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Hometown

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Hometown

By Kadence B.

"We must consider, however, that this moment or feeling that we recall may, in fact, be airbrushed or fictionalized by our memory."

— Zachary Boren

My hometown is a monochrome.
Pack rats on every block with vintage
Whatever-you-have from whatever-year.
I walk around the perfectly preserved stagnation.
The gas station everyone still calls by its old name,
Before it was bought out, hasn't changed.
The new coat of paint and resurfaced asphalt
Does nothing against the patina of time.
Standing in its own decadence, the building seems to
Be tired.
And I still know whose mothers are working there.
Still tired.
I buy a Surge. Citrus soda everyone is going gaga over.
Never had one before.
Check out the hype, I suppose.
On my way to the next graveyard.
It's only a couple blocks to the high school.
The place where many in my class would
Say were their glory days. The football field
Overgrown with clover and bermuda that suffocates
Everything around here.
The new fieldhouse, bought with oil taxes, looks nice, I guess.
It's hard to care about touchdowns when you're sight-reading
Sousa. But where does the funding go?
Nothing has changed in this gradual decay.
The soda tastes terrible.