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Empty Space

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EMPTY SPACE

Jessica Gonsoulin

Black fog fills the air,
Flocks of glaring lights overhead.
The turn is
Immediately after the yellow sign--
But how soon?
I follow, a foot away from the white
Line painted down the middle,
Avoiding driving over the side
Into a ditch or ravine
And becoming one of those cars
Silently parked on the side of the road.

Driving over the bridge
Is more like flying a plane
Or Christmas shopping on Black Friday.
It is the crossroad for six streets.
Nobody is sure where to go,
Especially the first in line,
The first time.
Right is the Shopping Center.
The entrance to the overpass has moved
left.
The street goes straight ahead--
Or you can drive over a curb
Into empty space.



SHAGGON WAGGON Hayley Earnest