

Late-Night Ride on a Country Road

The drive inspired by
The smile on the face,
The capacious mouth,
The volume of lips,
She moves us by means
Of whetting our dreams.

We travel the valleys,
The tips of the hills,
We grope in the dark,
Go where we can, but
She keeps her distance
Despite our persistence.

Once at the crossroad,
We shift our machinery
Away from such landscape
As thrives on the moon,
And we drive toward home
That cargo of our dreams.

—*Gaston Pelletier*