

5-15-2022

Late Fall, Through the Windshield

Lucy Hendrickson

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Recommended Citation

Hendrickson, Lucy (2022) "Late Fall, Through the Windshield," *The Oval*: Vol. 15: Iss. 1, Article 18.
Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/oval/vol15/iss1/18>

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POETRY

LATE FALL, THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

Lucy Hendrickson

Our wheels hit the interstate with no destination;
the October sky warms our cheeks, and we remember
it used to snow on Halloween, we remember
what it felt like to trudge through for a piece of candy,
we remember a different kind of fire, huddled together.
But today on 90, the sun is hot on our concrete faces,
we are caravanning with the Clark Fork,
watching low water wind west
where dried riverbeds keep bones:
of cutthroat, rainbows & the usual stoneflies.
Their connective tissue, cracked calcium, frail beneath our feet:
we step over these dead things with no questions, still aware
that somehow, we are surviving, viscous and careless
while our gas tanks run dry.