

Juno

"The Great Salt Lake / Into The Lavender Crevices Of Evening The Otters Have"

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He awakes to the dull light trying to force it's way in around the edges of the blanket. He's thrown up in front of the window. The room's painted a somber yellow-gold. In the dark it goes a soft, formless shade of nothing. He thinks this is where I'm coming from. The dark suits me.

A disaster of clothes, books, papers, food, and blankets greet him wherever he moves. It makes him nervous. He's only ever comfortable in his car and he hates driving. Rock and roll will never die, he thinks. Rock and roll will never die. "But my god, it deserves to."

He wonders what's been going on? The same shit.. New show but the same script. The party rages on he's sure. Now that she's gone it's probably gotten a little easier. A little worse for the wear perhaps but he's alone at last. He's alone at last. Alone at last. He's the last. He used to be on top of his game. A real scene stealer. A ravenous baby-eater. Now at a 5 and dime, he's a glorified counter-top cleaner where nobodies remember his name.

So much so she loves him, so as it only seemed to hurt. Her devotion only made matters worse.

"Well you can caress it if you want to..." But as we've all come to find out, it may take more than love to keep the poison down.

She's someplace now as he's sweating it out- living low, high and dreaming of their forgotten, misplaced schemes. Where in the night to no one within reach, he screams, "Life takes you where it goes. Life takes you where it goes or so it would seem."

Confiez-moi une journee de silence.

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