

# Poetry Porch: Poetry

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## **Sunday Drive**

By Elaine Sorrentino

Along the Belfast to Augusta highway,  
tires hum in steady rhythm.

It was the farthest north they had ever been,  
green fields left,

green fields right.  
Easy laughter jolts them back

to the family reunion  
now in the rear-view mirror.

Ten winged bodies rise up  
from the driver's side.

Unable to maneuver.  
Impact unavoidable.

Matted feathers and blood mar  
the mangled grating of the blue Sienna.

Inside, heartbreak weighs heavy.  
Outside, eight turkeys touch down.