

# Driving Home to Las Vegas

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I will never know if, when I run out  
of fuel on I-15—it's happened more  
than once—it is because I have no doubt  
that you will save me. If I find the shore-  
like shoulder of the highway, the turnout  
place on which I will be safe, can ignore  
California traffic as tires blow out,  
young lovers who swerve distracted or bored,  
and audiobooks which whisper then shout,  
you will find me, curled up on our floorboard  
in your shirt, my heart's unquiet hideout.  
With gasoline, you arrive from the store—  
a spark plug hug, wheels that never burn out.