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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Autumn Road Trip
Yellow Highway 1
Highway Dream
Solitude