

On the Road

Lives fly by me in cars
I'm going back to Tennessee,
I'm going home.

What do they discuss?
Where are they headed?
These faces when I catch them,
collected in the scrapbook of my mind

All different expressions,
yet all in a rush
Getting everywhere, an
emergency

I fit in, hit 88, 89, 90
playing I spy with camo cops

As rush hour hits, the line stops abruptly
and the sound of clashing metal carries
from the front until it gets to me,
like
dominos

BANG

“Welcome to Heaven, drive safe,
Angels crossing”
Jesus Christ, even heaven has laws.