

runner

Driving on the East Side

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January 11, 2021

Someone just snuck up on my right at the red. I didn't notice

They absolutely floored it in front of me
with one headlight wheezing to stay lit



I used to get mad but I can't throw stones anymore.

I'm just as bad, I remind myself

& sigh out the relief of a built up charge

While riding the snowy bike lane, hitting 80 on jefferson
At least

& still getting a gloved finger like everyone else

That's risking it all for iced coffee again,
condensed clouds thickening the morning warm-up

Tail lights sticking out
like a tongue on belle isle's bottom lip



I take the boulevard slow all the way through tonight

All the way down to the dead end freeway
the plant, the motel in its shadow

A cold lonely tree propped up on the curve
Rounding out the template for donuts
Drifting wider than a smile
Longer than my tab at the party store
And no one can hear me

So Happy 4 the first frost

motor disco



A bridge at the Packard plant finally gave out

Security visible & indifferent facing fields

It just collapsed in the street

I curved with my car and saw nothing.

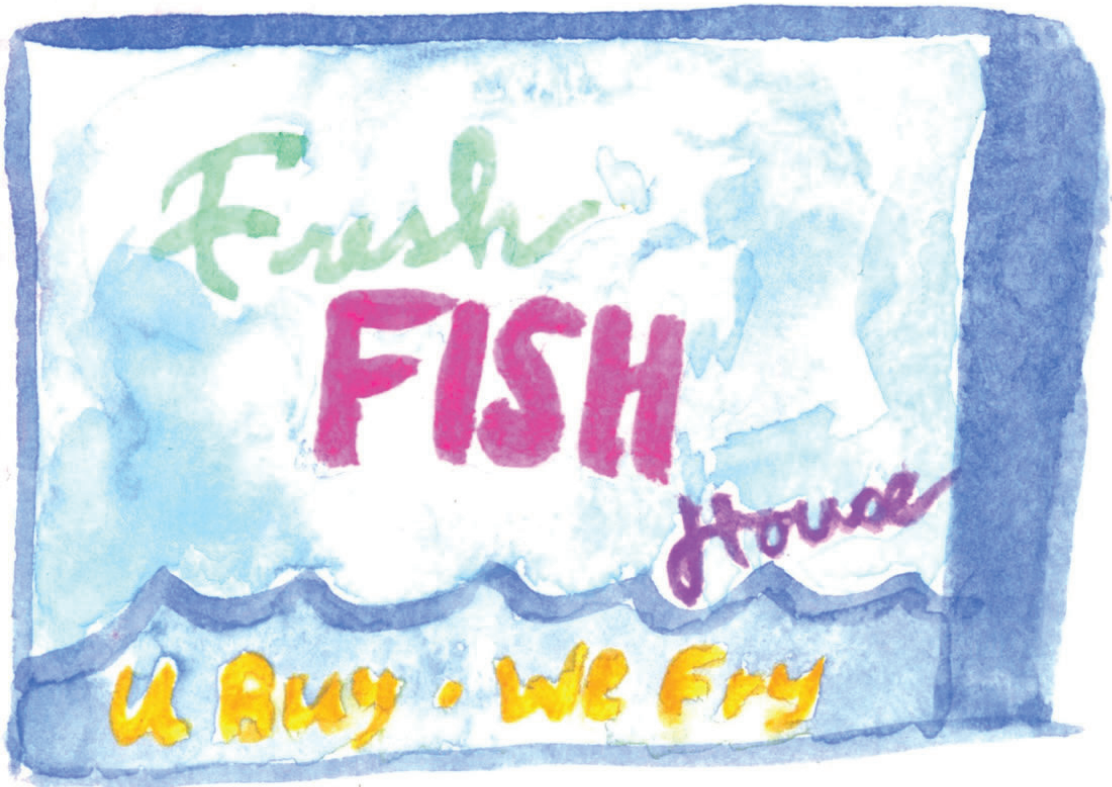


It immediately looked right
Imagining the open sky obstructed by the union of two decaying
buildings

Suddenly felt impossible
Like walking down stairs to get something and forgetting what it was
as soon as you're down

Anyway whoever owns the plant patched it up
with a fabric replica banner of some kind
a fake clock, fake wood paneling, yes, all neatly printed
As close to the same weathered grey sky as they could get

Reading PACKARD just as seriously,
But tearing within days, flapping in pieces
in the wind under the overcast.



Driving on the East Side

I still ride that curve at sunset,
flying past the vibe checkpoint
sneaking into Hamtramck after the movies
to catch some dick or send in the clowns,

to make out with a drugstore lot, or the middle of the street, who cares.

I dodge potholes & DUIs
& ride the endlessness of Gratiot to another
big nothing

Tomorrow I promise to wake up before the bakery runs out of cookies.
Then I can get fruit for the week.

I'll drive to the end
of the block and find you with your head and a letter in your hands
we'll beach till we get cold & watch the storm come from the
tiki paddle bar

All the way to Canada

runner