

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.