

Slamming on the brakes

engulfed in dusty clouds
I am blind beyond my knuckles
tightly gripping the wheel
bruised from the banging
and jostling about from

Flying over the potholes

at ninety miles an hour
clipping the guard rails
spinning in the gravel
running the red lights
for a dubious destination
ever moving, forever undefined
on a one-lane dirty road.

Now seeing the scenery,

again for the very first time, each time,
the dusty clouds break with glimpses
of forgotten eternities of spring,
with gossamer green leaves
cleansed by new sunbeams,
after the never-ending northern winter.