

# G.H. Mosson

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## **Punk Rock Song**

We travelled through cities like boarded-up clouds.  
We needed to crash and shutter our eyelids.

Camped on the sidewalk, sponging for change,  
ravenous for what we couldn't expect, we bounced

from street to alley, outskirt to park, through  
bakery dumpsters and corner diners, among

drug dealers, street tricksters, police stares,  
and this was better than the finality out there.

We found a squat, pals to chug beer with,  
and through odd jobs and laughter, shared dreams:

dance parties beneath girders, living our way  
through questions, quarters winking from gutters,

scrounging toward some "better way," holding your hand  
in another grunge bar—and the bartender's doggish face

that night we swiped his tips. As we slipped off, freedom  
in some jam-band's freak-out eked out of a tiki bar,

edged through the cars, and echoed to us through  
pure joy sung, we were rushing the wrong way.