

## Visions of Clara

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In the shadows of the guardrails he sat on a box  
in the dirt shoulder—his cami parka unzipped, flapped  
like crow's wings hopping toward road kill,  
victims of landmines and ambush.

He was anxious for a ride that never stopped. His moment  
out of context. His mind left behind in sand  
and hot shells, rounds emptied, burning jeeps—  
His eyes were excited by visions or tanks or  
flags flapping like his coat and metal zipper pulls  
tinkling like dog tags. He was not in Tennessee.  
Who is Clara? Who was he?

He was anxious for a ride that never stopped. A destination  
that never arrived but only in night sweats  
and screams. —N.O.K. —where is Clara?  
He could not be touched and didn't know why—N.O.K.—  
where is Clara?