

Southport Village Voices

A Little Magazine

by and for the
Residents of Southport

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POETRY

THE TANK THE ROAD AND THE MOON by Sandy Bernstein

We're rolling down the highway
on a full tank,
the night is cold and the moon is high
and my thoughts seem to scatter
like litter along this lonely stretch of road.

U2 is taking up the air waves
"where the streets have no names"
urgent guitar riffs ring out
as my mind reels back
like a movie,
and suddenly I am somewhere else,
with someone else. . .

I have traveled nameless streets myself,
a journey often wrought with
desperation, disappointment, and heartache;
a rite of passage
I revisit in that blue moon phase,
and in one single blinding moment
I see it all so clearly
yet I cannot grasp it,
for I have long since moved on –
the moment is gone,
stolen by an aging forlorn ghost
who disappears like smoke
over a snowy rooftop.

The faces blur,
still the engine roars
and the road behind
is somehow shorter,
or are the objects getting too close?

The images seen
through that oval shining piece of glass
only reflect what has come to pass.

How it all blends together so seamlessly;
the passage of time
like broken lines on a highway,
each one representing a single step
of where we've been
and where we're going.

The song has ended
and my memory is slipping from view,
like the winter landscape whizzing by.
The road goes on,
the tank is less than half full,
and streets have yet to be named,
guided by a waning moon.