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## On Our Way

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## On Our Way

It's as tattered as a gypsy's bandanna  
He said as he jumped into the rusting red pickup  
The springs of the old seat  
Bouncing with a squeak  
Like the hinge of a door  
That needs oiling,  
He was talking about the sky  
And it was true  
The different shapes, thicknesses and hues  
Of the white clouds  
Quilted together  
In a mismatched patchwork  
Embroidered with the washed out blue of the sky  
Fraying around the edges.

The seat squealed with my weight  
But not as loudly,  
He pulled out  
As I positioned the cooler  
Within easy reach at my feet  
And threw our packs in the back,  
The wind rushed through the windows  
As the brown stalks of corn  
Soon to be gathered and burned  
Flew by,  
His smile and eyes were big in excitement  
As he gripped the wheel  
With determined force  
And I closed my eyes  
Imagining the sky  
Five hundred miles ahead.

*Lynn Pendleton*