

Driving the High Roads

by Larry Strattner

Here in this land of cannabis
a place of pernicious habits,
ingrained independence
and laughing rabbits,

down at the bottom of any ravine,
skeletons of Porsches are frequently seen,
skewered and severed by boulders and trees,
engine cracked open in an oil-smeared frieze.

No wrecker can seize and hope to drag out,
a piece or a part worth a dime
from these Evel Knievel pantomimes,
when Michelin's skidded at a hundred and nine
and a Cayman flipped out, in a soaring dive,
off a mountain slope, with boulders supplied
shiny and sharp, honed by spring slides,
to chew and swallow
the ride and its driver,
a stiff who's still shifting
his Cayman, while drifting,
spinning out, like a drone, over stunning views,
all of which spell a warning to you;
consider the road you want to attack
if you feel invincible, turn around, go back.

Weed in your brain won't make you a driver,
guide you like a deer through these majestic trees,
nor will it help you to fly like a bird.
The best you can hope for,
is with practiced ease,
you'll be lovingly interred

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by friends, in the crypt of this theatre absurd.

