

Part II: The Noreaster

Piebald

another chapter is written in the book of our
lives another quill is broken clogged with the
same dead ink another chapter is written I think
we're going on twenty six it took a noreaster to
break the silence that night snowflakes fell as
big as golfballs foreshadow the mood for my
journey first was the flames shot out of a
stoplight the sky lit up there was an oak fallen
from grace in the middle of the road and we were
forced to turn around and you were there we
rolled down our windows we're climbing back into
whatever it was we fell out of you said we had a
falling out but now we're going to fall back in
you were late for breakfast.