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## Celly Hard, Boys

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## WHERE DID THEY GO?

Daniel L. Hawkins

One day I finally realized, just how much they meant.  
I never thought it mattered,  
All the time that we spent.  
In the days after the record scratch, just before the CD skip,  
The mastery of the 8-track playing the song you wanted,  
Was knowing exactly when to flip.  
We rode around for hours, blazing down every dark highway.  
None of us had any care or concern,  
Of any danger or consequence, or seeing the next day.  
The stars appeared much brighter then, more than they ever did before.  
But one day our tracks had reached a junction,  
And our new paths had begun to forge.  
One by one we would fade away, until there was only one.  
Now it is time for us to stand on our own,  
No more laughter, no more fun.  
Looking back at it all now, I never would have guessed,  
In the end they were always there for me,  
I was the one who left.

## CELLY HARD, BOYS

Jessica Meyer

