

The Long Road

This is the long road.
The wind snipes across the long road
from under the sprawling armpits of the trees
dust blinds the eyes
as far as it can see, setting off the sun
among its stones, hiding rain like puberty
in its dents. This has been
the road to future for some,
bright blooddrops to others
in acres and acres of pain, yes,
this is the long road
that holds our hands
and lets us pass
past the gnarled black viper fork
ending at the tip of god's tongue.

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