



The Company of Weeds

Wind throws litter on a hot frontage road
where the interstate hits the edge of town
and the highway rolls its noise on your footsteps.

Sunlight is hard after a night without sleep.
You see the corn browning up, you feel the hum of engines
idling at the truck stop. But first, there's a fence

and a chicory-spiked parking lot, mullein at the rim,
ironweed and thistle nodding their pink as if they'd
seen you before, sticktight ready to hitch a ride on your sock.

Everything bears the lint of migration, the oily pollen of
trucks mumbling under their hoods. You hear the sound
of gravy-laden plates, you smell the promise of coffee.

But you want to rest in the company of weeds,
their vagabond children stowing away in the folds of your pack,
clinging to your skin, the next ride into town.

Even drivers who lift heavy mugs from the table top
stir the plumes of dandelions when they walk.

