One Method of Hope

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The only motion here is an old
Dodge pickup leading a coil
of white exhaust across
the horizon—a snow-dusted
road—crosshatched and barren
farm land. You point your jaw
and your etched-out eyes
across the wheel, overlooking
the one wire-limbed hickory
on the rise and the flock
of nervous geese that wanders
in a patch of late-winter ice
and corn stubble. Your gaze
is steady. You never catalogued
the pain of your losses,
or claimed a vacant stratosphere.
There’s comfort in that.
Yours isn’t the only way to endure
a savage flurry of solemnities, it is
one way, one voice that you recall,
one parable of grief corroding
direction, but on your life
you can’t remember where you
heard it first. There is a raw
and unchecked safety in accelerating
down a lone and narrow ribbon
of this bleak and unbending world.
You’re still hours from home.
The anonymous beauty
of your solitude fades to twilight
before it can start to mean
what you really want it to.