

Interstate Memory

pavement black as night
humming like a thousand bees
forever reaching into the horizon
illuminated by a frozen sun painting the world gold in a wash of falling light
and flanked by grassy ocean standing tall as lying lion's tawny bristles
swaying with the soft hula of a blown kiss
fading up from wheat
to white
to sky
unbroken but for the displaced shell of a pickup truck
faded blue and floating on the yellow sea