

Annie Lighthart

## Rural Route, Hood River Valley

It's a plain road  
when crossing the town  
but lifts as it goes  
and by the last red farm is luminous  
and hums.

The road shines at night.  
Foxes grow dear and stand  
at the edges or walk its center  
like messages meant to be seen.

What the sky said  
when it first saw the road  
is a story kept only by the fields when green.  
The pavement has agreed not to say, humble string  
of attachment, dark line of horizon dividing.