



MOVING ALONG WITH A FAMILY OF NINE

memories linger even now  
of seven children and a dog  
a Mom and a Dad  
stuffed into an Old Grey Dodge

headed for somewhere new  
on the road with a triple A map  
past Burma Shave signs  
playing I spy

semis rumbled past  
open windows brought  
a rush of clammy air  
starched and pressed outfits  
wrinkled, crumpled against small bodies

the dog, head out the window  
lapped up the breeze  
smelled his way through the trip  
splattered slobber  
on the children's faces

nights found the family  
jammed into two rooms  
after splashing and whooping  
in the motel pool

next morning, breakfast  
then back on the road

on to the new job  
in a new town  
making new friends  
they hope

—Mary Janicke

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