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East on Interstate 70, 10 pm

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East on Interstate 70, 10 pm

Dave Schelhaas

Darkness on my right
like a wall.

On my left, passing, massive hurtling trucks.
Shooting through the gaps between the trucks
the blinding lights of oncoming traffic like strafing bullets.
Dead ahead, red tail lights
of the truck I am drafting.

Or am I? Some time ago, it seems,
I lost control, if I ever had it, and I have become
a figure in a video game
zipping down the road
at seventy-five miles per hour.
If I slow down, I'll explode,
shot by the indifferent kid who's
manning the joystick of this
giant XBox.

Or perhaps it's not a video game at all.
Perhaps I am nothing more than a blood cell
red or white,
in an artery of a monster
whose veins and arteries extend and twist
up and down and round and through,
at every intersection infarction lurks,
thrombosis lies in wait.