

Driving Nevada: The Road, The Radio

Jim Racobs

The desert road
late at night.
The sky diamond dusted
if you turn the headlights off.

No station lets itself
be tuned. Each oscillation slips
the radio's clasp. The waves
escape the atmosphere
and head for the blinded stars.

The preacher's rant lifts
to unlistening heaven. The saxophone calls
but no response. The last at bat is destined
for that dim star up ahead,
where no baseball plays.

And you
are consigned to this cold highway,
which you keep driving,
still fiddling with the dial,
still hoping that some faint signal
will somehow—clear and true—
come through.