

OLD ROAD

This is neither a last time nor a first.
Curve after curve, the mountain road folds
the car into cliff sides, then frees it.
The road appears to aim into hard rock,
as if a return to the original collision
of strata, before sending the car accelerating
around corners. The headlights look snuffed out,
then return, unfurling over the fields. The sight
of what has passed is absorbed by the blacks
of the eyes of animals. Then, as bright reflection,
flashed back. Someone is going home,
or leaving. She was someone's child,
and will be.

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