

Dirt Road
by Janis Hannon

Noses upturned, the unbelieving drip
derision. A dirt road? You
live on a *dirt* road! How nasty-
why don't "they" pave it?

"They" don't own it; the dirt
is mine alone, a path that cuts
through thick woods
and ends at my brick abode.

Pavement pales in comparison,
left in a trail of dust. Deer dance,
unhindered by careening cars,
leaving signature vees in supple sand.

Children play in the dust--
hopscotch, marbles, a trusty canvas,
a single swipe do-over, and over, again.
A perpetual slate, unmatched in asphalt.

Stories are inscribed
there for all who take time
to read, line after line
written by all who pass-- on my dirt road.