

Roads

A crushed orange sunset,
seeming in pause, yet spurs on

The encroaching darkness- -
and roads, roads, roads

of streaming carlights
stretch across the evening.

Black tire marks skreak
and scabble up to stop signs!

Off-ramps spew myriad lights
here and there into city arteries.

Intersection after intersection,
self is withdrawn into Self

(from too much speed, stress?).
And smog clogged lungs hem

and haw as a mad wind
at the driver's window, down

a crack, cries at the naked ear - -
a moth splatters itself on the windshield, while

elsewhere something stirs
in the dark - - and hums and hums.

-J.E. Bennett