

The Passing Lane

Ken Raines

Through the glow
of dashboard lights
reflected in the glass,
I watch a plow drop its blade
and scrape the ice,
knicking the blacktop.

The occasional contact
curls sparks over the snow
in sporadic bursts—
the mathematic arcs of tiny suns
as they spin through dark matter

With a yaw and thrum
the plow slides by,
glints and flecks in the mirror,
recedes into the past
where objects
are closer than they appear.