

Driving Song

Maybe it was Texas and the bluebells
littering the roadside, permeating *cheerful*
mile upon *pressing* mile into the East,
but when you said *land*,
I thought you meant to own it. The land.
I thought because freshly cut love
(like bluebells) convinces,
that a dream was being fired off from your lips.
I wanted *to believe*.
Now, I have come to see that *land*
meant something else—
The land that divides.
The land between us.
The land that sinks beneath our feet.

Our feet settling in quicksand,
always the quicksand, between my toes
and the red ants inside my stomach come morning.