Late Night Drives

Late night drives to clear my mind. I stare into the blinding glow of oncoming headlights

The streetlights passed by so quickly. They leave streaks of light across my windshield. Like shooting stars traveling across my personal sky. I wonder if I can make a wish

My fuel alarm chirps and pulls me free from my thoughts. I make a left on bird road and pull into a gas station.

I stand there. Alone in the vast empty, vacuum of the 7/11 parking lot. The asphalt is a black hole from which no stars or dreams escape. Florescent light radiates from the sign like a distant moon. Orbiting around my thoughts. Turning my tide.

I crank the up volume as I charge forward. The bass pumps through the soles of my feet, circulating up through my fingertips. The engine hums in tune with the singer. The percussive potholes along the road accompany the drums. The piano harmonizes with the gentle curve of

the road.

I am almost home.

I turn down a familiar street. The destination is within reach, but my drive is far from over. I see myself escaping for many nights to come; on nights, just like this one.

I will get in my car, turn the key, and quell my desire to run.