

## Sixty Stories

### "In The Clear"

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Changing lanes. I am changing quietly. The traffic signs entertain my tired eyes with trivial short hand urgencies. Melodies I hum like calming sighs. I'm cleaning up scars like accidents. Frankie Stubbs, cookies and cigarettes--anything to contain my hunger pains. The van is not tired so I'll keep outrunning cloud shadows and chasing trains. Fourteen more K's... I'm almost there. You'll be at the place where the highway breaks. You'll stand at the shoulder and wave with your bad full of books and Costello tapes. We can buy or steal clothes anywhere. We'll dream about all the greens we'll see. We'll laugh harder at our stupid jokes. And then all at once I'll feel the relief I need. I can't believe how long it's been for me. Anyway, once we're in the clear I'll tell you how nice it is that you're here.

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