

Mud Flap Blues

You dared me to make musical words
at the drop of a hat, or the flash
of your eye on the next unsuspecting object
in this rainy Saturday afternoon scene, beyond
the dripping-windows restaurant
where we linger.

I want to hold onto you, delay
the journey to my sister's side.
I want to hold onto her, restrain
her steady departure. But she is sliding
from my grasp like a smooth glass of water
about to shatter into a thousand fragments of pain.

Through my tears I see your eyes
light upon the truck swimming into view
splaying urban mud in all directions.
I hear your gentle voice say mud flaps
giving me something to hold onto.