

On rt. 52 heading south from Cincinnati on the miami river... it was around 3 in the afternoon, a dark roiling sky was low and threatening and the incessant rain had suddenly ceased just as I came around a bend in the road that put me right in front of the biggest, most vacant, most rusted and most chilling vision of decay I have ever, ever seen... it stretches for a mile and is 7 or 10 stories high... a rusted steel mill on the miami river, a huge rusting behemoth.. just sitting there...

I pulled over - there were no cars on the road, and the entire scene was eerily vacant and without life... not a bird, not a dog or any human form... all the buildings on the highway were one story boxes, most had schlitz or budwieser signs in the window, there were a few pickup trucks around and the phone wires were strung haphazard random this way and that, criss-crossing the sky between poles that were - without exception - at alarming, obtuse angles to the ground...

I walked into the mill and it was vast, empty, rusting and magnificent in its decay.... and i wrote this:

clamoring
beneath a portsmouth sky
in iron bellies of
days gone by

the rancid smell of decaying dreams
huddle together
breathing hard
awaiting our chance to laugh at
ageless wonders
encased in a barbed wire fence

scarred by time unending
while light winds stroll through our souls
stranded in space and time
lost to outside
light and sound

pleading with the asphalt god
loose his grip upon my tired heart