

Regina Road

by Kitty Boots

I channeled Robert Frost as I came to the fork in the road
left or right?
comfort or adventure?

I took a left, it's less safe
and was greeted by *hemerocallis fulva*, tawny day lilies, ditch lilies
nodding to the dust I raised
corn, not yet in tassel, straight, tall

curvy, narrow, no painted lines to remind you to watch your speed,
no warning signs
but I went slow because I didn't want to miss anything on Regina
Road
and was rewarded

neat bungalows with jalousie windows
a trio of plastic deer on every other lawn
crowned tire planters
rocks painted white lining dirt driveways
tilled gardens, tomatoes in cages, scrawling squash with orange
blossoms
morning glories embracing sunflowers

and I wondered if children still sat on those porches
in the evening with Memaw and Papaw and snapped beans

