

Back in the World: Commuter Student

four months stateside

JoLee Passerini

The road says nothing but *I told you so*,
with roadkill, traffic, kids on skateboards, trash.
If they would take him back now, he would go.

He speeds the car through crossings (Stop means Go).
New streets each day: his path, a ragged gash.
The road says nothing but *I told you so*.

Push-ups, sit-ups, and a mile in six, to show
he can. His pack holds ankle weights and hash,
(*if they would take him back now, he would go*)

peas, canned soup, and all his textbooks too.
With fifty pounds, he hikes four miles to class.
The road says nothing but *I told you so*.

Today: another bomb that doesn't blow.
A bloated dog. The gutter's fast-food trash.
If they would take him back now, he would go.

He runs. The cadence even cherries know
is your-left, your-left: a bloody parachute, a crash.
The road says nothing but *I told you so*.
If they would take him back now, he would go.