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I've Done It Again!

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I've Done It Again!

Butterfly wings flutter in the summer
smashed into the radiator and the windshield,
so thick with other smashed entities
that it's hard to see the nothing outside.
Climb out for a clearer view of nothing
and listen to the quiet, the wind
rubbing up against dust and sage, and the slow "ping"
of a cooling engine contracting.
She died of thirst. Valves, tappets, and camshafts,
timing chains, drive trains, and wheels,
rumble to a stop for lack of a dollar
ten a gallon. But brains, nerves, and muscle
are stirred into activity.
And ya know, I can see, and see, and see,
for miles, and miles, the nothing.
Just the sage, and horizon, and the road, and an orange Shasta
soda sounds good. Take one out of the back,
along with those two red metal cans
full of ten gallons of empty.
My Grateful Dead tee shirt rustles
in afternoon gusts of summer,
truckin'--from nowhere to somewhere to nowhere again.
You always know you're somewhere
when you reach a gas station.

Quentin Sherwood