

An Ode: To The Road

Austin Jackson

*Oh the Road
The grimy, dirty, dingy Road
Never would I eat off thee.*

But.

*You get me where I need to go.
Slush
Salt
And tar may cover
Unaware of all you blunders,
Road you take care of me.
You drive me to school
And guide me to work
Railroad tracks may cross you,
And potholes may spot you*

But.

*On you I always count,
To work like expected,
So I can go where I want to go.
Road you mean speed
Road you mean freedom
Oh those woods bound trails,
you beat um'
So thank you dear Road,
For guiding my car,
and most of all,
For bringing me home.
Oh the Road*



E La Fin

By: Emily Gambone