

Road Itch

Babe, I've got the road itch.
That line of concrete is tantalizing—
White strips flipping like pages
Before my eyes.
Grass and whites in my pockets.
Wasted life. Worthless life.
Corn stalks,
Sloppy roofed barns,
Black angus steer,
Wire fences,
Silver bullet silos,
And the car tires gripping
The black concrete.
The golden fleece and I,
We're eating a piece of the sky.

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