

Kansas

When driving through someplace as l o n g and f l a t and b o r i n g as Kansas

you can't help
letting your mind wander

looking at the airplanes
and marveling
that there are human beings
in a machine
in the sky

looking at the road
and realizing
that every street
in America is connected to
one another,
that my driveway is connected
to your driveway

looking back at the mountain ranges of Colorado
and knowing that one day
they will no longer be there
because of wind erosion

thinking about the ocean's tide
breaking in continuously forever
because of the moon's gravitational pull

thinking as abstractly
as we are just a little blue marble
hanging in the dark closet of space
like a marionette
waiting to be destroyed
by any of one million things

it makes someplace as
l o n g and f l a t and b o r i n g
as Kansas
pretty astounding