

susanne paola antonetta

ALONG THE FREEWAY: AN OCEAN OF MOON

The car eats
the white line, eats and eats.
The harvest moon next to us, hammered silver
like a clock. Embossed, numberless. Gigantic
in a sky stifling its planets, its stars —

My *I'm-more-than-half-gone* birthday and the sense always in a night car
of something strange revealing itself, in the nightscape and the rush.

Maybe that the other side of things
stays tied to us as the moon in its bath of light holds the sun still
before our faces. Maybe
it's the whoosh erasure of leaving this life.

Along this highway there's always water:
a slough
or a ditch, and the moon's light, its image,

skips silver fast, faster from one water to the next.
The moon's reflection has to follow us, beside always, this light
that's bounced from sun to moon to sleek surface
taking time and force for each leg it's had to go.

In the back my son sleeps. He's fifteen.
His dreams now could be summarized *elsewhere*.
It has occurred to him lately that I'm no longer needed,
that I've had many birthdays.

His world refits itself. When he talks in his sleep
I'm no longer the one he expects to answer. Though he speaks still
at something
out there, something waiting to be left behind.

Now just a bright sprint on the water running
and running away.