

EMMA LOU THAYNE

Old Woman Driving

She lives on a street of white haired men
with time for hosing the cracks.

She goes to funerals amid people
whose names she cannot remember,
only the places they sat
once.

The necessary, fierce details,
where are they?

She files ruthlessly through what
she knows was there:
the word for rapture, what it means
to wait too long for a door,
the idioms of love, the caterpillars
of doubt, his brown hair,
new driveways.

Only to find when steering past agitation
down the repaved street
where she was born,
the music of unwarped vision.

Retrieving without need, she obtains
the name for dandelion
and Daniel
and denial.

Way past the washings
of self disdain:
Beyond the pale comradery
of old men comparing fertilizers
and hubcaps:

At the wheel
she is taken everywhere by surprises
familiar as the taste
of warm white bread.