

## Part II: The Noreaster

Piebald

another chapter is written in the book of our  
lives another quill is broken clogged with the  
same dead ink another chapter is written I think  
we're going on twenty six it took a noreaster to  
break the silence that night snowflakes fell as  
big as golfballs foreshadow the mood for my  
journey first was the flames shot out of a  
stoplight the sky lit up there was an oak fallen  
from grace in the middle of the road and we were  
forced to turn around and you were there we  
rolled down out window s we're climbing back into  
whatever it was we fell out of you said we had a  
falling out but now we're going to fall back in  
you were late for breakfast.