

where we are

rocking chair in the attic
old yearbooks under the bed
baseball glove in the closet
cobwebs in the back of my head
all the old inventions in the basement
derelict down at the docks
some old youtube clip from a talent show
analog photos in a box

where was i? when i wrote that song?
how did i? feel anything that strong?
what was i? thinking? it's been so long
so far down
the road

the smell of springtime on the tundra
the sound of cranes overhead
the scars from ancient (mis)adventures
echoes of words never said
tragicomedies on the dust shelf
and all day all night on the news
documents outliving the occupants
dead rock stars singing the blues

where was he? when he wrote that song?
how did anyone feel anything that strong?
what was he thinking? i'm likely wrong
so weighed down
by the load