

VERY OKAY

"small loud"

DEAD HORSES // There are two paths: one will lead you home, one leads you to the bay. It's better the second way. The red-winged black bird sings to me the requiem of all my bad dreams. No one is quite as they seem. All of the seaweed tangled in your mouth, I wish I could try and pull it out. I can't help but love all this decay. I can't help but want to drift away. We hide all of our mistakes under the drifting floor of the bay, but they'll wash ashore. History's an everlasting force. What we don't know is that we can't burn those bones. So we just let it go. The way we live through this is by burning all of our past mistakes so they're not remade, but bones and teeth will only burn under the hottest extremes falling from ash to our feet. All of the seaweed tangled around my neck is pulling me to do what you'd expect. I can't help but to follow through. I can't help but to cut myself loose. We hide all of our mistakes under the drifting floor of the bay, but they'll wash ashore. History's an everlasting force. What we don't know is that we can't burn those bones. So we just let it go. I'm just a horse with an insatiable thirst. If you're the best, why do I feel the worst? All of my parts wash up on shore and I just don't know what this lesson is for.

WHERE YOU GO // Do you know the way to Santa Cruz? I can't even tell you which way points East toward the bay, but I know the way to your heart is through my brain. So pick away until nothing but scabs remain. Grind my teeth all night just thinking about my life. Drink more coffee just to shake a little less but it's always more. Do you remember sitting in the pouring rain when you thought of me more? I wish my life was still that way. Wish I gave it more thought. I want to go where you go, I want to go where you go, I want to go when you go away. My ego's the best thing to die in years. I'm never afraid to say exactly how I feel. Riding in the backseat on the coast of Highway 1, I know I can never go back to where I once came from. I want to go where you go, I want to go where you go, I want to go when you go away.

SOIL // Another night on sticky seats, you pushed away. But I was there for the whole thing trying. I wonder when you started to look past my gaze. I still see you with your head facing down. In the dead of night, I still say your name. Always fleeting. So push the blankets down and turn the lights back off. Leave the door half-cracked for the next one who will be so much more than you. Until that day comes, I will rest with those spent words in the only place we can hide. On the edge of your tongue, and on your worn fingers. We wasted all of our time but I have never thought twice.

THE HOLE // When I was away I wrote letters to no one in particular, but when they got to your house I don't know why you just didn't throw them out. All those words you read were just a way to get my thoughts into your head. By the time I got back home I knew that they didn't mean anything at all. When I was afraid you said that you could only be there half the time. I took that to mean that you were sleeping somewhere else the other nights. I guess I'll just have to be anything that you want me to be, and I guess that's alright by me if that still means that I'm a part of something. I don't know how to be anything but whole. It started out alright but now it's just a waste of time. When I showed up late you said you made bigger, better plans anyway. That's alright by me as long as I can sit at the bar and watch you drink. I don't know which way the current flows, up the river or down the coast. Doing the backstroke in a water hole, I guess that I'll just be heading home. I don't know how to be anything but whole. It started out alright but now it's just a waste of time.

BLUE OF DISTANCE // There's history in walking, in trying in your own way to be free. The cold hit yours eyes like dry ice and you keep them open despite of everything. Heartless sidewalks and a harsh wind, walking past old haunts as a habit of mind. Winter comes in like a gray wolf and it gives way to spring like a bird on a wire. So I walk away backwards every other Saturday. The wind shakes the bridge but I always come out on the other side. I could jump. You could too, but that's something you would never do. So I walk away. Winter is never ending and spring won't come till you've hit rock bottom. This year came in like a tiger and I have faith it will go out the same way. Some things are always far away. Some things will never ever change. Maybe I just haven't learned yet but I still don't know what the right thing to do is, and all this time I thought I got it right. Are we talking? Are you running? Are we not facing what's happening anyway? So I walk away backwards every other Saturday. The wind shakes the bridge but I always come out on the other side. I could jump. You could too, but that's something you would never do. So I walk away. Some things are always far away. Some things will never, ever change. Some things are always far away.

NO ONE KICKS YOU HERE, BRUNO // Crowded mouth. Rows of teeth clacking under your brow. It's like a crowded room, like a deadline, like a subway during rush hour. You're so cool all alone in your room. I see the second floor light on, I don't know what to do. Breathe in the air. It tastes like cutlery, tastes like salt in your coarse hair. Breathe out smoke. Savory metal, it's enough to make you choke. I know it's the same for you every day. Can't change what's permanently manifested in your brain. It just gets so crowded here. There's no room to move anywhere, because it just gets so crowded in here. Get out of my head.

RECORDED AND MASTERED BY JOHN MEREDITH
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