

## K. K. RECTOR

### *Driving From Bowling Green to Springfield*

I pass through the same town  
seven times. Seven times  
I smile at the bleached woman  
rocking on her porch,  
the paint cracked and peeling.  
Watch the old men gather  
at the Moonlight Inn  
to drink beer from plastic cups  
during lunch breaks at noon.

This is the town  
where your grandpa can call the butcher  
down on Miller Road  
and tell him  
“My granddaughter’s on her way  
and I forgot to tell her  
to pick up a quarter pound  
of Colby cheese.”  
And the butcher will know her  
right off  
by her mother’s eyes  
and father’s coloring.

And he will tell her,  
“I remember how your mother  
used to come in this store  
40 years ago,”  
rubbing her nose on his clean windows.  
And he’ll smile  
and wonder where the years have gone  
tucking a loaf of his wife’s  
homemade, soft, white bread  
under your arm  
as you go.