

# ROAD WORK

There are always people moving down a road  
Dusty or paved, by deserts and trees  
There's always a road if there's a need  
It begins in one place and through winter and spring  
Moves in the direction someone is going  
That road we're on, you and I  
Is it the same when we close our eyes  
When I grow weary and can't go on  
When I have to lay myself down  
Where will you be then, my friend  
Still walking on the road that does not end  
Way far ahead, you but a speck yet singing your song  
What more can you do to bring us along  
Or will you be kneeling here by my side  
Clasping a hand while I behold you and die  
Then on you can walk for one or for two  
That's the secret, isn't it, and I hardly knew  
When the night led into the day  
When the curve became the straightaway  
When here became there, at every turn and fold  
We are still together, any steps we take are the road.

—Allan Appel

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Jacqueline Sferra Rada

Autumn Road Trip  
Yellow Highway 1

Highway Dream  
Solitude