No exits.

Parched lips:

All the water has been poured down thirsty throats.

Hungry children:

All the food has been eaten long ago.

Stress; anxiety.

Police cars whizz by;

One ambulance,

Two fire trucks.

Still no exit.

Outside:

The smell of burning rubber,

Smog.

Roll up the windows,

But now no wind.

The air is stifling.

When's the next exit?

Not yet.

Not soon.

We're stuck

On a bridge.

Gridlocked.

Melting

Into puddles of sweat-

Drip by drip.

Why aren't we moving?

People getting angry.

Car horns;

Road rage.

Not fun.

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