

# The Road

One morning, waking, I understand that  
much life lies behind me, so far back  
on the road that I can no longer see it.

Places don't simply cease to exist  
because we've left them. New travelers are  
exploring the moments we once inhabited.

I've been wrestling with a dusty angel,  
trying to brush his handprints off my shirt  
while asking what became of the spring light.

Are the things we surround ourselves with  
alive or are they merely mementos?  
Are they inert and heavy, or do they fly?

When we first lived together, what awkward  
honesty that required of us. Claiming  
few things or victories, we were rich in desire.

The road that passes your door has never  
stopped waiting for you. Be like the daffodils:  
Open beyond yourself to become yourself.

---

THOMAS R. SMITH is the author of several books of poems, most recently *The Dark Indigo Current* (Holy Cow! Press) and *Winter Hours* (Red Dragonfly Press). He teaches poetry at the Loft Literary Center in Minneapolis and lives on the Kinnickinnic River in River Falls, Wisconsin. He believes in poetry as a way of realizing that other world of "our better angels."