

1987

## Driving Cross-Country

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### Recommended Citation

Zivan, David (1987) "Driving Cross-Country," *Exile*: Vol. 34 : No. 2 , Article 16.  
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol34/iss2/16>

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## Driving Cross-Country

No companions to speak of, but  
some presences of a sort are here:  
the haunting daylight moon, visible  
since early afternoon, and growing steadily  
brighter now in the inklings of the mid-winter  
sunset, the mix of blood and milk  
that could be a bright blaze ending  
beyond distant hilltop pine, but is more  
likely the turning of the planet; alongside,  
the swiftly passing landscape, spotted  
with fire stubble from a farmer's burning  
or a careless smoker; closer, the fearless  
crows, plucking at a carcass, dodge only  
in the last seconds when my vehicle  
nearly overruns their black wings;  
there on the concrete pillar, grey  
support for a perpendicular higher road,  
a message painted in red with a quick  
hand, urging "Jesus or Hell."

The evening turns briefly white as the sun  
sinks further, diffusing all the light  
for my eyes which briefly discern  
the swiftly passing white lines and  
the spaces between them.

*David Zivan*