



“East Wyoming Road Trip” by: Trevor Huxham

The Black Hills:

- turtle shells toothpicked with pine trees.
- a landscape drizzled from crest to trough with a spray of boulders.

Just-birthered-leaf-green fields

giving light to life-bringing cereals.

Hamburgers and milk jugs

glaring at me from their buffalo-shaped bodies.

Prairies

inviting the pronghorns to prance among their grasses.

Interstates

bearing the same color as that mine for train-food a few miles back.

Highways gilded with silver strips and plated with golden tapes

rumbling beneath the rubber,

luring us toward another town where the mayor *is* the population.

Pillows of sky in grayscale

getting lower, low, er, l o w e r un till the rain fall sss.

Compasses

clearing protractors across the only thing keeping the wind and us,
from kissing.

Raindrops

making craters and badlands on the windows—the state to the
north in microcosm.

Road signs

standing dyed like clay, like sea; like trees, like pumpkins.

Old fonts

pressing onto matte metals,
new ones on brassy boards.

The sound-strokes and arrows

speaking of directions without even voices like a GPS.

A white wing-fin-fan enters and exits the stage of view:

—a blade to cut the fog when it is thick.

—a tropospheric whale to forever swim through these black seas of rock
and trees.