

Sunday Drive

The sign advises
we go on at risk
but having come so far
on this strangled road
mist and the thickened trees
stand to no turn,
the last house passed
without warning and the day
drifting to rain.
Caught in the foggy familiar
we are estranged from memories, liars
now that the road has wilted to a trail
narrowed to path of deer, too low
even for us to creep
funnelling
into a run
for water
in the spring
ending here
and nowhere
the clearing suddenly
too tight
for love or picnicking
or laughter under unleaved trees.

— *Jean Hollander*