

The Boulder Highway Melody

The concrete hums at 5 AM
on the urban thoroughfare.
Car horns serenade the weary
girls in heels, sequins, and flair.

Neon lights buzz and crackle
and excavators bang and clash,
adding in complete percussion
in this early morning bash.

Crosswalk signs tick rhythmically
and gamblers amble to an fro
crooning the ol' *Broke-as-Hell* blues,
as graveyard waitresses sing *Sweet'N Low*.

The collective noise sounds discordant,
but listen close for harmony
for all the jaded people sing
The Boulder Highway Melody.

