Driver's License

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MEGHAN PRICHARD

DRIVER'S LICENSE

You were beautiful like the sunrise
In L.A. with six lanes of smog
Three hours of stop and go
Disappointment in sorrow’s shape.
You never get over someone
It’s just through to trudge on
Brake lights
Gas pedal
Car trouble.

I never learned to check my mirrors
Blind spots
Black squares behind my ears
It felt like you came
From near and nowhere

Smooth rides did not entice me
Unless I broke a law or three
But that speed limit broke before my decision
To turn key clockwise
Start ignition
And we started driving like a dream
I had when I was four
A truck with child locks
My forehead just below the steering wheel.
Speeding past the only two roads
I could recognize and assimilate
So it was always an adventure
Just not the one I had in mind.