

2023

Tom

Jacob McGuire

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### Recommended Citation

McGuire, Jacob (2023) "Tom," *Calliope*: Vol. 35, Article 20.

Available at: <https://researchrepository.wvu.edu/calliope/vol35/iss1/20>

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# Tom

Jacob McGuire

There he sits under dim light,  
Wrinkled and worn like  
Asphalt  
That has sat decaying on some  
Old backroad, untouched by the  
Division of Highways.  
Whiskers pasted to his face, growing like  
Dry grass,  
Trampled on for years, yet somehow surviving.  
He's only fifty,  
But the years can be hard on things unprotected.  
Even plastic  
Becomes brittle after years in the sun.  
Even a pine bench  
Warp and cracks after a few winters.  
How I wish I could patch up the road,  
Cover the plastic,  
And store the bench.