

Rapid City, SD

By Robin Lipinski

Ending there to be another chance,
A beginning.

Badlands aptly named for this, the last one,
Last chance.

Knowing words and meanings mean nothing when lost,
Following those railroad tracks or highway west,
An end.

It all makes sense now:

Yellow carriage drawn by yellow horses,
Gift of comfort from comforting hands,
Passed so often, ingrained, impressed,
Forgotten often, exited, suppressed.

VW Bug and square back, hotter than heck,
Looking up at those stone faces,
Twice vivid, once before last time,
Today.

Point well taken with your smile,
is that what you were trying to say?
A last chance for a lost soul,
Before it all goes away.

The End