

Revelation of a Poet on the Highway

A hood rises like a space-junk
samara from the tight traffic several
cars ahead, and he thinks, "it doesn't
look bad." Humming and tapping
with the radio a mile or so back,

he had pondered why we say "broken
down motel," as if such a place

is like a car smoking in the emergency
lane. Clearly motels don't break

down—cars do, yes, chemicals do,
people do, order does. Resisting

the narcotic sun's call to sleep,
he had allowed it to hold him

within this tether-less musing
until the hood flew up as singular

as a severed metallic phoenix wing. An iamb
comes from either within him
or outside him. He wonders why
everyone is parking on the road,
why he can't hear his car is taking a turn left,
But at last,

it is as simple as a decoder ring
clicking into place. The startlingly

illuminated hood explodes
with rays. They envelope him.