

A Reckoning

Owen

This suitcase still smells like the thrift store I saved it from

Big enough to hold all my shit and then some at twenty-one
But now in my 40s, I travel with much more dirty laundry

Hundreds of hotel rooms from Shanghai to the Falls of Sioux
Know me better than you do

I can't believe I let your grief rewrite my youth

I've doubled the devil and changed my name
I lost a limb and live with the pain

If I get back to Sioux Falls there's gonna be a reckoning