

the open road

by Bill Cobb

There are moments in life where it's like you're driving late at night and you should be on your way home but really you're just rolling along aimlessly through the city streets when suddenly you turn a corner and realize the road is open and empty for miles to come, a moment as much empowering as it is depressing - a time when the open highway is yours alone in the city night while the street lights and neon signs cast strange and conflicting shadows as the lane markers pass by, a night when the perfect song hums along on the radio and each pluck of the guitar wails perfectly in sync with the rhythmic pulse of the six cylinders guiding you, a night when the world stretches on like the cold dark pavement before you and you let the wheel drift its own way, and maybe it's the hint of a wine buzz or maybe it's the last hours of the night collapsing in on you but, for this moment, all is well in the world.

