

*Driving Alone  
on a Snowy Evening*

There is no reason that I know  
To go on waking, eating, so,  
I turn the urgent wipers off  
And watch the screen sift up with snow.

They'll conjure emptiness, despair,  
Disease in the wings, a failed career.  
Those inward, ticking moments when  
The seduction of stopping obliterates fear.

The car purrs on. I do not brake.  
The choice of crash I leave to fate.  
A tree, a bridge, a railway line—  
Behind the brightness dark shapes wait.

The snow and ceiling kiss, then meet.  
The view's as white as a winding sheet.  
The heart still beats *repeat repeat*.  
The heart still beats *repeat repeat*.