

## *Itinerary*

SUSAN WALLACK

On a freshly tarred, single-lane highway, a snaky  
blue line parts here from there,  
pointing straight ahead.

Grieving again or celebrating, I'm  
belting it out with Aretha Franklin,

swearing that bum will be  
sorry someday, top of my lungs, forty-  
something, no shame, when I  
spy him in the rear-view mirror gaining.  
Hell's Angel, red-necked townie, motorcycle creep!

But he slows down, ten yards  
off the Volk's fender, a business type  
in jacket and tie, and I sense  
he's been behind me a while, watching me  
shimmy, right fist flying.

SUSAN WALLACK

Goggles mask his eyes, but he  
laughs out loud as he swings the Harley  
wide, past the driver's side, holding a moment  
for me to smell his hair, then revs the engine  
wild, right arm climbing, miming

mine, pumping perfectly in time to  
The Queen of Soul's refrain. When the wailing's through  
he's mine, pact sealed on the next hair-  
pin curve, tweed shoulder caressing the road,  
grazing damp tar, disappearing in smoke.