

Michael McGuire "Road Rage"

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The present is a roadside motel where only the junked
souls stay, a
blur of motion for all the rest; clockwise habits waste
the days away,
time zones and mind zones and chaos for a compass
guide, but to get
somewhere man isn't that the point of the ride,
destination is a
contingency of the desperation behind the wheel, a
drivers waltz is
with the stranger; the only way you know how to feel,
movement is the
meaning and any other implied relevance is just a wall,
these trapped
echoes if this talk got any smaller we wouldn't be able
to hear it at all.
There's the road behind and the road ahead,
there's a mile marker
baby that'll tell you when your dead.
The euphoric pulse of misery's bride is synched to the
miracle mile,
and the bastard children of your better judgment are
always on trial,
more is the scope of desire idiot savant of emotions
class, till your bent
over backwards trying to find a way to kiss your own
ass, the gears
that drive the rotation of the planet are the brakes on
the wheel of
souls, that free wheeling destiny has a butchers grip on
the controls,
stalked by a dead dream down the blank highway
every exit sign
promises endgame, but the rainbow is just god's guilt
and truth is the
devil's nickname.
There's the road behind and the road ahead,
there's a mile marker
baby that'll tell you when your dead.
Fate is just the soft focus of a false moment; a
believer's scar, but it's a
scientific fact that if you don't keep moving you wont

get to far, futility
and rage force the piston against the drivers will, and
your self pity
preempts any potential pity for the crush of road kill,
and the miles
foot print gets no smaller no matter how far you've
come from no
where's hub, there just always turns into here and
therein lies the rub,
miles turn to mileage exhaust to exhaustion and the
driver into the
drive, just the empty go with the white knuckled
knowledge that you
never will arrive.
There's the road behind and the road ahead,
there's a mile marker
baby that'll tell you when your dead.
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