

Christopher Walla, St Modesto

Saint Modesto, you were the ground line humming.
You were the thread of fire upon this night, You
could feel the living- you staggered and blew your
money, a summery tailwind there upon our heels,
me and you.

All down the valley, you'd drag me along for measure.
The boredom was deafening at any speed. Still,
I could hear your breathing. You were as loud as
the engine's gravel, winding though Altamont,
towards the sea, you and me.

If you're the one who can save this broken wreck
then this is the end- we'll be through soon,
I suspect. Don't argue, these are facts.

San Fransisco, eighty and four miles later: We were
the vapor trails among the hills; and there above us
an antenna of God, a broadcast, the table of contents
right down through the trees. We were the pixels on
the fallen leaves. What do we do?

Are you the one who can save this gory mess? I know
you're a friend. You've been right and true, I guess.

I know you'd take one on the chin, you'd take it in the
teeth for me. We are a team, but we are untied. I'm
sinking with the weight of all things I cannot do,
but when I'm losing it, I know you're losing it too.

Saint Modesto, you were the guitar I'm strumming.
You were the power chord that made the light.