

Honorable Mention Poetry – High School

“Highway”

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12th Grade

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The highway does not sleep, so I’ve found.
A sparse forest of slim, starving pines
Choked by sandy soil
Is all that separates my bedroom window
From the tar-slathered body.

It allows for direct eye contact with unblinking headlights,
Each car flying by
With every other heartbeat.
They glare through scrawny tree limbs,
Like pale, sterile pearls,
Strung around the throat of the night,
Winking in the darkness.

It allows for communication,
A simple conversation.
The highway groans its contempt
Under the weight of mortal engines.
It screeches its displeasure
Against thick rubber tires.

The house responds
With the indifferent sigh of wind
Rushing through the gaps in its wooden walls
And the delicate sounds of sleep
From its patrons.

On nights when a mind
Is as frantic as the asphalt-vessel,
One can stare at the lights and
Listen to the exchange
Between road and destination.

If one looks long enough,
The electric beams that
Glitter through the weak foliage

Look like celestial bodies.

If one listens hard enough,
The communion between industrialized scorn
And humble domestication
Sound like the symphony of the world,
All voices joined in union.