

Interstate

by Marie Harris

out of gas
somewhere between White River Junction
and Concord

the car runs on lunar energy
playing continuous music of the spheres
the shades of hit-and-run victims rise
off the shoulders of the road

a doe with old scars
unborn fawns
possums with tails curled around silver bumpers
raccoons with radiator grilles for faces
millions of butterflies, mosquitos, ladybugs
preserved in radial perfection like ferns in shale

bits of paper emblazoned with golden arches
flutter in the breakdown lane
the battery fills with rainwater
mushrooms come and go on the carpet
moles nest in the back seat and eat it

the stationary car
the stopped wave

I hunt for missing parts
a feathered pouch lies beside the car
containing fingernail parings and baby teeth

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