

Doing Seventy on the Highway

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Doing seventy on the highway,
I look over at my wife.
She is sleeping.

Her head is tilted against
the subtle curve of window.
In my mirrors,

eighteen-wheelers loom up
out of nowhere,
tailgate for a moment,

then spit their headlights and pass,
each one a thunderstorm
splitting the horizon in front of me.

White thunderstorm.
Red thunderstorm.
Yellow thunderstorm.

I consider doing seventy-five.
I don't. I look back at my daughter.
instead. She is sleeping.

Her head is dropped on her chest.
I reach behind and push her chin up.
Thus far this summer

this is summer's finest day.
The sky is blue pure through.
On the hood of my car,

the sun does a golden dance.
Tell me what the speed of darkness is.
I have to go faster