

San Diego Commute

Rising to the rhythm of the ocean rocking like a ceaseless cradle spilling onto shore
bearing witness to the concrete coastline cast a stone or less from endless blue
cruising through a misty morning humming with the rubber roll of tired eyed professionals
dappled with half shadows and wispy clouds parked along the coast like RV's
into the waking world of glass and clutter and wailing machinery
under the half lidded eye of an orangy sun peeking out from a gunmetal grey horizon