

# At the Bend in the Road

*by* Jerry Ratch

I was at the bend in the road  
thinking of Robert Frost  
but there was no fork,  
there was no yellow wood,  
there wasn't even a horse  
to ask me why or what if

There was no decision to be made  
just a thousand tourists from Prague  
like a herd of sheep following their leader  
with her red umbrella high in the air  
as if she were ready to take off  
like Mary Poppins to a destination  
unknown to man  
while the hands of the Astronomical Clock  
kept moving toward another hour  
with the bell-ringing skeleton  
and the puppets

I went back in time  
to find my family's castle  
where they were the innkeepers of the past  
but it was no longer the hunting lodge  
of kings, just another tourist trap  
without beggars or peasants,  
or puppets like myself

Maybe if the road had bent the other way  
or not at all  
I would have found it  
I would have found what I had come  
to look for

