

New Poetry by Tony Marconi: “Song of the Roadway Door”



WE AND MACHINES / *image by Amalie Flynn*

...three hundred miles,
 ahead the road more visible
 as the land dissolves in the pink light
 of almost dawn

you sit beside me,
 eyes fixed and restful on my face,
 offering hot coffee from a thermos
 while the farm news
 breaks morning music
 on a local station

i could be here forever,

moving toward an unfamiliar place,
held by speed and the vibrating engine,

touched by the warmth of your breath

i could be here forever,
even as day turns into twilight;
you borne lightly on sheets stiffly cleaned,
wrapping your strength within, around mine;
prepared for tomorrow's miles

we and machines;
only we moving, moving;
i could be here forever...