

on the drive to sanford and back

the band is playing
at the bar
maybe an hour away

n is behind the wheel
and i, as in myself,
put on her sunglasses.

i can't see in them--
i have no more contacts
(and they burn my eyes)
but such is for another day

and we go to pick up
c.h. and c.o.
i step outside of
that '99 nissan
for a minute or two

bent over the hood of
the car with that pink top
the lace up v-neck
and some jeans with a
pale yellow paint stain
on the knee

when we're on the highways
the sun sets
and i crane my head to see it
because orange is my favorite
color
i start to say when the boys ask

we are laughing
and c.h. starts playing
music
and they're chanting
for me to sing
but i don't.

post-concert
and grey smoke
the flashing lights

we drop the boys off
and our car won't start, so we push it
back to c.o.'s house
and i'm cackling
at 11:30 pm in orlando suburbia
c.o. tells us that when we drive home
we shouldn't stop the car
and i think how nice it'd be to never stop the car
and drive until we hit the sea or canada
(we'd have to stop there; i don't have my passport)

in the year of the great american eclipse
a great american adventure
how i'd try and recreate a sense of
nostalgia
from the passenger seat
with my fingers lacing through the breeze
as if it were the sands of time

i'd realize
how whole it feels
with my lungs taking
in the night air

i'd realize
how empty it
feels to
remember.