

BLACK NOTEBOOK #9, 1AM BOSTON

Brian Sousa

Silence
is the spinning of the steering wheel
in my hands
as we head home.

Your eyes are drawn
to the window
the taxi-cabs that burn yellow
in the streetlight
the dark bars where
you are certain
you might not have met me.

I like the way the wheel
slips through my palms
I don't have to hold tightly
or struggle
I just need to stay awake.

Silence
is the whisper of the radio
when you turn it down and exhale
your breath fogging the window.

I make a wrong turn
yank the wheel
and pull over
you regard my outstretched hand
as if it is a question.

All around us, the night seethes.
I don't recognize this street
or this city, anymore.

So I leave my hand there
outstretched
waiting for you to say something.