

Untitled
David DiPasquale

Endless fences
enclose the O of these
brown angles and weeds,
curling under the sun.

Miles apart from the guilty casino concessions and
the city limits of each and every quaint meth map-mark gas station oasis,
where that faded pawn shop advertised grass guns saddles and cigarettes.

Clouds of white moths fluttered up from the flowerbeds that lined the
highway
to whisper the prayers of the white crosses that someone planted by their
driveway
so that we will remember the ghost towns that lurk on the other side of
the horizon,
untouched by the countless passengers, following their dotted lines home.