

Motion Sickness

Dust flooded the midnight air
as we raced the battered station wagon
down that gravel country road.
The pair of faint headlights flashed a yellow light
upon rows and rows of corn
as the radio, spinning "Dancing Days"
and eliminating the fragile reticence of a country night,
became a fizzle of confused dreams
and slowly absorbed itself back into the dashboard.

The three of us laughed as the rusted door
opened itself to the lurking darkness-
Three lucky explorers to prowls the desolate road
and one determinist with the short end of a straw
left in the driver's seat to stabilize our play.
Barefoot and tank-topped, we climbed onto the roof
listening to the metal weaken to our weight,
and depress to the footprints of our warranty.

The tires began to spin at a speed that felt faster than light
and the black sky came alive
as the stars began to dance at the sight of this emancipation.
The summer's wind, while creating turmoil in our long meshed hair,
uprooted any pretense and swelled all pre-existing voids.
And our outstretched arms embraced the rejuvenation
that this one simple act offered.

Suddenly the roof of a station wagon had become the height of happiness,
a place to surf for insight in a tainted world.

Gravity loosened its chains
and the three of us balanced our six feet
on a rolling testimony to never forget
the piece of time that was made into
a spontaneous torrent of freedom.

-Erin Kelly