

Driving

I.

Yellow lines diminish beside me
and extend ahead on slate gray.
The steaming engine urges onward,
controlled by casual hand.
Rain stars explode on the foggy window
and are wiped squeaking away.
Lights behind the mirror
change green, yellow, red,
shining oily on wet pavement.
Twin suns approach.



II.

One soft-winded day
we rode across the city,
you, steering with both hands,
me, foot braced on the floor when you turned.
We sought established haven,
neighborhood home,
children on the lawn.

III.

Birds scatter before the hood,
trees arch to a halo, green on blue.
I urge acceleration with slight movement,
transmission whines through three gears.
At great speed, I am unsure if I am moving,
dreaming at yellow lines,
or if the landscape is willfully rushing past.
Bared of speed warnings
and odometer clicks,
I control the velocity of the breeze.

IV.

One night we drove three hundred miles
through dark curves,
you, silent and strange,
me, following twin red lights to stay on the road.
The draft whipped snow-ghosts across my vision,
not even a street light's beacon
to catch my windshield
and lead us on.

V.

Back wheels trench the dirty snow,
and I rock the car,
like a cradle forgotten and wind-pushed.
It doesn't matter.
I'll get out, and control this thing
through streets blue with ice.