

Texas, After Midnight

The highway loosens after midnight.
Oil pumps bow their heads
as if prayer might work this time.

I drive one-handed,
the other testing the dark:
radio low, breath steady,
desire flickering like bad reception.

There are towns I don't stop in.
There are men I loved there anyway.
Gas stations glow like confessionals,
each mirror asking
who I'm pretending to be tonight.

Stars scatter themselves wide:
reckless, unashamed.
I learn from them:
how to stay visible
without asking permission.