

ROBERT S. KING

Birthday Drive

With a yellowed map,
I'm lost and doing thirty
on cemetery roads that twitch like nerves.
And a dark poet is running beside me,
his face a mashed wad on my window,
waiting for me to shift lower, stop
and ask directions,
or waiting for the rubber ditches
to hold my fender down,
or waiting for me to do ninety
when he'll vault ahead, yawn
to swallow my headlights,
knowing in the dead end
my brakes will fail.