

ALEJANDRO LUCERO

The Road Back Home

Most evenings, the sun sets early over this road back home.

A spoon of honey lowered over this road back home.

Guardrails twist along the mountain's throat. There is no choice

but to go slowly over this stretch of the road back home.

There was a fire here, which turned the trees to spent matches

watching over the shoulders of this road back home.

After the fire came a storm. Too much rain for the parched asphalt.

The cracks overflow on this road back home.

Take this backroad to a home where a sleeping boy tosses over,

and moths crash into the glow of a porch light till morning.