

# Traveller's Rest, Kentucky

by Frank D. Moore

In an old photograph the color of muddy water,  
I sit on this rock in the middle of the creek,  
a frown for the sun. Hemmed in by Aunt Vic and Uncle Ott,  
both dead now, I am growing out of their bodies.

Today, I return to lie face down,  
my belly and outstretched arms warm  
as heat passes down on my back.  
The shadow of the hill nearby

wrinkles across the water, already touching  
an edge of rock.  
When I was five, I turned from the fireplace,  
looked through frosty windows

across the creek: cows perched on the grass,  
white faces downhill, steep earth  
disappearing into a mouth of pines at the top.  
I painted the scene with crayons

on cheap tablet, over and over again,  
always turning the cows' heads uphill.

In the dream there are no cows, grass, or granite:  
just a mountain growing and a bus speeding  
down a dirt road, no hands at the wheel,  
always only one passenger.

I want to travel into stone,  
past the shadows of Indians grinding corn,  
crayfish crawling over moss,  
snakes bright-eyed in crevices.

But a woman's voice this Sunday through trees  
urges me back up an overgrown path  
to search again for a hill in a hamlet  
no longer found on any map.