

**SCENES**

BY

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**FOGGY COMMUTE**

I'm in the montage  
Training for the eighties  
In little moments  
Instant stories

Our place here  
Those thoughts there

I'm in the fog  
A sub-zero substitute  
Old men bickering  
Earning Emmy's every day

We're not passing young  
Slow lane  
Cruise control  
Look at that view though

**OLD HOLIDAY BEACON**

Sea of burgundy and mustard  
White birch bark peaking  
Standing tall and damp  
Along the interstate

Wonder if that old farm house  
Is still buried in the woods  
They used to light a holiday beacon  
For the whole state to see  
Some twenty-foot green pine tree  
Made by an electrician who had some  
Extra two-by-fours

Maybe there's new owners now  
The sign disassembled  
Piled along the garage  
Waiting to be taken to the dump

**PRIMITIVE TIME TRAVEL**

Everything is in its place  
Cleverly designed with records  
Trying to go undetected  
Here in the past

Been training my mind  
Fueled by the wind  
Compass in hand  
No destination on the map

Following my feet  
Seeing my face on crossing guards  
Front yard mowers  
Is this all the same?

Numbered yellow buses  
Football practice in pennies  
Trying to stay objective  
Can't seem to find what I missed

**FADED SKY BLUE**

A dead-head  
    in a bucket cap  
Driving a '95 Corolla  
    faded sky blue  
His wife riding shotgun  
    in a tour shirt  
Second piece of merch I've seen  
    this morning  
Maybe they played The Forum  
    last night  
They're still riding the high --  
    sharing the commute  
His hand on her neck  
    stuck at the stoplight  
Soakin in the sound  
    of their stock stereo  
Before punchin in  
    on Monday morning

**BORIS & DORIS**

Sitting on the front porch  
    crying outside that party up North  
Telling stories  
    of who I used to be  
Walking around our neighborhood  
    just the two of us  
Chit-chatting between airpods --  
    criss-crossing the sidewalks  
Taking our turns --  
    protecting our seats  
*You sit on it --*  
    *but you can't take it with you.*  
So we went out and  
    bought new ice cube trays

**THE LIVING & THE DEAD**

I want to see it all  
To be alive  
True appreciation matters  
Only caring works  
Sometimes I don't even know I'm dead  
Foolishly living  
Sitting on the edge of the world  
Peering out to sea  
Feeling the overwhelming beauty  
Of the moment  
Of being alive  
And then that moment ends  
And I remember I'm dead



**WE GOTTA GO ON TOUR**

Been creating from afar  
For far too long  
So I say,  
We gotta go on tour, dude

Keep the Cobain journals at home  
Gotta make some memories  
Together  
Gotta go on tour, dude

Remember we said trust the band?  
Follow its lead?  
We ain't a band right now  
Let's get outta here  
Make it happen on tour, dude

**BLACK SEA**

Closing the blinds  
    thinking about her  
About sitting at the edge  
    of the bed  
About the moon  
    following us  
She's making me laugh  
    taking the wheel  
I can let go -- nothing  
    she'd steal  
Filled with gratitude  
    and trust  
So I lay my head  
    back down  
Looking out across  
    the black sea  
This long lost highway  
    where I'm meant to be

**THROWING CAUTION TO THE CROW@S**

I'm not done with the chaos  
I thought I was  
Didn't want to be the one  
Who held on too long  
Let's keep goin  
We're here  
Early thirties  
Fuck expectations  
We're throwing caution to the crows

**EMPTY FREEWAY FIELDS**

Kids trickling out  
    across the parking lot  
Buses slowing down  
    flashing hazards  
Lonely walks  
    through the neighborhood  
Walking past free junk  
    rusted goalie nets and fire chairs  
Grabbing the mail  
    using house keys like an adult  
The bike path cutting through  
    suburban streets  
Hot-tubing on the hill at 2 AM  
    at the castle on the corner  
Nothing moments spent  
    laying in empty freeway fields

**WALLACE A-FRAME**

Feeling nauseous  
Trying to keep up with myself  
Wish I was sturdy  
Like a Wallace rooftop

Oh, to stand tall  
To be an A-frame  
Peaking over town

Stomach's straightening out  
Ready to take on more  
Get back on the road  
Side-eying the speedometer  
Don't wanna make you uncomfortable

**AN AFTERNOON DRIVE**

Rusted trim chariots  
Married yard work  
Dirt road dumps

Repainting the front deck  
Laying on the asphalt  
Checkin the mower blades

Was it always this quiet?

**394-W**

Burrowing beneath Minneapolis  
Paving over memories  
To keep up with old friends  
Can't find it by heart anymore

Parking in abandoned theaters  
Observing realities  
Mapping out the trance  
Finding new arteries

**MOVIE NIGHT**

The smell of burning plastic  
    was coming from the kitchen  
An overloaded outlet  
    that had been glowin for days  
You finally noticed  
    but we just left it alone  
Couldn't shake the image  
    of our place up in flames  
So we called your parents  
    and killed the breakers  
Spent the rest of the night  
    with half the lights on



**SUBURBAN DRIVEWAY**

Never forget  
When she met him  
Thinking she should hold on  
Feeling false  
Knowing it's wrong  
But not far off

**STEEL WOOL**

You'll never  
Beat the algorithm

But I'll keep  
Fighting the good fight

Walking through a crowd  
Against the current  
Trying to get to you

**CULVER BLVD**

September  
Slow and simple  
Pay the landlord  
Drive to work  
Young commuters  
Need Doris Burke

Maybe I'll start shootin hoops again  
Make it a basketball year  
First day of school  
And I'm lovin my kit

Make it a good year  
Keep it simple  
Lead with love  
Shit man -- all it takes is a hug

**WISCONSIN WINTER**

A brisk wind is welcomed  
    on my baggy eyes  
Kinda want a cigarette  
    but it ain't worth it  
Ah fuck -- just a drag or two  
    for new old friends  
Holdin up silver  
    at the snuffle party  
Pullin up a folding chair  
    invited to the corner booth  
Playin Five Hundred at a Perkins  
    with a pair of two-eyed Bauers  
Fallin right into it  
    keepin things restaurant

**UNDERWATER**

I used to be comfortably lost  
One foot in  
One foot out  
The surface in sight  
But down here in the abyss  
The light has died down  
Wrapped up in dark blue  
Truly lost and flailing about  
Trying not to care  
To go with the current  
Find the flow  
Trusting it'll all work out

**HOLIDAYS ARE ALMOST HERE**

Christmas music  
    self-prescribed  
Back to what works  
    cuttin ties  
All the voices  
    self-surrounded by  
Gossip and advice  
    from every side  
It ain't healthy  
    just wanna be healthy  
Just wanna take  
    my own advice  
Headin home  
    gettin truth  
The sound of fields  
    the living proof

**MALL SANTA**

Gay holiday greetings  
Waving and high-fiving  
Walking through the mall  
Seeing Santa for the first time in years  
Needed him  
More than I thought  
That pure smile  
Been picturing Billy Bob  
For too many years  
Forgot what it looked like  
Didn't think Christmas could be this way

**THREESOME**

Our first dance  
He's singing for us  
Navigating the space between  
Do you feel it too?

I'm singing for the first time  
All around it  
Flying the skies between  
You two feel it too?

I only know half the words  
Half the steps  
To our first dance  
This how you feel too?

It's not gunna wear us down  
We're fightin for this life  
We learned long ago  
There's no bonfires in hell



**ENDLESS VACATION**

On an endless vacation  
Some perfect weather cycle to nowhere  
Blissfully watching the days go by  
Or so they say

Writing about driving through tunnels  
Wishing I could split it open  
Right down the middle  
BD-1 standing on my shoulders

Writing and creating as advertisement  
Figuring out how to meld the two  
Trying not to be cynical  
In a room full of robots

Who love the sameness  
Love the endless summer  
Living on vacation  
Trying to convince me it's heaven

**SATURDAY MORNING**

Our hometown coffee shop  
    covered in murals  
Reminding us Rome  
    wasn't built in a day  
A palpable temporariness  
    sweeps over me  
This will all be gone  
    someday  
Thirty years  
    in the blink of an eye  
The power of music  
    the Motorcycle Drive-By  
Enjoying the morning glow  
    letting the coffee get cold  
A stillness Elliot Smith  
    exposed  
Once again she was right  
    showing the way  
Simple solutions  
    to a perfect harmony  
Finally at a place to hear  
    In the Aeroplane Over the Sea

**AIRPORT ROADS**

Holdin it all in  
    don't wanna be a burden  
        a day-to-day contradiction  
Watchin departin planes reflect  
    across the back window  
        of the hearse ahead  
Throwin deuces  
    to city workers  
        keepin me in time  
            tight chest  
                stretched  
                    and weak

**WE**

Burnin the midnight oil  
Waving at each other  
It's 3 AM  
I'm far from lonely

Finals driven team  
No final clubs needed  
We're on the same frequency  
Living in a chapter  
Self-aware and savvy  
Enjoying these times

We were we  
We'll always be  
We

**TWO HONK GOODBYE**

Speeding out the dirt drive  
Back window hasn't even defrosted  
Beads of dew cry down to the trunk  
Pushing the pedal to the floor  
Two honk goodbye  
Can't get outta here fast enough

Sketchy visibility  
Foggy windows into oncoming traffic  
Headlights blooming  
Through the weeds of the preserve

Pulling up next to a rental  
The parents of some transplant  
Pointing out buildings  
Names they recognize  
Playing the part  
An extra in their reality

**MORNING GLOW**

Wrapped in soft blue light  
Sitting naked on the bed  
Smooth skin nuzzling under my cheek  
Avoiding self awareness  
Preserving the moment  
Before nodding off  
Before waking up alone  
In our empty apartment  
Quiet couple hours  
All to myself  
Before the day starts

**COLD 18**

Steph lookin up  
Through the chalk toss  
Gettin that King look

Kornheiser's veteran timing  
Knowing how to end the show  
*Played 18*  
*It was cold*  
*But it was nice*

Wisdom of ESPN  
Give yourself to your  
hometown team  
Be with your community

**RIVERBED ROCKS**

Late bloomers and late breakers  
Wisdom with a dash of insecurity  
That's my shit  
That's who I trust  
Like an unearthed riverbed rock  
Brought out  
From drought  
With doubt  
No clout  
Rains will return  
The rivers'll run  
These rocks  
They'll be there  
Will you notice them?



**TOGETHER**

Let's go back in time  
Stand in line together  
Be in line together  
Let's be back in time together

The seams are stretching  
I can't keep it together  
You'll keep it together  
Why can't we keep it together?

Why can't it be simple?  
Don't be simple  
We're past simple  
There is no simple  
And simply put,  
I gotta know  
I want to know  
Is this all our time together?

**CROP DUSTING GRAVEYARDS**

Teaching me how to gut a deer  
Never killed anything in my life  
Just shaking off the nerves  
Steadying our hands  
Who knows if it'll ever come in handy  
Don't matter much does it  
Least we're sharing air  
Wasting time  
Gettin where we need to be  
On a half a tank of gas  
A simple rod and reel

**DURHAM**

Building the band  
Building trust  
To experience freedom  
To be weightless  
Committing to dance  
Committing to love  
Committing to life -- lived well  
Everyone gets a solo  
In this great whole  
Fighting the invisible fight  
Physicalizing the wolf  
Among the weeds  
Becoming singular  
Crying in front of friends  
That sweet release

**FRIDAY MORNING**

Morning homies  
Bundled up in hoodies and blankets  
Watching the smokey embers  
Grey skies cut with chills

I revel in these silences  
This is that special shit  
That everyone chases

We don't face the ocean  
The smoke is blinding  
Adapt  
Enjoy  
It's Friday morning

**QUICK THOUGHTS**

Back home  
Friend's place  
Like old  
Calm comfort  
Old ways  
New friends  
Old days  
New ways  
New norms  
Truth comes  
No fear  
Real days

**APTLY NAMED**

We went to the record store  
    for my birthday  
A hundred bucks in my pocket  
    to get what I want  
But you insisted on buying me The Cure  
    with your own money  
Now it's Thursday morning and  
    their Greatest Hits are spinning --  
    pulling me out of a slump

**TO US**

Drink up  
Pass out  
Fuck up  
Fuck this  
Fuck that  
Restart  
Drinks down  
Passin tests  
That's right  
Synced up  
Pure bliss  
Whata night

**HOMETOWN**

Are you angry I left?  
Do you resent my choices?  
Needed to find some truth  
Know what it felt like  
Build something new



**I LOVE THE SMELL OF COMMERCE IN THE MORNING**

Love a good mall trip  
Reminds me of high school  
And college  
And how simple everything was  
And how simple they can be  
Appreciating commerce  
Buying a new pair of shoes  
Or a bluray  
Or just an Icee

**CINNAMON BLACKBERRY ICED TEA**

Write what you know  
    and you know what --  
        I don't know you  
You're a stranger  
    wearing wedding bands  
        standing behind plexiglass  
Living in a bubble  
    criticizing ours  
It's not a humble brag to say  
    *I accept people for who they are*  
Fuck that -- you're a dick  
    so I won't accept you at all  
And fix your menu  
    this iced tea tastes like shit

**PARASITES IN THE DARK**

Remembering  
Buried long ago  
Typical  
When you brave the dark  
Stumbling over bad memories  
Uncertain shame  
Private moments  
Only Truman understands  
Taking pieces of your soul  
Passing them out  
At bars and clubs  
In living rooms, in tubs  
People with nothing to do  
Parasites in the dark  
No need to analyze  
Move on and move out  
Into the light

**COME BACK TO ME**

Get lost  
It's not a request  
But come back to me  
When you're done being gone  
We'll go bowling  
We'll figure it out  
This feeling of love  
Being alive  
For the first time in months  
For all the years to come

**THE 405 (MID-PANDEMIC)**

Shitty blonde hair  
Shitty green mustang  
Leaning over the steering wheel  
Her side mirror hanging  
Tailgaiting  
Mergers have no shot  
Never making their exit  
Blocking them out

It's your first time out in months.

**BUNKER CIRCLE**

Bury me across the interstate  
So I can bullshit with old neighbors  
This town is beautiful in autumn

The memories flood back  
Taking old shortcuts  
The ones sold and bastardized  
    with facelifts  
        and street lamps

Bury me in Monticello  
So I can watch over this town  
This place inside my mind

**FIRST WEDNESDAY OF THE MONTH**

Will I think about tomorrow  
right up until the end?  
Never knowing  
none of this mattered  
Or will there be a moment  
when it's uninteresting  
Private lessons from the past  
for the past  
Sirens hollering  
becoming the security guard  
Choosing where to point  
the camera  
Preventer of joy  
and recklessness  
Suppressor of kings  
of higher vantage points

**ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

*Joe Mackedanz is from Minnesota. Using his left hand as a state map, he would point to the middle of his palm and say, "From a town called Monticello, which is right around here."*

*He now lives at the beach in Los Angeles, working here and there on this and that.*