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## East on Interstate 70, 10 pm

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# East on Interstate 70, 10 pm

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*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.