

# GOING HOME

SARAH RHETT

Through a stretch  
beyond Bliss, where  
rabbit are liquidated  
by large trucks  
carrying wholesale,  
I drove on past  
puddles of fur,  
sun-bleached  
against grey road  
and black tread  
smeared in the stop  
that was not  
fast enough.  
To the tiny things—  
bugs, a mass  
across the windscreen—  
am I  
a sort of terrible  
wrathful god,  
without compassion  
to spare them  
six more  
of their twenty-four  
hour, sex-crazed  
lives?  
Outside of Price,  
I passed a horse  
frozen majestically  
into shape,  
like running  
upside-down,  
by snow  
and rigor mortis.  
I suspected. What  
humble creatures,  
whose life I  
hope is spared  
for a while more.  
Am I to see  
other travelers  
going nowhere  
along the road  
Home?

