

“us eight miles east”

We were lost souls
desperate for a connection,
outside the Wi-Fi bar. Desperate
for love, for laughter
for sadness and madness.
Products of a media age
we raged against the 1080p pixel screen,
against the threat of dreaming versus living
or living via dreams and animated gifs.
We infected personal prisons with micro viruses
to live manically on the road
coasting cross country
living in shabby motels that house
milk-carton runaways
dare-devil thrill chasers
and other teenage renegades.

We were racing towards a finite end.
Death already had a chokehold on our souls
so we fucked Facebook and “music” television.
We just wanted to live as much as possible.
We wanted to feel
the blood rush in our veins
instead of electrons through wires,
the rhythmic heartbeats of a lover
instead of pulsating flashes,
and the warm breeze of the open road
instead of the cold, filtered air conditioner.
We would die young
and tragically happy.