

Highway

Lea Littlewolfe

Conduisant sur une autoroute achalandée la nuit, la narratrice et son collègue chasseur sont terrifiés à cause des grumiers qui viennent vers eux dans la voie inverse. L'obscurité intensifie le sens de la peur, non seulement parce qu'ils sont éblouis par les lumières, mais aussi parce qu'ils sentent dans leur corps le poids tonitruant et la vitesse, la pleine puissance agressive des camions qui passent.

driving home
dark, nearly full moon
a bit of haze, traffic heavy
headlights framed in
seven small ambers mark wide whatever
I feel the pounding load high
logs, big ones tonight
well over the speed limit
for sure over the center line

I count twenty before I stop
all play chicken with little cars like mine
if I met a sperm whale
in a narrow ocean lane
I'd not fear it as I do logging trucks
but then
the mind in control
wouldn't be human

my hunter colleague
sperm provider for four children
won't drive the logging highway
bribes me to take him to town

every blessed truck making him shake
he demands I slow down, pull over
tells of his buddy who died
victim of a wood breathing dragon
I bet he looked up as the rushing
giant towered toward him
instead of focussing ahead
one must reduce the bulk of monsters
ignore them, bully them back behind the line
play chicken harder
but my immediate problem is him
"Next time you want a ride to town
get very, very drunk."