

1987

## Driving

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## Driving

I drive at night to clear my aching mind.  
The beams can penetrate the darkness there.  
I follow roads of rock and dirt, unlined.

The path I take is first of those I find;  
perhaps some unknown way, though they are rare.  
I drive at night to ease my aching mind.

Behind the wheel is comfort. When aligned,  
I roll the windows down to feel the air  
and follow roads of rock and dirt, unlined.

Speeding once, I flew; the engine whined,  
and wheels left earth, which happens often where  
I drive. On nights too clear, the arching wind

attacks my eyes with fluids, makes me blind.  
Then headlights blur; it's hard, considering glare,  
to follow the roads — rocky, dirty, unlined.

When dawn arrives and leaves the stars behind,  
I'm still unsure of what — should I dare? —  
I'm driving at. But nights, to clear my aching mind,  
I follow roads of rock and dirt, unlined.

*David Zivan*