

Dixon J. Jones

## Kallenburg Road

At pavement's end, the subdivision road trudged on  
as wide, hard, puddle-pocked dirt,  
cautiously leaning westward into July  
down a sloping corridor of white  
birch, quaking aspen, black  
spruce, glimpsed horizon,  
tiny mountain.

Beyond the bending crowns, great cold  
continents of fragile blue light shouldered  
against ragged stratus shores  
against racing bursts of September-dark  
against the sun, disturbingly high and north.

A Ford pickup from grade school  
sauntered past us. Its shadowed driver  
raised four fingers over the wheel  
and received two in reply.

The electric cooperative's creosoted legs  
strode with us through alder dreadlocked willows,  
cabins and wannigans, woodpiles and stovepipes,  
deserted fence post homesteads and suddenly leapt

before verdant pastures, distant red barn,  
long-settled souls, disorienting love.

It wasn't the seasons I was dreading but the horrifying change  
so soon    so soon

The state foretold nothing.  
The road's end sauntered out of a ditch,  
eight fingers over the wheel.

