

Drill 187

"Undercarriage"

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The plastic tubing leads into the front, a copper elbow
joint

Tucked way in back this corduroy feels like the roof
inside my mouth

I breathe in through this offering and watch the cycle
carry me

I close one eye so I can see the road and something to
eat

One million miles, a trail in blood
Because the one behind the wheel has slumbered on

A single light beyond my head becomes a burning
signal home
I know the words keep calling me to speak along in mid
sleep
The wind is coming through the floor, it's not the car I
thought it was
And all the trees become my fear, a childish hero, fiery
beast

Say, you calm your shakes
Yeah, they fall away

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