

Highway 60

The road rises and falls,
a giant on his back after a feast.
The pavement breathes
tire tracks and footprints
a belly button round-a-bout.

The giant's belly heaves and collapses
and the exit we missed shrinks.

The road splits
buttonholes and suspenders
holding things in place just so.

The commuters line up in order
here to there and back and forth.

Horns and screeching tires
holding tightly to the bends
careful not to wake the beast.