

Indiana Toll-Road Freestyle

Between the grieving and Chicago
on and off, and on, like a toggle,
and often on
the brink
of sink-
ing, thinking
nothing up ahead except the Land of Lincoln,
working out a whole code,
a toll-road hermeneutics,
as I soloed
up and down the route, its
every mile marker
starker,
darker
with intention, than the time before,
I came once more
to mile twenty-four
(which signified a dignified retreat from your
embrace,
your grace,
to places
faceless,
flat,
matte,
mapped,
and faintly sordid
as this stretch of Portage
was) and chanced
to glance
up through the windshield at a falcon,
talcum-
white against the blue,
and knew,
whatever else the outcome,

