

2001

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Recommended Citation

Hume, Christine. "Car Interior Reinventing You and Her as the Predictable and the Undetermined." *The Iowa Review* 31.3 (2001): 63-64. Web.

Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.5436>

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Christine Hume

CAR INTERIOR REINVENTING YOU AND HER AS THE
PREDICTABLE AND THE UNDETERMINED

Everytime you drama
the sky you fall in two.
You cross the unsound
bridge till it rattles
you free. You ghost
the rotten reindeer
hanging in a dwarf tree,
its tight flock veering;
you ghost them
because her shadow
never did get any attention.
Straight roads
vex her shadow, wheel-blue,
gas-blue in the backseat,
blue as a field
that only dogs can hear.
You tilt into
the blinding clouds
because it takes
a vacancy to know
true will. Though
you were not made
this way. Though you
cannot sort the ill
from the illness,
her gaunt person against
unfinished weather
rides out another solution.
You unlearn it.
You speed or slow,
it only proves

let her become

a clear storm; let

them not lament

her chemical color;

let the law

be out

of joint; let one

last worm gnaw

a nervous climate;

let her backwards

alphabet alone; let

the secret pulse

of snow, let it

pick glass

from her lap;

it isn't you
disappearing, returned
as channel wind
touching the mumbling
galaxies. It's only
inside your ear
that has its fevers and curves
whatever it demands.

let the delicate
be bearable;
let moving through
complete her