



Richard Luftig

Vanishing Point

Not too far up ahead,
this county road,
the abandoned farms,
seem to become as one.

It is like this wherever
you go in the township:
graveled, rutted routes,
directional names,

proceed nowhere except
to old, plank barns with holes
so large as to allow
afternoon sun to bathe

where hay was once content
to rest in the humid dark.
Fields nearby, now all gone
to seed, run roughshod

along strings of rusted
barbed-wire made only
occasionally beautiful
by a first winter snow.

It is like the town
I have just left,
houses and stores,
weather-worn, alone,

vacant and shuttered.
They press hard
to my shoulders,
disappearing

in my side-view
mirror, the one that says
how things are always so
much closer than they appear.

Richard Luftig's work has appeared in numerous literary journals
in the U.S. and internationally, in Canada, Australia, Europe, and
Asia. Two of his poems appeared in *Best Ten Years of Dos Madres Press*.

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