

## A Different Door

There is a place  
where the living would do lines of lightning to get high  
if they could.  
250 bodies holding their breath til fall  
when they can have their county back,  
heaving a collective sigh of relief,  
taking time to restock, reenergize.  
Parents walk around, head in the clouds,  
not seeing what is occurring right before them:  
their children 'making love'  
in the back of rusted Chevrolets  
and smoking pot on frozen beaches.  
Instead they chose to believe  
their lives revolve around basketball,  
prom dates and spirit week,  
giggling over muscular legs pushed  
through a miniskirt  
and debating which boy makes the prettiest girl.  
Each contemplates what their life would be like  
far away from here,  
what it would have been like  
somewhere else, feeling the pull,  
the need to not stand in one spot  
for too long.

