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The Road

Richard Jackson

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The Road / Richard Jackson

Giving himself entirely to the road
he walks to the wreck of the buick,
remembers the car he found once
with the two moving inside it,
the whole car rocking as if something
invisible drove it through the field
and now he climbs in, clutches this
wheel giving himself entirely to
this dream where he drives across a field
past mice who have tunneled
their secret holes in abandoned mattresses,
the insects sticking to his windshield,
though now he does not know where he is
nor the girl on the seat beside him
as they stop in a field like this where they
do not speak as they climb
into the back seat, where she gives
herself entirely to him
giving himself entirely to the road.

The Map / Larry Levis

Applying to Heavy Equipment School
I marched farther into the Great Plains
And refused to come out.
I threw up a few scaffolds of disinterest.
Around me in the fields, the hogs grunted
And lay on their sides.

You came with a little water and went away.
The glass is still on the table,
And the paper,
And the burned scaffolds.

You were bent over the sink, washing your stockings.
I came up behind you like the night sky behind the town.
You stood frowning at your knuckles
And did not speak.