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The Way to School

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THE WAY TO SCHOOL

We venture
into the dark, foggy world,
our feet gliding carefully,
over grass crying tears.

Dad breathes, "Hope the day
brightens up."

I feed my books into the cold, black mouth
of the back seat,
and the car's heart pounds
to life; we turn
onto the dirt road glistening
in the headlights.

Houses fly past,
windows like sleepy eyes;
the morning sun
sprinkles glitter on lawns
of green crystal.

I sometimes see the green
and yellow image of the
Gas-n-Go on my eyelids
as we pass. Under the bridge,
Dad tames the car
and as I collect my gear
I tease him, "Be good,
and stay out of trouble!"
I pick my trail up the hill,
and the sun blossoms over
the parking lot where crying gulls crab at
zinging cars, a sight
perfectly routine
in my day.

Christine Diehl