

Road Trip

by Gary Percesepe

for resea

First: the sigh.
What? she said.
I want to go for
a three week ride.
Where? she asked.
Yes, I said.
In, I heard her say.
I checked the oil,
the tires, the cash.
She shotgunned in,
I threw my hand
at the gearshift,
the car glided off.
Music played.
We shared a flask
of good bourbon.
Someone was moaning
“Let it be me.”
I got lost in the music
and remembered an old
French film. A man
and woman in bed,
in smoky sunlight, a
couple with something
enormous to lose.
I pulled us south
on the interstate.
Hours passed.
In the dashboard
light I studied her

and thought: just a woman,
perfect woman:
How dead-still
in the car she had an
intensity and drive
you could build a
life around.
Our motor hummed.

