

Song of the Open Road & Dirge

by [Jeffrey Burghauer](#) (July 2022)



Cityscape #3, Richard Diebenkorn, 1963

Song of the Open Road

Quite simultaneously light & dense,

My mind's divisions are. A summer gale's

Deftly tightened filaments

Scrape against the Highway's grain, and violin it.

My thoughts have tails.

There's only one surmise of any size
That Modesty may let me mark as *known*:
Being On the Road supplies
Sixty opportunities in every minute
To die alone.

Dirge

Most of the blazing believers in lost
Causes believe they can stride into Death.
Likelier, they, in the Nighttime's exhaust,
Follow the dwindling tide into Death.
Sacred, the muscle commanding the fossed
Hinge of an oyster. I'm pried into Death.

Bookies & scientists guess at the curve
Nation-states use as a guide into Death.
Wisdom is always unvalenced. Observe:
Nero & Whitman both spied into Death.
History, Lover, strikes more than a nerve;
Cause & Effect see me tried into Death.

Language: the treasures that Poets may hoard,
Far from what Flames push aside into Death.
Grandly, the ship of my being is oared
Slowly with grievance. I'm plied into Death.
Calming malevolent waters, the Lord
Jesus reduces Poseidon to Death.

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Jeffrey Burghauser is a teacher in Columbus, OH. He was educated at SUNY-Buffalo and the University of Leeds. He currently studies the five-string banjo with a focus on pre-WWII picking styles. A former artist-in-residence at the Arad Arts Project (Israel), his poems have appeared (or are forthcoming) in *Appalachian Journal*, *Fearsome Critters*, *Iceview*, *Lehrhaus*, and *New English Review*. Jeffrey's book-length collections are available on [Amazon](#), and his website is www.jeffreyburghauser.com.

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