

NOAH PINE

"Its A Holiday Every Day You Breathe"

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IT'S A HOLIDAY

i feel music in my life

running its course its path through my veins, chest,
and heart

human condition, feel pain, pleasure

balance the tight rope since the garden the eden

prison guards cut the chains, let the women and men
go free

It's a holiday everyday you breathe

Atomb bombs and high speed rails

thunder only animals can hear

tornadoes tore up Tuskaloosa, Alabama

Mr. and Mrs. Ebrahms feed the mouths of their children

on sunday tables are set up in the yards of the houses

on Sevey Street.

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