The Road Between Here and There
By Galway Kinnell

Here I heard the snorting of hogs trying to re-enter the under earth.
Here I came into the curve too fast, on ice, and touched the brake pedal and sailed into the pasture.
Here I stopped the car and snoozed while two small children crawled all over me.
Here I reread Moby Dick, skipping big chunks, skimming others, in a single day, while Maud and Fergus fished.
Here I abandoned the car because of a clonk in the motor and hitchhiked (which in those days in Vermont meant walking the whole way with a limp) all the way to a garage, where I passed the afternoon with ex-loggers who had stopped by to oil the joints of their artificial limbs and talk.
Here a barn burned down to the snow. "Friction," one of the ex-loggers said. "Friction?" "Yup, the mortgage, rubbin' against the insurance policy."
Here I went eighty but was in no danger of arrest, for I was blessed-speeding, trying to get home to see my children before they slept.
Here I bought speckled brown eggs with bits of straw shitted to them.
Here I brought home in the back seat two piglets who rummaged inside the burlap sack like pregnancy itself.
Here I heard again on the car radio Handel's concerto transcribed for harp and lute, which Ines played to me the first time, making me want to drive after it and hear it forever.
Here I sat on a boulder by the winter-steaming river and put my head in my hands and considered time — which is next to nothing, merely what vanishes, and yet can make one's elbows nearly pierce one's thighs.
Here I forgot how to sing in the old way and listened to frogs at dusk.
Here the local fortune teller took my hand and said, "What is still possible is inspired work, faithfulness to a few, and a last love, which, being last, will be like looking up and seeing the parachute opening in a shower of gold."
Here is the chimney standing up by itself and falling down, which tells you you approach the end of the road between here and there.
Here I arrive there.
Here I must turn around and go back and on the way back look carefully to left and to right.
For when the spaces along the road between here and there are all used up, that's it.