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Nacimiento-Fergusson Road

Conner Reeves
California State University, Monterey Bay

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Nacimiento-Fergusson Road
Conner Reeves

Nacimiento-Fergusson road coils
while winding through
the hills of bleak terrain
en route to 101 North.

The woodlands of Big Sur behind;
miles ahead are nothing
but an ancient ocean carcass
haunted by the uncertainties it once beheld.

I once saw a man on this road
holding a tennis ball
with a companion at his side,
docile. He watched me drive past.

His eyes never left the sight of me
disappearing, as the dog's never left the ball,
until they were both swallowed
by the horizon.

Now, two years later,
while passing through these hills
that look like giant demigods
in repose underneath earth's crust,

I find a cloud of ash and dust
rising from the road
as if the Hades himself
were penetrating the surface.

Driving slowly into this dark mass,
I approach a herd of cattle
on the side of the road;
all dressed in their best black.

On the side of the road opposite to them
lay a charred pick-up still coughing up
it's last breath of smoke.
Small scattered flames surrounding.

In the driver's seat, a man
scorched unrecognizably.
I fix my eyes back towards the road
as I leave behind the morbid haze.

The road would uncoil,
and lead me to my way home.