

The Road

I made the rising moon go back
behind the shouldering hill,
I raced along the eastern track
till time itself stood still.

The stars swarmed on behind the trees,
but I sped fast at they,
I could have made the sun arise,
and night turn back to day.

And like a long black carpet
behind the wheels, the night
unrolled across the countryside,
but all ahead was bright.

The fence-posts whizzed along wires
like days that fly too fast,
and telephone poles loomed up like years

