

back up lights

on the cold nights
i am thankful for a sleeping bag
pulled in betwee two huge
18 wheelers on rt. 20, heading east
way past chicago, somewhere in ohio

living in coffeeshops, libraries
sleeping in the front seat
sitting up with a window covering reflective fold-out
a sequence of coffeeshops, gas stations and live shows
a sequence of brilliant days
dark and cold nights
a sequence of music and milage
oil changes and rural poverty
a connection of endlessly new days
a connection of new cities, new surroundings
changing landscapes and climates
new terrains, new asphalt, new street lights
 moonlight, starlight
 back-up lights, headlights
and endless table tops and collections of notes with phone numbers,
and times, dates, names and cities, pens
and various papers with directions, a collection
of thoughts, ideas and genertions of thinking seperated
by thursdays, fridays and saturdays
living off open mics, scheduled shows,
being the musical hobo,
circling the venues