

lately in car rides i drift off

staring out windows and remembering my body
there's so much i would change
so much i don't know how to
so much i have to admit in order to
you see
i find myself
looking at the moon
tonight as we drive along 95
your brother well my brother
in law now driving
and you have never been good at inside
voices no matter the story
it's always urgent
we've done this drive
the three of us too many times
and i never thought it'd be
so effortless on
such a busy street
the moon isn't necessary
here 95 is already lit up like a carnival
visible from a distance
smoke stacks in white light
reflections of the west side on the water
planes landing at newark red and blue light
but it is here anyway
the moon i mean
i'm not part of this
of the driving portion of the evening
he's got the wheel
and you've got the story
and google has the map and
i've got the moon
useless in every capacity
i don't know if you noticed
i watch it cross the horizon of the turnpike
enlarged and bright
feels so out of place to find it
among the trucks and fulfillment centers
but i watch it
let the rest pass
watch it
remember my body
watch it
as it's relative to this
the moon i mean
and you of course
i watch it
the goal is to be relative
to only beautiful heartbreaking things
laughter that stumbles off
into silence into glances
that tell you
they believe
you're as solid
as the moon
in the way you love
and try and take in all this and

i find myself in the world i created
in the body that never was but could be
in the moon that never set but just changed into the sun
i thought there was nothing to say
but i guess i am wrong
i am here useless in moments like these
but i can cook a mussel
steam them until they open themselves up
i always thought this was a wild thing to witness
a truly insane thing to do at home
but i watched my mother do it time and time again
so i guess it's okay
and who was i but a seven year
old who knew there were two different sauces for mussels
my mom could make
and some nights i got to choose
who were we
her and i to think we were a restaurant
at home making these things that looked
like they crash landed from the moon
on 95 it doesn't stop
the going i mean i realize
how much of me is held by people i do not know
my lavender scented body soap
same day delivery
passed through here i see all these trucks
and feel
i've taken us
so far from the car
so far from the moon
but what do they say
in order to look in look out
that's probably incorrect
i'm just trying to celebrate
the small things
like catching a green light
and not making a project out of catching
each one
just being happy it happened
existing there
right where it all began
in a body somewhere
close to the moon