

Edge of a Road
by David Briscoe

*I'm at ease on the edge of a road
Grass grows uncontrolled
Discard collects
In tufts of weeds around fence posts
Where the mower's blade could not come close
Glimmer of green glass
Snagged papers defy the wind
Dry grays and faded browns-
Unwanted coyote colors
Flirtatious yellow flower
Out of nowhere, alone
Rocks and pebbles
Planets and stars*