[Sunday night, tired]

Sunday night, tired, I steer
my van along I-90, sliding down
the map from Minneapolis
to Madison, one pair
of headlights among a thousand.
Over the trees, a full moon
rises, one-eyed, a headlamp
from a ’55 Chevy, but one
the size Paul Bunyan
might drive, one with room
for Babe, his Blue Ox.
As the moon rises, it changes
colours from pumpkin to
butterscotch to lemon
to egg shell to bone china
to just plain bone. Tonight
that’s the message the moon
seems to be sending—we are bone
at the core. Bone keeps us
upright, keeps our feet on
the accelerator pedal, our
hands on the steering wheel,
spine, metatarsal, knuckle.
We are bone now & will be
bone when we finish, stop
racing across the earth & slip
under, the moon bright above
us, the cars humming by.