

Southbound

Your touch, soft on the back of my neck
My palms, always cold,
soothed by the hot coffee
in the Dunks cup
REM playing halfway between
unable to hear and too loud to listen
The issue, again.

A deliberation, unescapable
at seventy miles an hour
One of us scouting for moose
The other scanning for exits
Sometimes called interchanges or clover
leaves
Though they are not lucky at all.

I know I love you.
If you don't feel the same, tell me now
The pause, stretching for miles
the radar detector, glowing red
the white lines, blurring together
the mist, fogging the tinted glass
The lull of not believing
we could drift right into the breakdown
lane
and never notice.

--Christine MacKinnon

