

Wilderness House Literary Review 4/2

Michael Jerry Tupa

Long Highway

Another trip,
a new town,
another cafe.

Miles melt into years.
Interstate freeways become
old acquaintances
and hitchhikers temporary lights
on an empty highway.

Trucks come and go;
so does a man's life.

But, none cry,
when one of these fades
on the long-line circuit.

Another mechanical jockey,
pulls his rig
out of the cafe lot,
and accelerates
toward the dark horizon.

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Core

Ah, I was free,
that windy day
when I walked
under the tree.

I was just four,
but those silent elms
nodded, and seemed,
to open a giant door

of imagination
of serenity
of the wonder
of God's beauty.

A hush of wonder,
rolled through my heart,
igniting my senses,
velvet thunder

opening the ears
of my heart; I felt
alone, but my soul
uttered quiet sighs,

which blended softly
with the dark,
rhythmic core
of the universe,
a calm epiphany.