Twitter Thread by The Mountain Goats

The Mountain Goats
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I'll tell you a story about new years

when I was 19 one day I woke up and there was a hole in the knee of my jeans and when I got up to walk my hip began clicking with each step, a problem that would continue for years,

and I didn't know how long I had been asleep, which is to say, passed out, knocked out, I had a vague memory of the drugs I'd taken just before vanishing into the darkness but that was it. I spent weeks asking people what day it was

calling people up from a pay phone -- "Can you tell me what day it is?" And them, audibly upset, sad, worried: "John, you called and asked me this five minutes ago" "I know but please. I think it will help"

but it didn't help, nothing helped. my brain had taken a hard hit from something somehow. I would leave the apartment to look at the newspaper machine to see what the date was. I thought if I could keep that straight maybe I'd be OK.

March 1986.

Nobody who valued their money would have bet a dollar on me seeing 1987. And yet.

And that was me: lost, confused, desperate, incapable of taking care of myself. And you? x

You're better than I was then, it's nearly a sure thing, trust me

The things that assailed you and all of us in 2020 -- the death and the fear and the loss and the anger --

they will one day be as hard to recollect as which knee I had the scab on for the month following my long blackout

all we have to do is find a way to make the next day happen

because the days add up

it doesn't feel like they will

but they do

and the worst of times, though they may grow more rotten, eventually compost the better ones

And if you're reading this, you did it: you made it down the hall to the pay phone to find out what day it was. you found a quarter in the couch and bought the newspaper and got the date right. small victories count

Small victories count.

And though the vaccine rollout has us all wondering how long it will really be until we can return ourselves to the world

the day's coming, the day's coming

we will wait for that day together and cheer its dawn

this thread is for Howard and Bob, who didn't make it to the end this year

and for you

who

DID. /thread