

## AND I WOULD DRIVE VERY FAST

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*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 road signs 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.