

5-1-2003

Latitude

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Recommended Citation

Hart, Jon Lee (2003) "Latitude," *Forces*: Vol. 2003 , Article 39.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2003/iss1/39>

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Latitude

Jon Lee Hart

Somewhere down the line of meat lockers and trailer trash, you forgot who I am. You didn't want to see underneath, the cause and effect which had its affect on me and took its toll like the tired old man working Dallas North until 5 am. How I envy him at times, just seeing the passing by, the occasional motorist who makes the light go "ding" and the bell ring until someone else follows the path. The path I wish to travel is no longer a road, no longer a manmade construction set out for what was meant to be. I make my own road now, perpendicular to what was made. I remember the night I chased hell until the summer passed with an echoing halt, a foreshadowing of the coldest winter my body and soul has never felt. I forgot how much I hate to travel alone, but my car does go faster this way. Now one question remains - Do I travel alone and get home fast enough to watch the ten o'clock news, or do I stop, break the code and help the hitchhiker catch the nine?



Sherry Dickson