

*the flexor of the hip**14. groove for the tendon of the flexor hallucis longus*

so we went down to rasputin's
it was late friday night
and we sat down next to the jukebox
and we toasted everything in sight
cheers to the strange stained glass windows
На здоровье to the russian motherlands
na zdraví to the long nights of the mild moravian winter
cheers to these old weathered hands (and feet)

i have stood on shores of beauty
 places i counted my blessings to be
and when i go, i take them with me
 an internal/somatic existential summary
i have brushed up against some handsome shoulders
 on some exquisite farflung exotic shores
and if the times and the tides would allow me
 i'd walk beside them till i could walk no more.

i could walk this crooked road into forever
i could turn and walk your path down to the see
but i cannot shepherd you and your aimless roving
and the journey is everything to me
 maybe i'll turn and walk your path down to the sea
maybe i'll look up for a random star to guide me
maybe i'll hear a call in the cold blowing wind
maybe i'll stagger till my legs can go no further
but there's no time for waiting round here to begin