Part II: The Noreaster

Piebald

another chapter is written in the book of outlives another quill is broken clogged with the same dead ink another chapter is written I think we're going on twenty six it took a noreaster to break the silence that night snowflakes fell as big as golf balls foreshadow the mood for my journey first was the flames shot out of as top light the sky lit up there was an oak fallen from grace in the middle of the road and we were forced to turn around and you were there we rolled down out window s we're climbing back into whatever it was we fell out of you said we had a falling out but now we're going to fall back in you were late for breakfast.

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