# Blacktop

*by* R. A. Allen

You can't trust everything,
but you have to trust something,
so let's make it asphalt, yo.
Stretching bituminously
through patriotic wheatland
past discount full-retail
and Injun casinos
from Coconut Groves
to Golden Gates,
like licorice taffy,
we'll gobble it by the mile.

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