A Journey is Never Unhappy

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Stuck in unending jam amid darkness,
Desolation and loneliness around us.
Band of wanderers hand in hand.
Lost generation lost in known land.
All before but, none after us.
As preying birds hungrily does.
Jokes shortening the tiring journey.
As does foul water to harsh burning.
Jerks horrible when not seen.
Rise from seats and to roof we lean.
Lights sparkling from front and back,
Confused what I have and lack.
All amenities of journey and still I don’t reach.
New but strange things does it teach.
Songs playing loud, but does not distract sense.
From maddening night and dark, visible and dense.
Drive for minute, but wait an hour.
Such is this manmade puppet, fast and lower.
Calling bitterly” When to reach? for a sigh of relief.
Few minutes only” but who does have a belief.
Darkness so visible as stunning luminous light.
Blinding sight by being so bright