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Roadtrip

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Roadtrip

we are the smoke
spinning from our car
as we wake the mountains

we are the blue roads rolling
and the vast jealous gong of jackhammers
in a red room that's soon to be lost

we are the combed fanning
spine-bones, each locking with its shadow,
of the Prehistoric fish.

miles of innocence and breaths
bright like the Mediterranean,
and years with you stacked like poker chips —
I wake up and the world
is the trail of your cigarette.

[*Meg Hurtado*]