

# Directions to You

Here I come—

Like the Tom, Dick & Harrys who went before,  
My notes scribbled on a cable bill, wet  
Next to the Piggly Wiggly flowers on the seat.

You said take the Central Freeway, head north,  
Keep going, past downtown,  
Past what I know, 'til I come to the first exit that feels right.  
Get on the access, turn left at the light.

Follow that road through several miles of detours and deconstruction  
Then, any time after the Exxon, hand Whimsy the wheel—  
Left or right—you named your cat Kismet,  
And “Fate needs to be riding shotgun on this.”

Now follow the two lane macadam to the third intersection.  
Men, one old, one late middle-aged will be playing checkers.  
The tall one will rise, approach, kick the tires, talk weather,  
And if he points, persist in that direction for a mile and a half.

There will be a series of streets named after authors.  
Choose the one that was a better poet than novelist, turn left.  
This is the street. And the house.  
The house was described in detail two nights before.

Above all else you want a man that listens, really listens.

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BRUCE NELSON has been writing on and off for a number of years while teaching. He has taught from the college to the elementary level. He and his wife recently moved to Austin, Texas, where he is an elementary school principal. Nelson says, “Writing for me is a passion, a release. It makes me watch life more closely. In fact, I write a lot of my poems in the car. ‘Directions to You’ was written during a car trip to Dallas to see a friend.”