



Image from Pexel

John Zedolik

Road and Crew

They are stripping the streets
as one might peel dead
sunburned skin from a forearm

more or less straight but they
pummel with pneumatic hammers
and pick with curved and heavy blades

that tired pavement so turn it
into cookie crumbs that crunch
under my slow tires directed by fluorescent

flags, arrowed lights, and reddened arms
that will peel with tattoo ink or not, no shield
from the sun that August imposes, gouging

into tissue with unseen axes and pikes that will
expose the injury and lasting legacy upon and under
hides much younger than the streets just feet below.

John Zedolik has published poems in such journals as *Abbey*, *The Bangalore Review*, *Commonweal*, *Poem*, *Third Wednesday*, *Transom*, the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, *FreeXpresSion* (Australia), *Orbis* (the United Kingdom), *Paperplates* (Canada), and *Poetry Salzburg Review* (Austria), He has also published three collections: *Salient Points and Sharp Angles*, *When the Spirit Moves Me*, and, in 2023, *Mother Mourning*.