

*Quiet Roads*

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After the disappointments wear into acceptance and the clock sounds 6:15 am once again, can you get out of bed to hit that quiet morning road into oblivion, judging time by sun sights and cold winds piercing your jacket your car? After the ride home on massed subway newspaper smells and coffee smells and faces without names except their names are yours, can you choose more clothes to fit ties to set the alarm for daybreak next? After the shaking of the train around that familiar corner, can you look up to see if the billboard has changed yet to another brand? Can you see your reflection in the dirty glass pane carved with wear, a hint of gray hair or a hint of sagging eyelids? The horn sounds seven times as it approaches the crossing, heads turn back and forth and back and forth as the gust of metal streaks by, holding ears, lights blinking and bells sounding at the crossing, flowers are tied into the fence at one crossing, you wait sleepy and get off, and fall with your watch band still clasped to your wrist like handcuffs into bed. Furniture changes, gets rearranged, weekend travels bring us ultimately back home, pumpkin patch young Octobers disappear into cemetery visits. Air conditioned summer evening radiator winter evening breezy autumn or spring, tickets please...or transfer.