Cold Spring

Cymbals Eat Guitars

We drove a hundred miles that day
To see a Halloween parade
Skeletal autumn in Cold SpringParents holding hands with Pale Death's infants
Shivering on the courthouse steps in polyester robes
And exposed bone thermalsMarch them down to riverside square
Your teeth gnash together as you chew an ExcedrinOn the way home
The empty parkway wound its way back through charred black pine
Just like a wormhole
Hickory death rattles into stagnant tracts of sky
Like warnings whispered
Antiphonal stridency that slept for half a century
And where are you
As lives are punctuated by moonsI've never loved you more than when you said
"I'm so scared of all the things I risk with kids I never knew existed"
Time machine rotors ripping holes over Freehold
Constellations rearrange and orbit 'round the steeple of First Presbyterian ChurchI am Bear Mountain
I am entering orbit ohI am Bear Mountain
I am entering orbitOn the way home
The empty parkway wound its way back through charred black pine
Just like a wormhole
A bridge becomes an island when the ends are disconnected
Wind is feedback
Antiphonal stridency that slept for half a century
And where are you

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