

**Poem Excerpt “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.

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