

Dad bought me a guitar when I was fourteen.  
I am often surprised when looking back on those years,  
because they are so unfamiliar now.

It used to feel like there was some good  
above and beyond me, waiting to be grown into.  
Now I am covered by clouds silent, without wind or rain.

So I often walk to the town's edge,  
where most of the roads turn to dirt and dust.  
The few sidewalks we have end here,  
in useless and unwanted lines.

I think about walking further,  
past the city sign and into the fields.

I doubt I would return.

Yet,  
I doubt there  
is any place better.