

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/3

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The Road To Maine

The hot 401 drive spirals down
under screaming, spinning rubber
the angry, vengeful Toronto stretch kicks you to the ground
you spring back gasping for air in Oshawa
then cool Kingston air caresses you hair
like cattails waving to the road's rhythm
sit back and sigh softly till Montreal
while sweetie softly sleeps.

You'll remember some of what you see
like in Quebec near Vermont you feel the hot air
of road-rage raging resolutely
or the quiet defiant resolution
of a man using horse drawn buggy
to pick up his groceries
(I don't think the Amish trot Quebec
And I don't suppose Amish men go shirtless and without beard)

Eventually on to New Hampshire behind a truck
bravely lugging logs and languishing beneath the load
then you feel like you are being folded
swiftly tucked away like a stained napkin
into the expansive breast pocket
of majestic cloud-shrouded mountains.

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