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Width of a State

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Width of a State

by Melissa Stephenson

On the way home I drove through
small towns where football is the only
school activity. Driving always gives me
time to think, weigh everything twice,
the darkness, the impending miles,
the conversations with you
that occurred only in my mind, the slow
trucks with heavy loads of hay.
I lit a cigarette and cracked
the window to avoid filling the car
with my loneliness. I felt
I had traveled for hours retracing
the same tired path.
I drove until the darkness eased
into a notion that dawn would come.
On that long October night
I circled wide of my sorrows
through the weathered hush.

