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Almost There

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Almost There

Stoned out of our minds, we steer our truck towards the Canadian border.

None of us have ever crossed into Canada, so we ready our vocabulary.

"Want another beer, eh?"
"Are there any left, eh?"
"Only for you, eh."

We punch each other on the arm, laugh, and hope we are almost there.

The radio crackles another request while you roll the last joint.

I still can't figure out what drove us to leave Ohio in the middle of the night.

I'd like to think it was a woman, or maybe just our friendship.

Either way, we are all smiles. I speed, you roll, and both hope we are almost there.

Chris Hanson