

I'm Writing You On My Drive Home

Ashley Uelmen

I was born in a neon city —
Learned, grew, and loved there.
And then I moved to another
The only other in my state,
For cheap tuition and a change of pace.
It's neon nonetheless.

In between is not quite as bright.
In between the lights, it's quiet, calm,
And eye straining, headachingly empty.
Driving home is a 7 hour chore
To stay awake on such an endeavor
Feels almost impossible.
Blast your music and drive fast —
The officers won't bother you
On the vast stretches of nothing.

Take it from me, though, they hide in plain sight
At the edge of little ghost towns on the only main road.
Your biggest threat there is a speeding ticket
And, maybe, getting haunted.

So, slow down, and look
At the historic courthouse,
Vintage road signs, and the
Only bar in town, that happens
To sell gas by the can.
At 20, it's hard to miss.
At 25, you'll be there longer, but not for free.

On my drive home
I'm writing to tell you about
The graveyard of cars
And that I owe you \$5,
I saw a living human this time.

You're now leaving...

Come back soon!

Signs of MPH freedom

Permission for 30 over

I'll be home at 10, don't wait up.