

Slurring the Rhythms

Against Me!

there were no cameras brought for pictures to hold all the small details. we left them all behind. there was a place for and there was a time for and now we arrive and leave again, there is no point in a keepsake when you run from collections. i know one day there will be a book or a song line to remind me how much it meant to be hungry, exhausted, and alone. destination is a point, destination is a purpose, desperation is a reason to live...and this makes a heart beat. this could be any day of any year. this could be any stage in any city. all that matters is we are moving on. the roadside graveyards pass and we escape repeating. the construction of a nation building up and the destruction of a nation tearing down to build again. trailing taillights like the ghosts of the past en route to arrival. we are never going home.

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