

6:55 AM from NY to ~~Boston~~ New London

I walk out into the cool morning air, sky still as dark as the night before
Still looks like twilight

I walk through an insomniac's mind, always running, running, running
But from what?

I go deeper, down into the speeding trains of its nervous system
As I descend into the tunnels that feed the city I walk along a slanted slope, yet always stay upright,
disoriented from my normal stance

I still go down

Get on, get off, the only man I trust guides me

I like his moustache

6:30 and I wait, watching the classes wait, watching the long, drawn out faces of the people go deeper
still

6:50 and I sit

The train moves at a smoothjerkysmooth pace that speedsupslowsdown as we totter along the tracks
Buildings, buildings, buildings, grass, buildings, buildings

I see the businessmen shooting themselves on the sides, waiting for that one train to come, as if Willy
Lohman hadn't taught them a lesson about charisma

Hello Connecticut

The newspaper rustles behind me, spraying its ink all over the seats, spitting in the reader's face
A white heron sits in the swamp

I like the gentle sway of the ticket lady as she passes by, the sea-legs of steel, the steel legs of the sea,
cementing her position on the train

Color comes back to my blind eyes

The city cries behinds me as the sun rises, and I can hear the light reflect into the eyes of the small
No more fun, time to walk

I can't help but remember the feeling of the mist, the cloud capping the sky, just above the skyscraper,
encasing the herd within a bubble of light

I sat in Times Square as the world sped around me but nobody moved, everyone trapped within the
replica of the city, within a warehouse, never able to leave

Did my plane leave the ground?

I fly to the lights like a moth on a summer night, but unless I'm careful, I'll die and never leave

Who the fuck wrote Mamma Mia?

I saw a cow made out of cardboard

The dying shit of a civilization

Four brick buildings in a row, each a monument to the workers it harbored, the windows blackened,
disintegrating into the abyss of industry, everything crumbling down

The slanted roof of a tin shack

Just off to the left is a smoke stack, big as a whale, just blocking the view from the windows that no
one will see through

Tear it all down!

Ahh, the big apple, waste since you can't fit your mouth around it to even take a bite

I'll be back at 6

23 March 2012