lullaby

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i used to fit (lying) across
the back seats of the car

at night
i’d sprawl there
my head strategically positioned
to observe the sky through the window
(we were always travelling
to somewhere
or other)

the car raced through space—
but the stars never stirred

they only shifted
as we changed directions
like rotating a map
  around
  and around

on the highway
streetlamps passed at intervals

inter spaced
the time be-tween lights
(like the pause between thunder and lightning)
gave some indication of how fast we were travelling

air in-scaped through the cr ack in the window
my only
  whispered.
  lullaby.

i would stay awake
for as long as i could
reeling with dreams
i was just a child...
I knew it
    then

in time
the stars took me as their own
and i was lost
    in the emptiness

where is
    the wanderer now?
where is
    the girl who could hear the song of the road?