

Drive Song

At dawn, the first commuters yawn
From bed to desk in succession.
One hears their weak valves stall. At the stoplights,
At the intersections.

Between coffee, bagel, and bill,
The boss yelling, and the heart pill,
The secretary's thigh, and a vast night
Which comes without schedule . . .

After the late taxes, winter,
The silent wife serving dinner
And children known only by telephone
In far cities, and gone . . .

What has this life done, or undone?
The halt and hop of rush hour drones a song . . .
What do the tires on pavement hum?
An automaton, an automaton.

Charged and mortgaged to the marrow,
How are they freed, or found, to live again?

When even the interest narrows,
When even old sitcoms can console them?

At dusk, the same commuters flush
From desk to bed in long delays.
One hears them fold, at last, their sighs muffled.
Their choked tears in driveways.