## The Oval

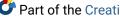
Volume 2 | Issue 1 Article 28

2009

## Night on the Road

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Appell, Lindsey (2009) "Night on the Road," The Oval: Vol. 2: Iss. 1, Article 28. Available at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/oval/vol2/iss1/28

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It's been too long since Hast saw the Darkness and did not shudder or weep in despair

The Lady peered around the Mountain—her full round face illuminating the eternal plain and I remembered—

—the timid and eerie islands of light that swim in the Distance and beckon—but not so much as the Queen and Her mask of gold and white

—the haunted skeletal trees that reach, desperate, up to the twilight, as the Primal mind sends signals, Tip-toeing from spine to eyeball

—Deer dancing in corners, behind shotgunned and isolated park signs —Memories, in abandoned attics rattling chains and bent highway reflectors

—Old houses and mountain silhouettes, glassy lakes, pools of moon-on-Earth, music for My eyes—loneliness, beauty and snow.

Volume II