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Stopping at the Joyce Kilmer Rest Stop on a Snowy Evening

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The whole East Coast is buried in weather we manufactured indirectly: the carbon emissions unconscious. How curious, this sameness.

Kilmer died fighting in France in 1918. He wrote, "I think that I shall never see a poem lovely as a tree,"

but was silent on the topic of rest stops, how the engine pauses, and the Starbucks' steamer hisses, and all states feel equidistant though this is nominally New Jersey. He exploded before he could picture a cup of coffee, dark and complex like modern poetry—

Ezra Pound's maybe— which, though stronger than Kilmer's, still isn't cool and plain and pure as a tree.

Soldier, soldier: can you tell us where to go now that we've shaken up the glass globe and brought down the snow!