

The Open Road

By Marla J. Deaton

We played cards
Just for kids
In the back of a long motor home
Out on the open road
We were headed somewhere
It didn't matter where
We weren't on a quest for adventure
We were just kids
Along for the ride
Just being kids
Out on the open road

We hemmed ourselves in
With our favorite things
To comfort and entertain
We talked and laughed
And made up games
But mostly, we played cards
Glancing out on the open road

We passed by
Cornfields that waved in the southern wind
Rivers and streams that had no end
And put our cards on hold
To see famous faces at historical places
Billboards signs or crossing new state lines
Then returned to play out our hand
As we passed undiscovered land
Looking out on the open road

I didn't know then how grateful I'd be
To look back at those moments in time
I'm glad I had time just to be a kid
Trying to make the most out of the hand I was dealt
Filled with expectations
Both brave and unsure
Of what lie ahead
On that open road

When we got to where we were going
We followed trails
And shared tall tales

With the kids next door
And spent all our cash at the general store
Then it was time well spent playing pinball
Where it went we didn't care at all
We explored new land
Wrote our names in the sand
But the thing that stands out
In my mind the most
Were playing cards on the open road

I know I could not recapture those moments
It wouldn't be the same even if I tried
But when I pass an RV in town
I imagine it with kids inside
Whose hearts are open to dreams
Filled with childhood plans and schemes
Not really sure what it all means
Or how truly fortunate they are
Just to be kids
Being kids
Out on life's open road.