125 N Alta Ave.

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**Recommended Citation**
Gooch, Anna () "125 N Alta Ave.," *Exile*: Vol. 69: No. 1, Article 35.
Available at: [https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol69/iss1/35](https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol69/iss1/35)

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From where I sit
In the silence of my Honda Pilot
In the driveway of this red brick house
The engine still warm
The windows still down
Summer air sweeps in
Carrying the taste of 1 AM
That smooth, rich flavor
Of sticky skin and polished stars
With a bite of nearby smoke
And a hint of leftover laughter
All interrupted
By the violent vibrations
Of an electric guitar
Leaking from the cracks
Of the crumbling bricks
Through the floorboards in my car
Seeping into my feet, rattling my bones
As if I’m still out on those country roads
Driving the paths I know with my eyes closed
It is those rhythmic beats
Those broken amps are screaming
That cause the crickets to stir in the night
Their chirping a constant plea
Asking for quiet from the storm
That is 125 N Alta Ave
I do not have the heart to tell them
There is never quiet when we are home