

Poets

Meena Alexander
Judith Arcana
Jason Guriel

Steven Heighon
Ray Hsu
Tanis MacDonald

Yvonne Murphy
Alicia Ostriker
Russell Thornton

Priscila Uppal
Mark Yakich

Ray Hsu

On the Highway

beauty for ashes

— Robert Moses

When we saw the expressway we saw how
the expressway was the full expression
of your power in grey concrete. One G. I. Bill later
homebuyers found their homes
where ours were. *There's no place like home*
they'd say. *America where are we?*
we'd say. They saw the way we'd stay
in every South Bronx parking lot. *We mind*
we'd say. *Never mind*
they'd say. Your way there was no way
we could say no. Your voice rose high
over every other way. Did you see
our expressions? How could we express the way
this expressway expressed how little expression
so many people amassed in the grey street
had?