

## Revelation of a Poet on the Highway

A hood rises like a space-junk  
samara from the tight traffic several  
cars ahead, and he thinks, "it doesn't  
look bad." Humming and tapping  
with the radio a mile or so back,  
  
he had pondered why we say "broken  
down motel," as if such a place  
  
is like a car smoking in the emergency  
lane. Clearly motels don't break  
  
down—cars do, yes, chemicals do,  
people do, order does. Resisting  
  
the narcotic sun's call to sleep,  
he had allowed it to hold him  
  
within this tether-less musing  
until the hood flew up as singular  
  
comes from as a severed metallic phoenix wing. An iamb  
either within him  
or outside him. He wonders why  
everyone is parking on the road,  
why his car is taking a turn left,  
why he can't hear music. But at last,  
  
it is as simple as a decoder ring  
clicking into place. The startlingly  
illuminated hood explodes  
with rays. They envelope him.