

2000

The Ride Home

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Cover Page Footnote

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DAVE EVERHART

The Ride Home

Just like before, the nights
before, we play this
game,
rules never change.

 Before the
sun drops below the hills, I am
at your door, waltz
on in,
and later - after We are
done - I waltz on out again.

 The cool
damp night
always gathers me
in its arms, carries me
home.

My ears hum
with the silence;

 not even a cricket will talk to me
on these nights.

 The drive
is more empty, the radio
fuzzes out headlights find
nothing
in the blackness,
no one else takes the trip with me,
endless vacant roads.

 Solace.

Your scent is still with me,
on my clothes,
my skin,
my breath.

You are still there with me

I think, but as streetlights shine
into the windows - the same
ones that sometimes blink out
as I pass
underneath - I can see I am
alone.

 Sometimes,
the clouds spit on me
 Sometimes,
there are no clouds at all.

Just the moon
and desolate skies, they try to
discourage me.

I meander down barren paths,
it consumes me,

 but then, I am
fortunate there is a trip
to make
at all, for someone
perfect as you.