

Classic Poetry Series

Nancy Cato

- poems -

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The Road

I made the rising moon go back
behind the shouldering hill,
I raced along the eastern track
till time itself stood still.

The stars swarmed on behind the trees,
but I sped fast at they,
I could have made the sun arise,
and night turn back to day.

And like a long black carpet
behind the wheels, the night
unrolled across the countryside,
but all ahead was bright.

The fence-posts whizzed along wires
like days that fly too fast,
and telephone poles loomed up like years
and slipped into the past.

And light and movement, sky and road
and life and time were one,
while through the night I rushed and sped,
I drove towards the sun.

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