

Markus Weaver

Drive

I New Jersey down the Interstate
I am two lanes, white
And out of control
These plates are borrowed
But I own them
And I expletive the cops
I expletive the deer that died
In someone else's headlights
Good fuck I am God
I am sex
Speed and heat between my legs
I am adrenalized hallucination
Blurred taillights streaking red
In the cracked methed retinas of truckdrivers
I am soul burnt in gasoline orgasm
Too bright
Too loud to hear the crash
The fire
I am the sun