Driving

Emily Koehn
DRIVING

Maybe lost

that in my side it hurts sometimes and I forget
fields and open car doors, hands, some other time that
this isn’t
present, who are you and that there must not have been
anything. Relevancy. Thinking of
today is the day of driving and I’m always driving and
blistering of conversation of

the billboard of glistening droplet
on a wine glass, magnified, a drop the size
of a body, a
balloon of shine, painted
poster board light blue, this could really, be
careful, and the highway by the sea stretches with
potential knowledge is, is, is.

Some say bits of dark sand
in between. Gulls that circle and dart quickly. The
ripple of

on the radio: weather:

Inland and inward.

Work on
what I work on outward
is a question for the concentrated
turquoise.