

## Name: onaworkbreak

- Gas station cigarette. I feel alive again
- love is like a work break. you can relax forever if you keep your heart open
- Life, and other stuff is always getting in the way of making time to update you guys with posts (no complaining if that relates you)
- often inside my imagination i will create a perfect work break. its always no problem only beauty in my mind so li ove to create the work break of dreams while i can think. im different from most people but still i am just a employee.
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- so sorry i did not write you to now, as my father in law always says "always be with someone around" and so i was busy with that
- if you cannot love espresso and cigarettes, please dont be following me. you are sick person and we cannot be friends. respect my work break for me. sorry
- as some of you may know...I am on a break from work when I write my posts
- if someone is special for you.. you can take a break together forever
- just hit a deer
- work break is a nice thing. time to have a coffee and wait for work to come home from its break to spend time with me
- until the bell rings i am free. once i begin to get back in truck and leaving the diner.. i have died
- i smile to hear the news of a 18 wheeler jackknife crash. some lives can ending but not my friends or family. crash to me means more cargo to transport. its my peaceful time continue
- stopped in at a diner today and set next to a man called reverend spines
- Scattered corpses across my sandal. Under the weight of the big rig.
- Pack of smokes. Big gulp. The violence of the open road
- today i think if i was the deer and he was think if i am hit by the man and fly up in the air i will feel very sad. not because i am died. but because i am built for the ground. no wings
- flying feel like near deadly wound. staying on the asphalt. (words of wisdom from deer i hit yesterday)
- there is something strange about southern region. very god fearing, church everywhere, praise the Lord
- This afternoon i just arrived home. read my mail. Found in an email the first picture of my sweetie. Turned up the television. Turned down the computer.
- Ode to the bicycle- red light means go, go! on, baby. go! i want to see you fly
- This red light is my life, an ever-changing, beautiful road sign. If it were not red, i would still be on the road, trying to figure out what i want to do with my life.
- you may say i am retarded. that i cant see the golden arches. you may say my arteries are clogged. i suppose