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Pilgrimage to Atlanta, Georgia

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Pilgrimage to Atlanta, Georgia
Cheyenne Smigiel

I don't recall who picked up who, but I do
remember driving through the Smoky Mountains
Their long and winding roads unveiling sun and
shining opal skies

We were running from our tender misfortunes;
past, a continuous seep into present
Peace and sleep consumed you, as I pondered your
artificial ease

Dust sparkled the dashboard as though it were made
of Madonna's own dried up tears, and I saw
a single wooden cross stabbing the gravel
Vita Post Mortem

A sigh left those velvet lips as your eyes found
mine, brimming with reflections of shared losses
We are here carved into our smiles, our bodies
baptized in Georgia
sweat