

Little League "Fixed Gear"

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What's with this place? And what's with the common day? This city is sometimes wretched. Will I waste away? Or take off for a dream? I hurt, this work, makes me tired of her, and her rotation. I'll make the river eat her up if the rain doesn't get here first. My hands are torn as the day before and sometimes I break. I can dream of a day that I won't do this anymore. It's hard to see but we're breaking up and all we need right now is to let go. And just sing the the words to a song we know until we find the street to home. And I let go.

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