

Road Trip

Where now are the endless easy days
When boys with dreamfull pockets
Bumped down rutted roads with
Wide-eyed wondering wander?

Where now are the songs they sang
And dreams they danced
In rawboned rites
Of uncertain ancient striving?

Where now are the earnest pledges
And once-solemn oaths forsworn?
They line the road in sly repose –
Other days, other boys, other dreams.