

## **indiana**

for no reason

I pulled into a rest stop  
on 30 west, just this side of  
Ft. Wayne, Indiana and

I sat quietly in the front seat  
looking out over sun washed autumn  
cornfields, brown and tall, withered, alive

the sun roof pulled back, open  
the rustling of the dry autumn leaves  
on the trees brushing their stems and  
scraping the air creates a beautiful  
wonderous and peaceful sound

in between the huge trucks screaming by  
a magnificent silence engulfed  
the little rest stop and  
in the distance nothing but  
silos and farm houses  
are all that surround this little patch of green  
scrub grass and tall trees

and blue sky framing  
an incredibly bright sun  
now high in the sky  
warmed me, warmed my face  
while the constant wind washed all the  
grit and road grime from  
sleeping sitting up  
in the car for nine hours

now the wind is strong, steady  
and rushing thru the trees and leaves

the rest stop heaven is empty  
stand in the center of the vacant parking lot  
I stretch out my arms  
and let the sun, the rushing wind spin me  
blow through and around me  
and I released my heart and thoughts  
to the spirits of the rest stop  
and they reward me  
with sun, peace, the sounds of rushing winds  
through their autumn coverings

anything seems possible

the wind swirls around me  
with great intensity  
the bright sun is glorious in the sky  
the shadows of the bare branches  
cavort, twist, bend  
and seem to gallop across  
the tops of the concrete  
rest-stop picnic tables

all is ordinary  
all is extraordinary