# **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

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

#### **Drive Time**

Published on Talking Writing (https://mail.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.

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### Links:

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