

Sheila E. Murphy

TOWARD SCOTTSDALE, EARLY MORNING

They're patching Indian School Road  
ten blocks on either side of my house.  
Policemen monitor the bump and grind  
along this broken street.

Home is sturdy and surrounded  
by a moat that needs repair.  
The crews protect their rough draft  
of a road that takes me past  
reflectors and florescent cones.

My car covered with dust  
becomes a canvas for finger graffiti  
in the morning light.

It's difficult to drive toward sunrise.  
This will be another day in which I covet  
being alone, feeling poems begin  
to gel in me,  
waiting to move from one rational moment  
to the next, without a blotch of punctuation  
in between.

It takes too long to reach an open road  
obeying hand held *slow* signs.