

The Border

“Yes, to dance beneath the diamond sky with one hand waving free.”

—Bob Dylan

Luke agreed to drive me to the border. He wouldn't take any money for it. Said he was doing it for a friend.

We got into the old pick-up. The radio was broken. Luke was making up little ditties and singing them to himself.

It felt good riding with Luke, being out on the open road, wondering what lay ahead.

“Are you sure you wanna go through with this?” he asked me.

“Yeah,” I said. “I've pretty much made up mind.”

It was just after sundown when we reached the border. I got out of the truck, walked over to an old weather-beaten sign marking the boundary.

“This is it!” I shouted back to Luke, who was still sitting in the pick-up.

I stood there for a moment straddling the line which ran through my mind. Luke was waiting behind the wheel just in case I reconsidered.

“I guess I'll be seeing you,” I called back to him with a smile.

He gave me a friendly wave and started the engine. I watched him drive off, then walked across the border. Stars were beginning to appear in the darkening sky.

“Thank God for the night!” I cried, kicking up dust with my boots.

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