

Jack Rabbit Trading Post

“ . . . survive the creation of the interstate.”
—Eric Gumeny

A peach toned Crayola. Broken
by distinct lines: Red.
Yellow. A light gray, weathering
and sun fade. A roadside

attraction, standing
tall. You display your curios, a pit
stop. A stretch
of the road, littered in the sand.

You have your route, familiar with
the passersby. Nothing lasts
as long as the crushed
beer cans, cigarette butts, and static

memories. Southwest winds stay
and go, the American Dream playing
on a worn-out Victrola. Here, at this stop.