

Alone on a train, you're running towards (or maybe away from) a reason to wake each morning.
Your thoughts again drift to us and what we have (or haven't) become.
Your head shakes and you think, "Never again."
It's true what they say about fools who leave too soon-- they don't ever really move on.
You put your hang in you bag.
You pull out the Carver book you grabbed before leaving.
It's then you realize, "In this, too, she was right."
You make an excuse.
You make up a lie.
You sell what's left of your soul like the best friend you just sold to sleep easy at night.
It's true what they say about fools who speak too soon-- they don't ever really know what they're getting into (or out of).
You're on your way with the taste of blood from a bitten tongue.
You're in need of some new teeth that won't cave in.