

Letter Home

Defiance, Ohio

Dear Friend, it is the new year, I'm eight hours away from home . Kids shoot fireworks from street corners and run before they explode. And lovers get drunk on the roof of an underground grocery store you know my new years wish is for the place that I call home to stop this stupid war.

If they don't well burn each others' draft cards we can write an epic poem, except in this one Grendel is the hero, Gilgamesh finds his new home far away from swords and fake chivalry, we've seen the faces of our true enemies, and they don't pay us enough to live on, every year they raise the rent. They will hold cards to our faces that rate us on how much we have or have not spent and all for their own evil intent.

Today I saw a great piece of graffiti, it had birds and spoke of reverie, oh Emily Dickinson, you never seemed so exciting I must say, but without grass or buzzing bees, we all can have our own prairies and fireworks will serve as stars at the end of this day.

Oh and the world it does keep turning, I used to wish I could sit it still so that one day we could meet again with or without our own will, but the miracles in motion, finding new places we belong, and finding inspiration to sing our brand new songs!