

Song for Aries

Cactus

Windows smudged by the
speed
Leaving home with our bags
from Iron Street
As morning turned into
California
And smoke trailed from the
butt of my cigarette
Our glass house it threw
rocks at all those it passed
Waking up to the sound of 5
a.m. to take my turn at the
wheel
Climbed up Shasta, oh how
the engine ached
As the sun tortured
California
And old alleys turned deep
at the heart of me
Murals of heroes defacing the
blank concrete
Vision tunneled, Mission
Street, hunger beat
Lodged out as the engine
wheezed
Still moving regardless of
stable ground
And this stable ground
Photographs of the best time
you had
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speed
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