June 2014

Solitude

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A man drives down a lonely Iowa
Highway maps can be so damn confusing
Sometimes directions can get in the way of an ego
Especially for a man in Iowa
If he only knew which way the corn stalks were
Marching bands parading out here
Rows upon rows of soldiers standing their
Ground hogs make trenches within the soil
He makes out the silhouette of a crippled barn
With no tractors or hay stacks to harbor
If he could only see which way the weather vane was
Spinning he could figure out which way was North
Again he drives through the night
In the pouring rain it is hard to see straight
Especially when you don’t know where you
Are going or where you’ve been
Doesn’t matter much when you’re lost
All that matters is where you end
Up in the sky clouds cry for him
He is lost in his own self-solitude
A storm cloud begins to take shape
Of a bowl of pea
Soup is for the soul
Or perhaps it is a soggy bowl of corn flakes
Either way it doesn’t get much lonelier than that
Especially in Iowa