

Toward Pittsburgh

Night falls between mountain ridges,
open car windows & headlights on,
lullaby of tiresong beside cow farms,
faded Mail Pouch Tobacco billboard
painted on the side of an old barn.
Fragrant alfalfa breath of summer
darkness settles like gossamer hands
enfolding a postage-stamp grass meadow,
edge of the woods by the interstate
south of Breezewood and the Turnpike;
U2's "Promenade" pulses low on the car stereo,
and you, behind the wheel, steady as years.
Light by quiet light, Edward Hopper's America
nestles into its small, white, box houses,
blue glow of computer and TV screens
spilling out through upstairs bedroom curtains.
Slide show, seaside town. Coca-cola, football radio,
radio, radio, radio, radio, radio
Thin fog hugs the farm fields' edges;
fireflies glitter the treetops:
hold this moment, a little longer.

Matt Hohner

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