Driving Poems

Glenn Alan Lester

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Driving Poems

I.
We shoot quick like red blood cells
slide along I-94 Easbound from Milwaukee
a brotherhood of two-doors, sedans, minivans, SUVs,
gliding together in a vein, through a tunnel that drips
yellowish light onto the metal shells
that we call cars.

Earlier I saw Caution: Oxygen Inside
written with sticky letters on the back
of a red Buick; I saw the old man
with an oxygen tank; a billboard towers commandingly
above the interstate, declares Heart of Chicago.

II.
I have always seen faces
on the fronts of cars:
headlight eyes at dusk,
smiling, frowning, sneering grilles.
When it’s late and I’m driving,
I’ll pass a lone pair of glowing eyes,
hovering above cold night pavement.
III.
I want to race these clouds
with my white Dodge van
us weaving quick through cornfields
them flying urgent across the sky
’cause the roads aren’t headed to the finish line
I’ll look out my window
    my eyes pointing up past tall stalks
see if those clouds are catching up.
We’ve slipped past cops before,
on roads made of gravel
but I’m not sure how the van will handle
in a field of corn.

IV.
I drive while asleep tonight, falling
slow through trees stained by smoke.
I and my van drift across Coloma, liquor oozing
out of bars, one-story houses, teenage pockets.

Red Arrow Highway winds and twists before me,
my van knows the road and I lean back,
roll down the windows,
listen to the crickets sing with the moon.

Glenn Alan Lester