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Losing Time on the Massachusetts Turnpike

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Losing Time on the Massachusetts Turnpike

He drove a 1967 Dodge Polara.
Pea Green consumed three fourths of highway
from Cape Cod to Boston.

We fit three across, including Sam,
whose haunches spread like
warm mayonnaise across the middle.

He whipped drool from window to window
like a crazed lawn sprinkler, inhaled the waning summer air
and the pizza still warm on my legs.

While Dad molded the plastic steering wheel,
I caught scoopfuls of wind with a Slurpee cup out an open window,
and plugged AM stations.

Pieces of songs and commentary cracked through one screen speaker.
I was waiting for the one about the rain to start
even though the sky was blue forever.

The shell mosaic driveway we left behind.
gave way to the North in the same forgetful sweep as low tide:
Tender ooze, sea grass and quahogs.

— Amy Hughes '93