

*Carol M. Spizman*

## **Jimmy's Gone to Tucson, AZ**

Driving from Tucson  
Desert insects splash on my windshield, the  
red, brown and yellow remains  
blur my vision.  
Hollow-breathed pipe music hangs  
crackles and fades in the dry air as  
I leave the range of the station.  
It's hot. The desert, though it looks tough  
is really a very fragile terrain.  
Wheel ruts from wagon trains that passed  
100 years ago have not yet healed.

I have left my best friend in Tucson.

Jimmy says  
Tucson has mountains surrounding it  
and sunshine 360 days a year  
and sky and sky and sky and  
desert sunsets and Dairy Queens.

It has cactuses and it has Jimmy

Still it has no right to curl up  
and nestle like a scorpion

under my consciousness. For  
500 miles back to L.A. I drive  
reading about Tucson in a guidebook  
balanced against my steering wheel.

## Ventura Blvd

for Scott

“Give me a dream.”  
you said because you had  
insomnia. I thought  
“Ventura Blvd.” because  
that’s where I was headed.  
“No,” you said “I  
want to get away from here.”

Well that’s funny, I thought driving,  
Ventura’s so clear tonight.  
All the way up and in the mirror  
there are no headlights, no taillights  
only neon lights lining the road  
with motels and sushi and waterbeds.  
Everything you need to dream on up to a point  
in the distance.

But you want a dream of green fields  
or the sea or country-fresh  
hills. I suppose I can see wanting  
that—I mean not wanting to be  
unreasonably irritated at streets  
like Zelzah for stopping at the freeway or  
to miss streets like Edward Everette Horton Lane  
completely because they are cul de sacs.  
I want the same things as you:  
no anxieties.

But if you keep looking down the streets that way you can see the shapes of the land curling under the roads and buildings suggesting themselves in the rise and dip of streetlights and you can relax flying over *those* hills, dreaming the speed; a mighty fine sensation at 2:30 in the morning unless of course you are asleep at the wheel.