

## Highways by Jeffrey Mackie

Those were the years that I was  
Like the highways  
Administered by the state  
If I decayed, I was patched up, sort of,  
With the latest materials

I was watched over by experts  
For expansion and contraction  
In the summer I melted  
In the winter I froze, and  
Everyone had an opinion  
On which direction I should go

There were times I came close  
To a cliff, an obstacle  
Or had water rising on all sides  
And had I to be rerouted  
They say it's scientific  
But sometimes it feels like guess work,  
And a bit of luck.