

Texas Route 29

by Yasmin Elaine Waring

Texas Route 29 is not a straight line.

It traces the perimeter of our own Georgetown
compelled west kicking off shit-stained boots
greeted by green and yellor' John Deere
ignored by motley cattle, heads bowed
weighed low with marrow-filled horns.

A Jack Nicklaus golf course awaits
embedded in this base hill country.
Buy yourself a new or used golf cart
cushioned with thicker padding
if you like along the way.

And for those turned on by G-U-N-S
leaden gifts can be found inside
the shop with window-sized letters
spelled with large calloused hands
thick whiffs of powder support each pane.

Butchered meat lies next door
hanging fresh and raw with blank faces
for some, others' skinned grimaces let loose
salty blood vapor invading your nostrils
settling on your tongue as you order.

When it is time to veer off, I am ready
welcomed by brown-eyed family
with quail eggs and Lohr's wine
unleashing foreign spirits who
strike with soft and damp hugs
coaxing the unborn to join us.

Available online at *«<http://fictionaut.com/stories/yasmin-elaine-waring/texas-route-29>»*

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For we are in need of much healing.

Through clusters of Spanish Oak
with aspirations for something more
to be taller maybe,
they wince in the breeze
grown brittle from a lover's neglect
refusing to let their leaves fall.

And I can see where the road goes on.

--Yasmin Waring
November 2012

