

# The Night You Returned

W. D. Ehrhart

A road crew was paving the highway  
the night you returned from the war.  
It was March; they had set up floodlights;  
the black viscous tar steamed in the cold.  
The workmen didn't notice you.  
Why would they?  
You weren't any different  
from all the other passersby that night  
or any other night, just another car.  
They had a machine;  
they were laying macadam  
mile after mile.  
Black. Viscous. Steaming.  
Mile after mile after mile.  
Deep into the night.

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