Miss Peach Returns to High School to Retake Drivers' Ed

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One cannot love something
one has too much power over, such as cars

and younger men. This is not to imply too much
of a similarity between cars, which emit

a greenish light from their control panels,
and educated, younger men, who have

pretty eyes. Both tend to crash,
but whose fault is that? All one can do

is roll down the window and try
to avoid legal prosecution.

Which is not to say younger men are too much
younger or smarter,

or more visionary,
or that cars are necessarily

insane-making. One is not susceptible,
and one is not sickening. Such a thought, in fact,

makes one spit. Rule-making becomes impossible
when one is disgusting, and life is about making

and being made by forces
which one knows are there, even if

one cannot exactly see them
being drawn in the sand. Life is not about
personality disorders.
Yet slowness remains,

one learns through reading,
a cultural crisis. The movies

can't figure it out. Some rare, muscled
or differently-fueled thing

in our endless but civic pretending
must be real or must at least convincingly

play the role of speed. America, one sings in school,
is the great process of careening

into the unknown. Being American,
one hopes, is the flattering process

of having one's hair blown back.
This is what is true about otherwise

stupid love. But the powerless, vaguely mint-flavored
younger man is not here

solely to meet up at 5 a.m. before practice.
Look at the beautiful blurring

of his pre-important edges.
One cannot reside in a dewy nation of becoming

without wanting to wake up
married to whatever sweet,
smart thing hasn’t happened yet. Oh steering wheel. Oh, gas pedal. You are terrible lies.

Oh, pretty eyes. Pretty, bewildered eyes. Where in the hell are we going?