

ROLIN JONES

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————— 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.