

AND I WOULD DRIVE VERY FAST

Cate Marvin

all the nights I logged his expression like miles.
Sometimes making deep turns in the wheel
like touch, sometimes thinking I'd see a flash
of roadsigns gone by too quick to read, always

the question: *How long, when will I get there?*
Sometimes, pressing the pedal deeper, sometimes
I'd push acceleration hoping to take off, always
thinking, I'd be better off in the sky, numbed

like those stars fuzzed by pollution, my cheek
rested in the curve of the moon's cushion.
If I tried sleep I'd fall to the city's plan
so my dream could set out on its omniscient

streets: lights turning their bleary, wrong red.
And strange him who lived in a bright house
that blurred by, again. Again, as I indulged
speed like an itch, good to scratch, and so near

death, those lucid moments I knew my skin
ready to crash (spun up toward a light, lonely
thing called *window*, a frenzy of stars aligned—
awed at their awful pattern, we'd tongue red

syllables, passing words between our mouths)
I'd knife those roads, with effortless mania—
spinning on want, running on a sordid desire:
blind to what his gauge said at that hour.