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## The 422 Bypass

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## The 422 Bypass

Bombs fall under us, we can see the bridge fall  
through the trees below. Will we ever leave,  
or will we live here wondering if ends  
are as far as we can go, if we are only statues,  
standing bombers in a row.  
There are so many things that we could be, we'll break  
our backs before we bend  
our knees.

West Pennsylvania, once loading on baggage,  
chewing the fat of the coal underground,  
threw up a bridge in between bony  
piles. It now looms incomplete,  
a monument waiting for the passage  
of me.

And at night, stretched  
towards eternity, I could feel its weight, crushing  
me like a man who speaks between the raindrops,  
like a god-damned talking sheet.  
But our minutes are still  
miles, and we still could see all the scenery.

See that man under the bridge? In his face  
it's you and me. He knows about potential lost,  
and in years that's where we might be-  
to feel like trash  
left on the street,  
to feel like someone's memory.  
And he says he wishes he were me,  
but that's just something  
I cannot see.

Men fill the gully with miles of pillars  
and roofers then cap it with road,  
like sore fingers soothing  
the shoulders of regions  
that are waiting to let their potential unload.  
And surely you've noticed the pendulum swinging,  
(it's showing us sides of the road), as our minutes count wishes,  
ambitions that nobody owns.

As a region makes ready to finish a highway, and bury  
the traces deep in the road, our fortune falls  
slowly, around and around  
it goes. And as innocence crawls inside the machinery,  
"summer shall see the birds  
backwards return".

— Joel Husenits '95