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Misty Morning Blues

Interstate 77 Drifting through the Carolina mountains, Rigid altars to the sky Line a winding, windy road. Cloudy hazes hide their summits. Seep through crevices and cracks. Grey ornamentation Shadows stately beauty, Like antebellum "ma'ams" who fast become old maids, Growing weathered and wrinkled With age and tidy tears. They rest in early morning, Cradled in the mist Savoring a sweet last moment Of refuge from the sky. Sighs in gentle winds, Tears in cleansing rain Wear slowly on the shells That face the August sun. Sacred interstate ground that so demands a view--Man encroaches in his rush On misty morning blues.

> S.K. McMillan WC '91