

DRIVING HOME TUESDAY NIGHT

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I could still see the shapes of the ridges
hiding the stars up both sides of the highway.
I wanted to remember their names. Wildcat.
Hunchback. Devil's Backbone. Tom Dick and
Harry Ridge. But it had been another terrible day.
I was tired. I was alone. So I stopped. Left the lights on.
Heard my car door shut. Felt my face moving away.
Saw my legs disappearing into salal. Swallowed wet air.
Had to use my hands and knees to get up inside another
narrow canyon that opened to the sounds of old rivers.
Realized the tiny highway was miles and miles away
and I had forgotten everything I ever knew
but appreciated the thoughts of the moon
for the first time in my life and laughed
out loud that I was never going back.