

KEVIN GILLAM

*the road*

the road scars right, across the  
palm of land, tumbling, dwindling,  
a groove, a history, a way in,  
worn and healed slick

the road, oil on linen, bitumen  
on peat, with all its gradations  
of shadow, bruise to smear to brush

the road, cloud above scuffed and  
tugged by wind, rain sifting down,  
the “haar” they call it here,  
cold breath of wet

the road, its dip and sway, blur  
of scrub, the urge, glimpse of roof,  
swerve, the early dark, the entrance