

A BUMPY WAGON RODE
BY SAMANTHA HOGUE

I remember
The rough metal of the wagon
I was strapped inside
By innovative means
Twins biting into the flesh of my jacket
And I remember
The shake of my lungs
As I rocketed
Seedless, soundless,
Across the earth
And what captive freedom it was
And I remember
When the path decided I wasn't worthy
And the soil heaved up
Once, twice
And gravity was rudely awoken
To perform its task
And I remember
the sideways feeling
Of the trees waving goodbye to me
Or hello
I couldn't tell
As the wet earth
Ran eager fingers
Through me like a welcome home
And I was being rooted
No choice but to grow
Until I was plucked up again
Washed clean like a fresh carrot