

lullaby

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lullaby

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

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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)
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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. ould stay awak

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?