

1973

**I-96**

Mark Pattullo

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Mark Pattullo

I-96

The concert fades out  
Oh, but so much smoother than the  
God-Damn John Lodge Freeway walls.  
Walls slim to dikes,  
dikes to houses,  
and finally  
houses to land.  
Smooth now, we're flowing

Eyes close, smiling  
and the last wheat straw joint is lit.  
The radio flicks on,  
Ahha! Grand Ole Opey, that'll do.  
A chain of stoned dominoes begin  
silent mind gymnastics  
as trains of metal monsters edge by,  
and with each monster comes a little envy  
for that country-truckin' life of  
forty-eight wheels and a long thin dawn.

Familiar bumpy moon, baby,  
and mamma wants you home by four.  
The cold glass is freezin' my ear  
but we're rollin' home on the edge of dawn