

David Donna

Driving

A kind of simplicity befalls

—windshield clobbered with noise
unbucketed from the selfsame gray
that also sluices the land's pigments
into groundwater,

silk of passing cornfields
(that otherwise might tangle
the nervous system) smeared

out in the roar:
swallowing the car,
closed around and bearing
through the thick and puddled world

a certain volume
of still air, where
if the radio were on
it would not be
heard

David Donna's poems have appeared in *Radar Poetry*, *Ibbetson Street* and elsewhere (listed at poetry.daviddonna.com). Donna lives in Somerville, Massachusetts and writes code and poetry by turns.