

## The Wilson River Road

*Thinking of William Stafford*

The Wilson River Road can be a nasty stretch of asphalt,  
especially at night, shouldering through the mountains  
like a mean drunk staggering toward the coast.

But this road is also a poem reciting its way along the river,  
its sharp swerves and curves, poetry of pavement reading  
the mountain dark. It is a road of shadows, the river's voice,  
and South Wind dancing in the trees, a road like life,  
so many turns, so many decisions, so many places where  
it can all go wrong and midway through your journey,  
you may wonder if the trip is really worth it. But as your  
headlights search for that final curve near the end of the road,  
you feel the ocean breathe new life into your soul.

You're no longer just traveling through the dark.

Now you know you've been on the right road all along.

~ Doug Stone