Highway 90 Through South Dakota

Quentin Sherwood
Portage Northern High School

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Glimpse life from behind safety glass.
Highway hums a traveling tune,
tickled by tires.
America whizzes by.
Black dirt farms expand, westward,
irrigation snakes spit life blood to corn, beans, and potatoes.
Highway hums, tickled by tires...
grasshopper faced John Deere combines
leisurely chew on stalks of corn,
digest stalk and husk, shit the ears,
portable toilet trailers obediently tag behind.
Dusk, fills spaces between tractor light beams that illuminate rising dust.
Farming is everybody's bread and butter reads the sticker on the Ford ahead.
 Implements sleep in burnwood barns,
baseball capped farmers take dinner in white farm houses,
and sleep with wives on feather mattresses, under grandmothers' quilts.
And the highway hums,
tickled by tires...

Quentin Sherwood

Return

A pair of skinny Crayola elephants
Travel in a caravan
Under ink black sky and yellow crescent moon (with a man inside)
Carrying a hundred orange circles, presumably navels,
Whose ends didn't quite meet
And underneath their feet, a shag of green grass.

A thousand smiling suns
With orange and red rays, long and short, long and short,
Shine on a blue sailboat with polka dot sail
Riding sickle-shaped waves,
As red fish leap from aqua water.

Under a clinging shadow of dust
Twenty trees
With black trunks and green tops
House squirrel holes in the bark.
V-shaped birds still soar
Above green grass and purple flowers.

Diane Patnode