And I Would Drive Very Fast

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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.