

Objects in Motion

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Objects in motion tend to stay that way. You can't waste the whole damn day loving what you need to cast away. Case in point, just yesterday I found a suitcase full of love letters floating down a cool brown river. Unsigned and undelivered, they set my mind to wandering as to the history of the unknown writer. Did she marry, did she run, was she old, was she young? Was her heart undone by the cruel business of loving? These objects in motion. These objects in motion. Objects in motion tend to stay that way... or so I learned on the riverbank just yesterday. For shortly thereafter I beheld as if in a dream the body of a young girl adrift beneath the surface of the cool brown water. My friends so unnerved was I by this cruel apparition that I let loose of that suitcase and it tumbled right back in the river. Then spellbound I watched as a halo of love letters formed a circle on the surface of the water right over her body and drifted away. These objects in motion. These objects in motion. Objects in motion tend to stay that way. You can't waste the whole damn day loving what you need to cast away. For from the flame of love comes the cinder of regret. Sometimes the thing you cling to most is the thing you'd best forget. These objects in motion. These objects in motion.