Highway 6

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As grey as a dog on the highway
Iowa closes around us.
There are ghosts out there,
hiding behind bone trees,
becoming snow in the broken corn.
All the farm houses look away.

My sister drives and I drift through sleep.
I imagine an apparition
emerges from the tired January air,
but it's only a dog.
And a scream.
And the anonymous shudder of steel.

Sister Hysteria and Brother Melancholy,
twilight is upon us.