

Springtime in Chicagoland

We start the day wary of change, it's springtime in Chicagoland.

The orange plastic soldiers moved in last night to guard the roadsides.

Damn them!

We listen to traffic on the 8's and hope for a miracle.

All bluster on the ramp, zero to 50. Then brake, yield.

Take your place in the dour conga line, creep past the orange troops.

Right lane closed. New traffic pattern. Left lane closed.

Speed limit 45. Good luck with that; sky's the limit.

Grip the wheel and breathe.

Rattle, pound, bzzzz, whine; the sounds of metal on concrete.

Pass the noxious white dust; hit recirc or you'll taste it, too.

Flagger ahead. Be prepared to stop. Be alert.

The cops say traffic is like water, it always gets through.

But will it drown us?

We adapt, remembering old backroads, shortcuts.

A hint of the past, scenery a blur; a minute saved.

Open road, we move; speed limits our nemeses.

School busses stop, go. Diesel flatulence abounds.

Stoplights. Wait. Wait again.

Our day complete, we make for home.

The soldiers remain, their amber eyes blink in disparate time.

Damn them!

Forced to the sideroads, we'll almost welcome winter.

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