**Toward Leipzig**

Benjamin Kuhlman

Autobahn whips by at each blink.

Open heavy lids and my location

is unclear. Gesticulating trees

of so many sizes and two fawns scuttle

in and out. Trees top heavy and full, others

permanently corkscrewed and crippled

while others stand with kingly fortitude.

I see why the Germans found America so appealing.

Furiously riding down the road everything feels

in union, a cloned world.

One that was home to my kin; but, familiarly alien to me.

Eyes return, kept fixed on the orb. Red

as heated glass while growing hops

flicker my view. The zig-

zag lines encourage the plant to spiral,

a coordinated ascent. It coaxes for closeness

to the light - a child clutching for his mother.

I see East Germany envelop me, now

in a geography I would be barred from

only decades ago. Scars that were fresh

when my parents had been here.

Pupils glide towards the glass,

“Leipzig – 20km” flashes by them.

Bus slows and I prepare

for my own time in the east.

Separate of the DDR

or Prussians,

finding the east of now.