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# Monday

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*Monday*

Windows down through Nebraska,  
a state that has been flat  
for all of memory—

the land is a blank notebook, an empty  
desktop, a cleared table, a tightly made  
bed as far as the eye can see—

you slept through  
the entire state once  
as a child.

You travel quickly—

hair whipping your face,  
blurring past browned prairie grasses  
and vacant grain elevators,

cattle, goldenrod,  
Omaha and  
Ogallala.

You are driving  
as fast as is legal  
away from your heart

or maybe towards  
it, who knows—it doesn't really matter  
because you aren't driving in metaphor

but in real terms—foot  
on the gas, needle at 75, new tires  
that don't shimmy on the hot summer asphalt.