

ROLIN JONES

I - 5
TRIPTYCH

1.

The girl
carves a
lazy face
in the
tree
and
waits
with the
sharp knife
for eyes
to blink.

2.

He's been a blue sky idiot
all during the day, but
thumbing for a ride at
this hour has him dragging.
The last car he saw he thought
was pulling over for him.
But the God damn driver is
probably home by now, sleeping.
He's waiting for the clouds to send
some stray voltage down his way,
high-fiving each telephone pole
as they hum with static whispering.

3.

“She sleeps with her mouth open in a car with bad shocks, dumb to the world” he says to the hitchhiker on the right. She has been sleeping for about an hour so he has taken over navigation for the meantime, which means turning on the car light with his right hand while steering with his left hand, and he really hasn’t the motor skills lately to do all these things. She had suggested taking the trip and he had to juggle a few appointments, but here they were, on the road to Ashland — “Which would be so good for us” he says, stretching to kiss her on the forehead. He wonders if she is dreaming, if she is dreaming about him. He has been wanting to talk to her for a while, and this will be a good time to talk. He doesn’t want her to dream about him. And he is very surprised of himself when later, she wakes up with the taste of the world in her mouth and tells him the turning signal is blinking.