

# Transit, Waterways In New England

Stories carved in to the streets, into the pavement where we  
Scraped our knees they've worn down.

Worn down like a dim lit flame we used to burn so brightly.

We're covered under winter's snow silenced with the landscape.

We sit and wait to thaw.

I still remember those day' jets flew right over our heads.

The air above consumed with scorching lights.

Our eyes shot into the endless night sky.

We listened to the ocean's waves crash along the shore.

So tonight I'm sleeping out on the ground. Blanket the dirt over me.

We're all waiting out this raging storm, so leave me.

We listened to the ocean waves crash along the shore.

They crashed along the shore.