

Highway Heroics

They call them Highway Heroics - I call them Too Damn Loud

They call it Queenstown - I call it Not My Home

And when I drive past St. Mary's Orthodox Church every morning it's not like I'm wondering anything more than where all the homeless went

The homeless who stayed there all winter

Holding the same signs, shuffling between them

Maybe working shifts

Maybe splitting incomes

I wonder - is begging a career where women make more?

So there's this woman, and she's just right

Eyes, hair, breasts, lips, legs, all of it

All right there, all the right proportions

Just right

She's a working girl

A woman of the night

The kind of girl who knows a lot more about the human experience than she thinks she does

I tell her Baby yr lookin' real cold

Let's run away, yeah? We'll elope to Mexico

You know, we'll really burn our asses off

(ask William Hill how that went)

So she laughs and we get some soup and some tea

On me

Still cold

So in comes this real Billy Hill type, guns shootin', says Stick 'em up boys

We stick 'em up, right? No idiots here

So there there, gimme the money, hey, hey, real slow, there you go, hey, hey, you, stop that, hey, hey,
bam, girl's down

Well well well, Billy the Kid's gone and papa William's laughing at me

What do we do? We wait for the police, go home and get some rest... Long fucking day

I've never really been the type to contemplate mortality, life, etc.

But when I do, I always wonder how I could ever think about anything else

What could possibly be more important than this?

A bird crashes through my window

No, a cat

No, a young girl

She has a head the size of a mountain, leaking pink ooze I'll never identify

She has claws from head to toe and eyes that say nothing at all

Mumble, mumble, mumble, mumble... Definitely not language

I blink and she's gone

The pink-stained glass stays behind... What a pain

I'm thinking about a romantic quality that the highway contains that is rarely touched upon

People fetishize the rain and vinyl records, but nobody fetishizes the highway

The highway is loud

The highway is full of people, it's exciting, visceral and emotional

The highway is not alive, but the highway is full of life

I stop in the middle, get out of the car and look down

I drag my hand over the pavement

Honk honk honk

Assholes

I feel the highway, I press my body against it

I really take in the vibrations

Boom, splat

For breakfast, I had a muffin

It's great, they come in four packs, lots of different types

At Sobeys they're pretty cheap

I work five days a week, so that's room for all four muffins and one day to do something else

More often than not I just don't eat on the fifth day

So now I'm up here

The girl's here too

So is Willy, lots of big names

We've got so many great old actors that it looks like a cast list for some piece of shit blockbuster from the 60's

Pollock's here, you'll never guess what he's painting these days

I'm tired a lot, but I'm warm

Girl's warm too, she's happy

I'm just not feeling it, I'm missing something

It hits me:

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to a world of magic

Somewhere new and exciting

Where the women grow beards and the men grow mouths on their chests

Where everything is clean and everything is bright because the maids are automated and the sun is always smiling

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Not My Home!