

HARRY'S PIZZA SHACK IS ALWAYS OPEN IN SANDISVILLE

If I didn't rely on a roadmap,
if I weren't chasing the sun home,
if my right headlight worked,
I would stop,
drop quarters on the counter,
ask for two slices of cheese pizza.

Instead, I am traveling north,
upstream through a town
between radio frequencies.

I search in circles for a wave of bongos
or Beethoven's fifth,
but am left with pops and cracks
through my speakers.

A man moves along the ditches,
one arm cradling roses, or an infant,
to bring back to his wife.
He carries a stick outstretched over his shoulder
as if he should be following a railroad track.

There are hills of sawdust, old tires,
barefoot children on tricycles
weaving between the broken white line,
around the potholes
and rabbits that weren't quite quick enough.