

## Night Driving

Two speeding beams  
inside night's enormity.  
You concentrate, refusing  
dreams, siren-fantasies,  
holding this moment and  
the completed journey  
in one thought. You pass  
salt lakes, marshlands,  
the sea-line's whispering  
crash. Wind ripples  
hillsides, changing one  
green to another—somewhere  
out there, all around you.  
Tires on stones, headlamps  
startling eyes drugged  
by so much darkness.  
It is as though you are  
pulled by a thread over  
hundreds of miles,  
making your small mark  
in the dust, in the dew,  
going back to where,  
using the car lights as  
a torch, you will fumble  
with keys, then re-enter  
memories, absences,  
giving thanks,  
the house totally lit up  
before dawn comes.

DIANE FAHEY