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## Fall Again

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## Fall Again

Nicole Lawrie

Riding between cars named after rich girls  
Are impatient at left-turn lights, kissing bumpers  
In the dark, their headlights burn

Into my mirrors, but I see my pen move across the windshield  
Fogs over only on the driver's side, and the blinker refuses  
To keep time with the radio

And I hate that.

I'm racing the moon home because the way she's  
Always kept up with my car makes me doubt  
Science that says she only hangs in one place.

I used to imagine myself running alongside cars  
With the moon, skating on top of power lines, but she  
Rolls faster, always gathering her halo  
Is bright tonight and we both smile and watch for snow.

I need the blank paper of winter, I need a white moon-sized eraser  
For my constant motion and my think, think, think, I'm sick  
Of seeing double yellow lines and leaves and girls

With fake yellow hair, I'm sick of all the yellow sun and all the  
green

Arrow light finally comes,  
So I turn.