

# No one can boast

by [Tania Runyan](#) in the [March 22, 2011](#) issue

On the tollway just south of Kenosha  
spring sets the boarded-up porn store ablaze,  
topaz dousing the peeling paint,  
the harp-notes of ice on the gutters.

On the embankment home geese gather  
in the mud-slush. Tractors lift their beams  
to the rising temple of a new overpass.

I outlasted winter, four months rumpled  
under snow. On Christmas we woke  
to a broken furnace, the baby's fingers  
carrot-stick cold. One night I skidded  
off the patio steps. Most mornings I stared  
out the window, wondering how far  
I'd driven my life in the ground,  
asking the darkness how much longer.

I kill the radio. Just the hum of the motor,  
the pitted road, my slow, steady breath  
like the syllables *Yah, weh*. I didn't work  
at this joy. It just appeared in the splash  
and shine of I-94, as suddenly as these Frisbees  
and sand buckets in the roadside yards  
laid bare by the shrinking snow.