

FOR SAL PARADISE, LOST IN AMERICA

I could drive for days on end
heading nowhere but out of the city,
out into a world of stone and wood,
plow and rain, and some cast-iron weather-vane
spinning me whichever way the wind blows.

Go it alone
save only the static hum of the wheel-rutted roads
and the heart-ticking balm of silence.

A cradle of words, candle, camera,
and pen. Paper for fires. An arrow of stars.
A bow of earth yearning.

*tonight, I could be anywhere,
a lone man in a car surrounded by ghosts*

Outside my window, men and women
and the dark cloud of America

like a house burning
on a distant hill

I could be anywhere

scattering over the world

I tell myself
how easy it would be

to be lost in the middle of America,
to be struck deaf, dumb, and blind by this star-splattered sky
and not know how to find my way home.