

New England Night Drive
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What Transcendentalists
don't tell you about
the sunset placing a
golden crown on the
trees and winds whispering
*Walk outside and
bask in the majesty
of autumn light, becoming
one with nature*
is that after
the sunset has faded
and darkness has leveled
the forests into an
indefinitely infinite desert
the landscape does not
stop calling.

The silence won't shut up.
It bangs on the windows
and darkness seeps
through the cracks,
reminding you that one
twitch of hand
or one
drowsy moment
or one break
in concentration
could cause your three
thousand pound steel
armor to crumple under
the billions of liters of
nothing
and leave you
one with nature,
which you will be
someday regardless.

You sigh and turn
the radio up so
you can focus
on the ground ahead
the headlights clear
like a machete
and hum to yourself
like you're going somewhere.