

Driving to Deana's

black soil, sunflowers,
amber corn, golden soybeans
ready to harvest

black cows graze green grass,
black buzzard snacks on road kill,
black crow speaks to me

blacktop maps farmland,
lane climbs hill, crosses pasture
to Hendrix homestead

we'll have lunch, laugh, play
dominoes with her dear friends
just two miles ahead

where sisterhood waits;
driving to Deana's house,
life's lovely journey



inspired by Susan
wordsmithed by Dan
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dandana.us/poems