

Driving

Whenever we travel together,

The subtext of landscape and talk

Is always the same—even years ago

On that stretch of highway

Just south of Boise:

It was I counting mile markers

And you changing those fuzzy *Ramona* tapes.

At the 24ft. buffalo, you held me up

So I could be like the statue,

But I only wanted to be as tall as you.

And there it was—I always wondered

If you were lonely, with just me

And your twanged bluegrass music.

Now it's Thanksgiving, and you're driving me home

To Maine. After Augusta, we settle into NPR,

And I put my feet on the dashboard

To be warmed by the defrost

During your story of that dog you shared

With your old girlfriend

When you lived in Chicago—before any of us.

Then we both go quiet,

And the wipers bat away a few snowflakes
Gathering now, drifting across the lumber yard
That's closed down, so Turner is just Route 4
With a few blurred houses in distant light,
And Round Pond, without its geese, flooding south now,
Is muted again with its dead leaves and frozen muck
Leftover from autumn's cold accumulation of days.
Silence for us is the words we think together.