

sandy hook road
rebecca denton

The white rental turns smoothly
Onto a rural country road on
Which I have never been.

This is the road
Of my father's childhood
Memories.

On the roadside,
Gold grass bends to the
Heat and humidity
Of an Indiana evening while
Emerald trees' leaves flit
And gossip, rustling in the breeze.

These are the woods
Of my father's childhood
Memories.

I stare out the window,
Pressing my cheek against
The deceptively cool surface
Of glass, feeling the lasting
Discomfort of the sun's gold
Rays on my freckled skin.

Read, People, Read!
on a left a road
to a good time
for you
to remember
the

This is the road
Of my father's childhood
Memories.

This is sandy hook road,
He says in a low voice.

As we eat the distance in our car.
My father's voice chants of
Blurred, sepia-toned summer days;
His voice fills our rental,
as the three of us travel a
Winding, hilly, and ghostly road.
These are the hills and cricks
Of my father's childhood
Memories.

Fireflies begin to flit drunkenly across edges of
The asphalt-lined meadow where phantom
Children seek adventure and chant childish rhymes . . .
Sassafras, hemlock . . . she has golden locks . . .
The car blows rich ochre behind us like
An angered dragon disturbed from slumber.

The car slows.
Stops.

We stare out, searching.

My mind and imagination wander through
These woods and meadows
Wondering . . . where can it be?

My father stares intently out the window.
Looking for something, something that
Is no longer nestled, safely there . . .
He clears his throat; his voice breaks . . .
This is where it stood, the log cabin I was born in.
After a moment, he turns forward and drives on.

This is the road
Of my father's childhood
Memories.