

## Driving with One Light Out

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*Ken Denberg*

From this patch of ground the sky breaks up,  
falls back to sky, pale heart, paper tiger,  
all the way up the cutbank to the other side.  
Clouds drift and coil in the utter quiet,  
one car downshifts a curve, pines, cedars,  
whisper Tao in the thick, cold air.

It happens just like this: a fisherman driving  
back with one light out, runs over his own  
shadow, a rib cage of night, his skull of prayer.  
A circle of light in the pupil of his eye.

What gathers with the birds on the limbs,  
what country music twangs on the radio as stars  
go down? The grove of warriors, a house of hats.  
Two iridescent wings spiral down  
in his hair. His dream of late hours  
are caddis flies in his face,  
the weary, one-eyed metal all night.  
In a web, in the cooler,  
in the dark,  
trout beside beer cans  
dream a footless sliding  
back into wet motion.