



On this road

He is running,
He is running away.

Sick of the shallowness, he left L.A.
Dropped out of college, followed the railroad ...
At twilight, he slows down, exhausted, and
For the first time, begins to look around.

Dead leaves are laying in drifts on the ground.
Golden leaves remind him of his childhood.
He kicks in a heap, he lets slip an insult.
He needs to shout. To yell. And to let go.

A cigarette in his mouth, his eyes glow
When he sees a grafiti on a wall
Affirming « not all who wander are lost »

He doesn't know what to do.
He doesn't want to go home.
So, he finds a shelter and,
Spends the night among the stars.