

Credo

LILACE MELLIN GUIGNARD

I believe in highways,
maps more healing than scripture.
When despair hits head-on
I read out the names of routes that can lead me
past myself, across the Idaho panhandle
following rivers that don't change color or depth
as they cross into the next state.

"Out there," the pavement preaches,
"still exists a land of promises
and all you have to do is drive, children, drive."
I'm proud of the contributions I've made
to all-night-diner ministries.
These are the folks who're there for you,
24 hrs. a day with coffee,
strangers who call you honey
and let you sleep in their parking lots
curled into your front seat
under light drifting down with impossible grace
from a blue star cast up as a sign for those
who find it easier to believe in miracles in the dark,
alone, with the time zones blurred,

far away from familiar love
and the well-worn disappointments of home.