Excerpt from poem “Off Highway 99”

If you venture upstairs

amongst the cobwebs

and creaking boards,

where the sun sends shadows

darting across the floor,

you’ll find the dreams of those children,

lying in the fog, thrown up around

your ankles, as your feet kick up dust.

As you walk, being careful of the holes,

you sense a whisper,

of family, of laughter, of sorrow.

If you sit silently

and stare out the west window

at the blanket of

golden stalks, wavering, in the

breath of a summer’s day,

and you close your eyes,

you will hear

the rustle of branches,

swaying in the wind,

the sweet chirp of

the meadowlark

lazily resting on the bark

of the Elm tree,

and the bubbling

of the creek

that lies beside the field

as it collides with the rocks

that block its destination.