The White House by Claude McKay

Your door is shut against my tightened face,

And I am sharp as steel with discontent;

But I possess the courage and the grace

To bear my anger proudly and unbent.

The pavement slabs burn loose beneath my feet,

A chafing savage, down the decent street;

And passion rends my vitals as I pass,

Where boldly shines your shuttered door of glass.

Oh, I must search for wisdom every hour,

Deep in my wrathful bosom sore and raw,

And find in it the superhuman power

To hold me to the letter of your law!

Oh, I must keep my heart inviolate

Against the potent poison of your hate.

http://www.poets.org/viewmedia.php/prmMID/15248

Meine Autobahn

The autobahn is my cradle

The sound of speeding cars, my lullaby.

I drift into a timeless sleep

As the aroma of burning diesel consumes my senses.

The soft interior strokes my face

As I begin to dream of a world

Where everyone speeds through time

On an endless road of automotive possibilities.

http://goeppingengapptrip2012.blogspot.com/2012/07/normal-0-false-false-false\_09.html