

James Leishman Etchison

Between Ice Ages

An ice age thawed today.
Imagined Borders heave and spark.
Coins roll into cracks.
And a dancing man throws curses
At my passing car.

I'm driving clutch,
With no shoes on,
In a fine white rain,
Behind a long grey meadow,
Where muskrats live in holes.

The cool wind and rain roars in.
I am a steamboat captain.
I should start smoking a pipe.
I'm looking off the road at the holes,
Because roads lead to other roads,

Other roads punctuated by
Circles and squares of light
Flecked grey by passing feet
Splashing rubber to mud
Metal to rock.

Circles and squares,
But holes lead to matted leaves
And musty smells with half shells.
Let the car watch its own roads.
An ice age begins tomorrow.