A Country Road

The old man drives on slowly. Behind, a line of cars grows longer. He is looking for something not beside the road but in his mind. Some parts swim into focus; others remain a blur. “Please go a little faster,” the urgent drivers cry. He tries, but the unsaid past declines to clarify.

The road is lined with hints of half-familiar forms that tease and shimmer in the sun. That silo bears a trace of a slogan selling beer. He knows she used to live somewhere near here.

But the live world that was is gone. The promises of sideroads, towns, and trees are false. He sees that, blinks to dispel illusion. Be not deceived: there is less to find here than an old man thinks.