

LAURA KASISCHKE

Zeus

All night I ride my motorcycle up
and down the dirt
road between your house and town. Just

as sleep's about to slip
its loose white sack
over your nose and mouth, I'm
back, kicking
up the gravel with my tires—for

I am dust and sound, and nobody
fucks with dust, and silence
has a price. I

have a long grey pony-tail
and a jacket
with *Meet Your Maker* embroidered on the back.

For now, you can't quite fathom that, though

you think hard, late at night, when
sleep won't come, and know
in the empty notebook
of your heart that

where thought ends, there's God. And

you're no longer young. The night

sky's a big mouth,
opened wide. At least
two times you would have died

if it hadn't been for my rough kindness. That
time in Vegas with the gun, and
what was that other one? Passes
understanding,
doesn't it? Or
maybe I'm just out here having fun. Maybe
if you lived
on a little lake, I'd
ride my jet ski on it every night. I'd
wear a Hawaiian shirt, and I'd
be young and blond. In any case, sleep will come
soon enough. Tonight
you can lie awake in the dark
and thank your lucky stars
that I chose your dirt road
to ride my motorcycle on.