

In Case You Were Wondering

The road's still there, outside and above the city
offering its elbow from which to watch the evening
lights pop on, and many hours later, wink out,
one by one, until it's mostly just the streetlights

and the traffic lights cycling their three commands
like sergeants after all their men are gone. Summers,
you might still pull onto the berm, sit on the hood
as the engine cools and the metal, cooling, ticks

like the moon-faced classroom clock, though irregularly,
as if time were yawning wide, and you, for applause,
had stuck your head inside its mouth. How romantic
and embarrassing it might be to be there and wonder

again if you were truly satisfied—looking down
on the city, which is really a town—or just in love
with seeming so. You didn't know the difference then,
unlike now, surely, if you went back tonight.