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By the 4 Sixes

Donna Gilbert

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By The 4 Sixes

Donna Gilbert

(room for my brain to breathe out here;
quiet of me alone in the car;
roomy of the spreading plains;
green dot dots out on red rolling rocks;
fences blending;
sky expanding)
I feel whole in West Texas,
driving through
from home to you
under wide blue
on a solid reddish clay.
Free up ahead.
No worries on the way.
Just driving into the setting sun
feeling easy orange yellow
wanting nothing done undone.