

# The Stoplight

High above the rest  
we rest.  
Forever unmoving  
we move the masses.  
Keeping order  
where chaos is found.  
A myriad of colors  
rushing by with a sound.  
Curses, prayers, and others are made  
to us, the ones who hang in this maze.  
It is with a capricious blink of an eye  
that will let you leave,  
will let you go by.  
So here we must part,  
here we must end.  
Until tomorrow,  
farewell, my friend.

—*Dathan Lyon*