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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.