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Good Friday, Driving Home

Frances Mayes

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Two Poems · *Frances Mayes*

GOOD FRIDAY, DRIVING HOME

Not travelling; getting there. Traffic
pouring into blinding light. But the fog
looks enlightened, roiling over the hills.
Angels might appear in a chariot
with news of the open-ended universe.
The groove I've worn down this road.
Back lit sky, are houses near the coast
blazing? My mind drags the pavement
like a string of tin cans. There, those beautiful
horses, six, seven, grazing along the reservoir.
One is a palomino. Of course, of course
they remind me. The sight, ice on the heart.
Memory, that guerrilla keeps lighting smoky fires.
Those lost could do worse than be recalled
by horses in spring grass, could do worse
than own all shaded streets, lilacs, crescent
moon, and sailboats. Who do I think they are,
saints, with their emblems? I'm affected by
silvered sky, this drastic day mad with
traffic. Years gone I memorized Donne:
*Restore thine Image, so much, by thy grace,
That thou may'st know mee, and I'll turne my face.*
Westward, westward, things in motion stay in motion.
I roll down the window, watch for cars swerving
to the wrong lane. So many of us alone. Compact.
Good mileage. We fail and can tell ourselves nothing.
We break apart and invent
why. We place our faith. Lose track. Blinker flashing,
keep left. I am totally emptied and must
fill myself again. The racing of powerful,
unlovely emotions. What is the endless world?
Comes around again the cusp of summer.

