

Jason Shulman

Subjective Driving

The car veers gently toward the shoulder
and I know she is adjusting something
or looking at the dunes and then its over
and we proceed again around the curve,
content we are on the road again.

The car wobbles. Not a lot, but just enough
to make me glance over at that wonderful
woman who is adjusting something or looking
at the dunes: her eyes are like searchlights
that search out beauty. Her hands
on the wheel have a will of their own.

Then we pass a truck. I'm beginning to get
nervous. She veers out toward the opposite
lane for safety's sake. The car wobbles
just a little, a tremor, a tiny temblor,
an editing of the forward motion of
the car. Unlike my driving, which is
mundanely associated with getting
somewhere, her driving is a conversation
with the world around her, a suggestion
in motion. I'm beginning to get philosophical
which is the only defense I know of
that can hope to keep hurtling death at bay.
I'm filled with thoughts about reincarnation.
Her hand reaches for the radio dial I say,
let me do it, or she's cold

and the car's dashboard is her musical instrument or she is a teacher who has office hours and a student walks in and they sit and talk about the weather and she rises to make them both a cup of coffee. But I digress. Here we are wobbling again on the long ride home, conversing, talking, having cups of coffee. Her stamina is amazing. Her face quiet and serene. I try to close my eyes and sleep.