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Anywhere in Ohio

Jen Hanysh
Denison University

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Anywhere In Ohio

Your only protection,
A tin box on wheels
Encased by endless foliage,
The blur of green passes
your lightly tinted windshield.

Spacing cigarettes,
Smoking every ten minutes.
Your only interesting prospect
is whether the faded yellow
line will be straight or dotted.

Primitive gas stations, barns
dive-bars, and a never-ending
stream of cows and transformers,
Heading West on Rt 36.
The speed is usually 55.

Beware of the cowboy cop traps,
Speed limit's 25 and they're waiting
for those out of town license plates.
The radio offers no relief.
Rev. Bob's show is static free.

Trapped into singing some song,
any normal person would be
embarrassed listening to it
in a McDonald's drive-thru,
Oldies with a country twist.

Stuck behind a professional
Sunday driver. Passing him
provides a temporary relief.
Smoking Camels. Alone singing
dreadful music. You hardly notice
the deer darting in front of your car.
Colliding metal and flesh propels
you towards the windshield and off
the road. You get out and pray
for the Sunday driver you passed.

The car and the deer are crushed
Smoking a cigarette. Sitting
against the curb. That's
the only thing that strikes
you that afternoon.

-Jen Hanysh '95