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On the Way to Oak Shadow Lane

Kendra Flournoy

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ON THE WAY TO OAK SHADOW LANE

by Kendra Flounoy

In the summer I rode
Rode in the car from Detroit to Cincinnati through Louisville and so on
Rode until that Montgomery sign caught my eyes
The sign told me I was there
That I had made it and would soon be at brother's
It told me that soon I'd be lying on tan carpet
With my hands behind my head
Hearing scandals
About momma and daddy
And our other folks
With a crooked grin stretched across my face
'Cause I loved it
Loved how brother would fill in the holes for me—
The youngest
Briefing me with the tales from the past
Showing me what colors looked like
Before they blended
And before I existed
Sometimes it was funny
What things were like before yellow met brown
And made copper
Then it got sad when yellow met brown
And made bronze
Though it was sad
I was ok because I had brother
He was like what daddy could've been
If he hadn't been beaten down so
Brother didn't let me miss a thing
And summer after summer
I rode and rode
Until I became whole