

1993

The 422 Bypass

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Recommended Citation

Husenits, Joel (1993) "The 422 Bypass," *Exile*: Vol. 40 : No. 2 , Article 39.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol40/iss2/39>

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The 422 Bypass

Bombs fall under us, we can see the bridge fall
through the trees below. Will we ever leave,
or will we live here wondering if ends
are as far as we can go, if we are only statues,
standing bombers in a row.
There are so many things that we could be, we'll break
our backs before we bend
our knees.

West Pennsylvania, once loading on baggage,
chewing the fat of the coal underground,
threw up a bridge in between bony
piles. It now looms incomplete,
a monument waiting for the passage
of me.

And at night, stretched
towards eternity, I could feel its weight, crushing
me like a man who speaks between the raindrops,
like a god-damned talking sheet.
But our minutes are still
miles, and we still could see all the scenery.

See that man under the bridge? In his face
it's you and me. He knows about potential lost,
and in years that's where we might be-
to feel like trash
left on the street,
to feel like someone's memory.
And he says he wishes he were me,
but that's just something
I cannot see.

Men fill the gully with miles of pillars
and roofers then cap it with road,
like sore fingers soothing
the shoulders of regions
that are waiting to let their potential unload.
And surely you've noticed the pendulum swinging,
(it's showing us sides of the road), as our minutes count wishes,
ambitions that nobody owns.

As a region makes ready to finish a highway, and bury
the traces deep in the road, our fortune falls
slowly, around and around
it goes. And as innocence crawls inside the machinery,
"summer shall see the birds
backwards return".

— Joel Husenits '95