

JESSE LEE KERCHEVAL

[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.