

Drive

Driving home, away from tiredness,
away from consciousness,
unaware of the night and distance,
watching the miles disappearing
into the ravenous mouth of the car...

Little on the road but space,
time no more than emptiness.

I am somewhere within that place,
the hands of the clock sleeping,
my eyes immune to their purpose,
refusing to record my progress,
unable to acknowledge reality.

Time is condensed,
distance, too, has no meaning.

And I'm home, without effort,
without belief, unrecorded.
It's too dark for truth
and I know life is no more
than a trick of the light.

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