

JAMES DUNLAP

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Solghochia Bend at Night

They walk out under the pale edge  
of the Worm Moon, boots breaking  
through the tangle of sarsaparilla.  
Over the cattle guard, onto Solghochia Road.  
The dust hangs in sheets, shoved  
around by the wind, gravel  
crunching underfoot, and the oaks  
casket black against the sky.  
The man walks ahead of the boy,  
wisps of smoke slipping over his shoulder.  
Off a dirt path lined with willows  
that drag their arms the river lies  
like obsidian in a trough of ragged earth.  
The man looks over the land—fields of milo,  
farm houses, rows of barges. The boy,  
he watches the river sliding away.



## ABOUT JAMES DUNLAP

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James Dunlap is currently an MFA candidate at Southern Illinois University Carbondale. His poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *Weave Magazine*, *The Dirty Napkin*, and *Sliver of Stone*.

