

*Miss Peach Returns to High School to Retake Drivers' Ed*

One cannot love something  
one has too much power over, such as cars

and younger men. This is not to imply too much  
of a similarity between cars, which emit

a greenish light from their control panels,  
and educated, younger men, who have

pretty eyes. Both tend to crash,  
but whose fault is that? All one can do

is roll down the window and try  
to avoid legal prosecution.

Which is not to say younger men are too much  
younger or smarter,

or more visionary,  
or that cars are necessarily

insane-making. One is not susceptible,  
and one is not sickening. Such a thought, in fact,

makes one spit. Rule-making becomes impossible  
when one is disgusting, and life is about making

and being made by forces  
which one knows are there, even if

one cannot exactly see them  
being drawn in the sand. Life is not about

personality disorders.  
Yet slowness remains,

one learns through reading,  
a cultural crisis. The movies

can't figure it out. Some rare, muscled  
or differently-fueled thing

in our endless but civic pretending  
must be real or must at least convincingly

play the role of speed. America, one sings in school,  
is the great process of careening

into the unknown. Being American,  
one hopes, is the flattering process

of having one's hair blown back.  
This is what is true about otherwise

stupid love. But the powerless, vaguely mint-flavored  
younger man is not here

solely to meet up at 5 a.m. before practice.  
Look at the beautiful blurring

of his pre-important edges.  
One cannot reside in a dewy nation of becoming

without wanting to wake up  
married to whatever sweet,

smart thing hasn't happened yet. Oh steering wheel.  
Oh, gas pedal. You are terrible lies.

Oh, pretty eyes. Pretty, bewildered eyes.  
Where in the hell are we going?