# **Drive Time** [1]

May 6, 2019 <u>Featured Poetry</u> [2] <u>Disabled Poets Take on...</u> [3]

# **Poem by Terry Dawson**



### drive time

when in view the sky nervously but almost indiscernibly folds and unfolds its hands

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#### **Drive Time**

Published on Talking Writing (https://www.talkingwriting.com)

the sun intermittently peeing through the lace of fingers it's that kind of day

and again I'm driving it appears I've always someplace else to be

familiar wire-headed dead cedar poles and live oaks with twisted reach sentinel side-by-side the route mutely but I'm certain they whisper into each other's ears of creosote veneer and chunky bark: "oh, him again"

the aging vitreous of both eyes torn
I can no longer drive at night
unrelenting fireworks flash on the periphery
of my vision in the dark but by day
weather remains my faithful companion
as notions—a barrelful trapped in an
undersized cortex—
compete for attention
the shifting firmament
keeps me from greeting up close
one of these stiff
and gossipy soldiers with only
a crumple bumper between us

my internal Google Maps ticks off the landmarks I get where I intend to I attend to what I've arrived for and turn 'round again the climate slightly altered the woody bystanders the same

to beat the setting sun
I, as if a vampire,
skedaddle like an Atta ant
swallowing tarmac as I rotate the
compost of mental business
my feet rooted to springy pedals
the strands of my head extending
to tickle the cumulus clouds
gleaming now and then
with pissy disposition
as they pray for rain
and then erase the very
idea in a disappearing

(function(i,s,o,g,r,a,m){i['GoogleAnalyticsObject']=r;i[r]=i[r]||function(){ (i[r].q=i[r].q||[]).push(arguments)},i[r].l=1\*new Date();a=s.createElement(o), m=s.getElementsByTagName(o)[0];a.async=1;a.src=g;m.parentNode.insertBefore(a,m) })(window,document,'script','https://www.googlege 2 of 3 analytics.com/analytics.js','ga'); ga('create', 'UA-18260536-1', 'auto'); ga('send', 'pageview');

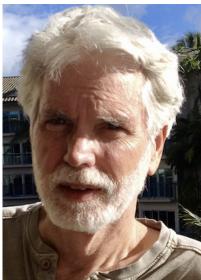
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white wave goodbye home in the nick of time the glare of day absorbed into the opposite folds of my dewy corneas

#### **Art Information**

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Terry Dawson produces and performs with the multicultural poetry, jazz, and live-painting collaborative Five Voizz Brush. His poetry, essays, and creative nonfiction have appeared in *Red Fox Review*, *Horizons*, *di-verse-city anthology*, *Pidgeonholes*, *The Courtship of the Winds*, *Dash*, the 2019 Texas Poetry Calendar of Kallisto Gaia Press, and *The Ocotillo Review*. He was a finalist in the Chase Going Woodhouse Poetry Competition and was twice long-listed for the Fish Poetry Prize. He resides in Austin, Texas.

Source URL: https://www.talkingwriting.com/drive-time

### Links:

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