

The Trucker

Joe
Blankenship

1
diesel smoke and lungs
in perfect time
wheels and moonlight
rolling on rare asphalt gems
the sound of engines
pressed into those highway trees
that belong to an idle wind

brake hiss
hot wheel marriage a rain drop
flogs the dry steel and
western tunes of broken hearts
weaving the rumble
of pistons
through wombs of iron

come day
a thread of black obsidian
is stretched over the countryside
a highway
a name
on the horizon a silver
pool of liquid vision
in ten miles
a highway again

2
come night
the trucker opens his eyes and
dreams with moonlight and speed
hovering at the edge
of understanding
he pulls over the moon falls
for a truckstop girl
her skirt hiked-up her thighs
brilliant by the jukebox her eyes
her talking eyes the end
to what it seemed was hunger

back on the road
the moist night blowing in the vent
the black towns and diamond cities
all point west
he thinks about a wife
the moon
would roam the surface of her lips
her eyes would sparkle
and their children might
be dealing winds
to the gambler
who folds the highways

