

Drive

That's my favorite rough patch of grass
Under the bridge where the car oil spilled
and the car itself crashed when the driver was headed
some place that the pavements and road couldn't take him.

so the night comes across blacker than in other parts
of a corner that wasn't too bright to begin with
if you hold your breath long enough,
you won't have to smell the spilt oil
or the burnt grass
or the driver.

if you hold your breath long enough,
you might meet the driver.
remind him to put his seatbelt on next time
and tell him we miss him

if he asks where he is or what exit he missed
tell him that the road is closed and to wait until tomorrow
there's too much traffic at this time
to leave a place as busy as that one
maybe he'll drive anyways,
and maybe he'll crash.