FREE BOUNDARIES

We had to turn left off the highway

on this dirt road, which looked

just like a road we had come on

many years ago, to find the head

of a trail. But the way was blocked —

even before we turned we saw

the dug up earth, the barriers.

In the gravel, on that side road,

a man was walking back and forth;

and on a leash, that as we came

nearer turned out to be a metal

chain, he had another man, bearded,

fat, wild-eyed. A man with appetites.

There was reason to chain him, to lock

a steel collar around his neck. I

hoped the chain held, for we had to turn

to regain the highway, so straight.

I asked you to roll up your window.

I turned the wheels, but they came

toward us. I wouldn't manage to turn

around fast enough, and he was saying

something, something important, we had

to get away, and you didn't speak at all.