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## Solitude

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# Solitude

Ryan Sprik

A man drives down a lonely Iowa  
Highway maps can be so damn confusing  
Sometimes directions can get in the way of an ego  
Especially for a man in Iowa  
If he only knew which way the corn stalks were  
Marching bands parading out here  
Rows upon rows of soldiers standing their  
Ground hogs make trenches within the soil  
He makes out the silhouette of a crippled barn  
With no tractors or hay stacks to harbor  
If he could only see which way the weather vane was  
Spinning he could figure out which way was North  
Again he drives through the night  
In the pouring rain it is hard to see straight  
Especially when you don't know where you  
Are going or where you've been  
Doesn't matter much when you're lost  
All that matters is where you end  
Up in the sky clouds cry for him  
He is lost in his own self-solitude  
A storm cloud begins to take shape  
Of a bowl of pea  
Soup is for the soul  
Or perhaps it is a soggy bowl of corn flakes  
Either way it doesn't get much lonelier than that  
Especially in Iowa