

# Off the Blue Ridge Parkway towards Alleghany

## Amber Rookstool

The night sky shines as if the world  
bumps and bruises, bounced and beaten  
like a ball inside a bare can,  
crushed and kicked down the street:  
a bespeckled tin.  
Lovers cuddle, contemplating,  
attempting to catch a glimpse  
outside this dark sealed ribbed vessel—  
A cold metallic barrier  
blocks the soft spring Sun, shining on  
Sunday's sidewalk trash and litter,  
tumbled and tucked, gnawed in-between jaws.  
The Neighborhood's mangy yellow  
dog tosses the can side to side:  
Find the thing that rattles within—

Us.

