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## Road Notes

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## ROAD NOTES

LUKE SHARROW

Because if I stayed  
it wouldn't be as I imagined;  
a trace of a red lamp  
seeping under the doorway.

I talked to the sliver paint

pockmarked, on the crumbled wall  
just outside the park,  
where we used to dance at midnight.  
Where you had nice shoes, and  
I was prone to leave gloves  
and scarves everywhere-  
though you always got them back,

the conversation was marvelous.  
Because you were my brother and

I was a fireball,  
you kept me just tame enough  
for us.

But this is the real world,  
where we have to live  
without the soundtrack playing.

And the fucking stars!  
shouting constellations,  
can't tell us anymore.

This is where we live;  
an address scratched on a receipt,  
hop-scotching between the  
pavement printed with puddles.

We lived – to learn it. No sparrows  
were there to teach us how to fly away  
as we watched  
newspapers float down the road  
passing wayward cigarettes,  
crashing into brick walls  
courageous to change the world.

Plastic cups lay crushed into the cement next to  
little foil wrappers from candies and mints.  
Trains screeched darkness, in the distance,  
to places we couldn't care about,  
searing lances striking through our bodies.  
We were on the tracks,  
but didn't know to follow them,  
that was the truer story.

I told you brightly:  
because if I stayed,  
we wouldn't dance inside street lights,  
and the woods would become another place  
we don't know.