

The Boys That Forgot Time

By Matt Tweedie

It sparked from a casual suggestion:
Something at once so brilliant and stupid

That I'm surprised I wasn't the source.

Regardless, that was it. No further discussion was necessary.

We were young, and in youth

As in old age

There is no time for second-thoughts

No need for second-guesses.

So off we set, fresh-faced boys,

Not a whit of wit between us

Commanding more in the way of cents than sense

And scarcely enough provisions to see us through the afternoon.

Still, we were pushed on

By the idea of something—maybe nothing tangible

But surely something we could feel

Or even be touched by;

Perhaps nothing more than an idea itself.

Past exhaustion and Mutiny of Spirit,

We toiled on for what seemed like a Lifetime or two,

Until, against all explanation,

We reached the Edge of the World.

And as the Abyss gazed into us

We leapt one after another

Into that swirling blackness

In the hope of finding something

Worth dying for.