

Let Go

JANE FLINT

Ten minutes
to pack up all my things
like a pocket
turning inside out
I leave
across the threshold
of belonging
into the new rush hour
of three p.m.
time strangles
to a jangling stasis
just ahead a winter wind
scuffs horizon
chokes the throat
of this rain-lost valley
not to get someplace
to be somebody else
a desperate wish
may all the ungreen
sage and sand
of gasping farms
buff the edges off
make everything unrough again

past racing turbines
barbed wire fences
treeless rest stops
rocked by wind
miles of stench
nauseous
weeping
from foul feedlots
radio signal
weakens
static cryptic code
scratchy hiccups
a rhythm
of cheers
anticipation
disappointment
some sport
without the details
until the pocket of light
that is the car
pleads its way
with token friction
inside out
into the jelly
of the night.