

Small Towns Burn A Little Slower "1970 Burt Bliven Rookie Card"

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The mist is lifted to reveal an abandon road.
Leading to a discarded train track town.
The sign still reads "rooms to let"
Even though this place has been vacant for decades.
We've been vacant for decades.
This village died with the locomotive.
Families now forged by automobiles and airplanes.
Do these things make it easier to be close,
Or effortless to leave?
These poor walls used to be called home,
But the occupants didn't bother to board them up
Before moving on to the next big thing.
These tattered sidewalks tell their stories,
And then beg for use again.
Children's laughter still permeates through backyards.
Tree-forts, and tire-swings.
Family meals give way to golden arches.
Progress has a price,
And i am not sure i can flip the bill.

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