

## Reminiscent Wine

*"The Spirit of Radio"* dances  
across the airwaves today,  
and  
although I begin  
to change lanes  
to  
enter my workplace,  
a single traffic light  
. . . offers a moment's delay . . .

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I close my eyes,  
and enjoy a sip  
of reminiscent wine,  
scattered across the pages  
. . . of past paradise . . .

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~ where the beaches of time ~  
. . . stretched for a thousand miles . . .

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~ where the hours of twilight ~  
motored smooth beyond  
. . . the hours of sunrise . . .

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~ with little regard ~  
... for commitments ...

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~ with little regard ~  
... for consequence ...

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The places  
I knew  
within those  
days of youth,  
never refused  
when fairy tales  
bloomed  
... from room ...  
... to room ...  
... to room ...  
... to room ...  
... to room ...

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moving between  
the retro-color moods  
... of distant radio tunes ...

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even as  
the faces  
changed,

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the same feeling  
. . . always remained . . .

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~ the feeling of being free ~

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Deep within  
my mind,  
I can almost recall  
how good it felt  
just to be alive,

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once I come to  
fully realize,  
my skies again  
. . . open high . . .

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. . . open wide . . .

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. . . all I have to do is fly . . .

. . . all I have to do is fly . . .

. . . all I have to do is fly . . .

. . . all I have to do is fly . . .

. . . all I have to do is fly . . .

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Fear sometimes

can change

your mind

. . . but, no . . .

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~ not this time ~

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I dawn a smile

I haven't

seen in a while,

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beneath  
the stoplight,  
now falling  
from red to green,

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my tires burn  
with new life,  
making a grand  
. . . escape . . .

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~ if only for a single day ~

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reaching once again for:

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. . . *the spontaneously naïve* . . .

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. . . *the off-road possibilities* . . .

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temporarily discarding  
the weighty sacks of  
. . . responsibilities . . .

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. . . guarantees . . .

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~ the rewards of which ~  
we may never live to reap.