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I Am Driving

Found Poem

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Found poem taken from consecutive first lines in the index of Contemporary American Poetry, ed. Donald Hall.

I AM DRIVING

I am driving; it is dusk; Minnesota.
I can support it no longer,
I come to tell you that my son is dead—
I do tricks in order to know.
I dreamed last night I dreamed, and in that sleep
I heard Andrew Jackson say, as he closed his Virgil
 “I look out at the white sleet covering the still streets.”
I must explain why it is that at night, in my own house
I see you in her bed.
I speak of that great house.
I think it is in Virginia, that place.