

Heavy Traffic

Joseph & Casillas

I drive with the windows down
to let my thoughts
feel the breeze.

Flying past cars,
I feel free.

But then traffic picks up,
and I pass St. Leon
Cathedral.
I can't help but
think,
I lived a life
there.

It went by a different name
back then.
The building in front of our old place.

Had I asked
and had they said yes
and they said yes
and they said --

It's okay.

Because I don't look over
anymore
when I pass it.

Even when I'm stuck in
heavy traffic.

The place that marks where
I once loved.

I was just a child, then.
Both sides undone.

Now I speed past cars
so as not to give
myself a chance
to look.

All of that
just to be
strangers
again.