

## Finding Texas

*(on the way to Festival Hill)*

There is remembered loneliness in the sprawling  
oaks sheltering the crumbling well-houses.  
Blue bonnets and barbed wire lean against fence posts.  
The car hums as Warrenton and Winedale float by lost to time.

Fields of pink phlox and orange-red paintbrush push  
over rolling hills. The city mantle slips  
away as a sprinkling of cows amble to breakfast  
while across the road clucking  
white chickens scratch in a gravel yard.

Ahead someone turns onto a long dirt drive,  
in the distance a fading farmhouse waits.  
Imagine their life where the moon rises  
over quiet and the neighbor's lights are always on.

Imagine marrying Henry who lived out by Noonday.  
Twenty years older when he came courting,  
there could have been six or seven kids with him  
and plastic red roses in a milk-white vase  
on top of the television.

There could have been nothing else but a blacktop road  
where a gray misty haze settles on ponds  
and spring green gardens.