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## Amish Mystery

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## Amish Mystery

Night coming on fast,  
in the Ohio February way,  
I . once more, was driving  
north on 661. Winter rain,  
beating to get in the car,  
slaps the windshield  
as loudly as the wipers.  
Reflecting off the damp air,  
my headlights illuminate little,  
except the reflective triangle  
on the Amish buggy up ahead.  
Homer, the sign reads in green.  
I slow to the next sign's forty-five,  
turn my head to see why the buggy  
is stopped. strain to see, perhaps  
sickness, the rain too hard for horses?  
As the father waits under the buggy's  
canopy. a girl, his daughter, stands feeding  
coins into a red and white Coke machine.

*Shannon Salser*