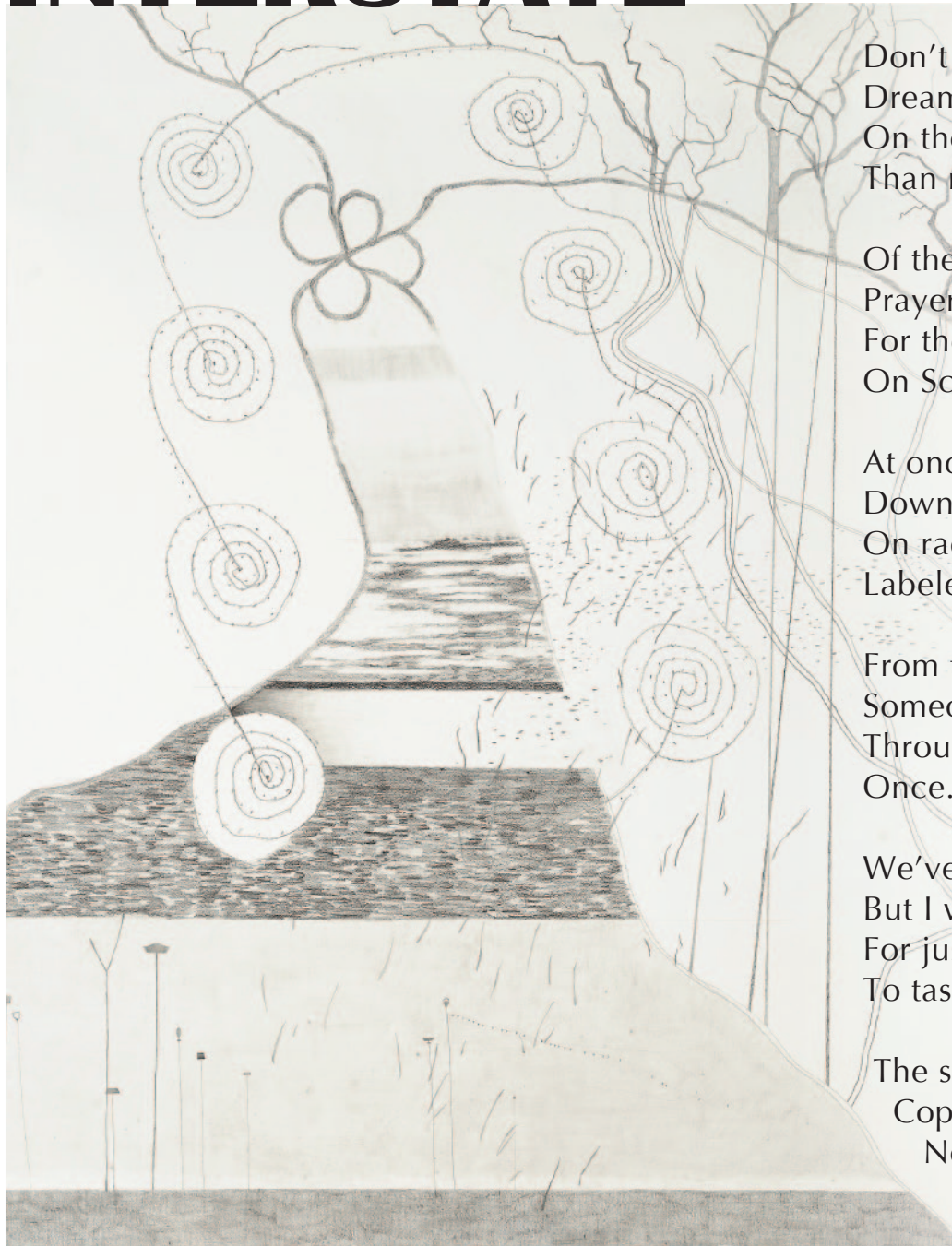


INTERSTATE



Don't sleep, my dumb friends, born to die
Dreaming just beyond your front seats
On those Florida roads that wove us into less
Than men. The dull throb, hour after hour,

Of the hammer's swing, the blinking cursor:
Prayers to the gods who've kept us alive this long
For the power we had the night we pissed
On Scott Pogler's dashboard. Vicious and righteous

At once. Now Scott's years dead. We're not.
Down the interstates the local sheriffs, high
On radar, burrow under shadowed overpasses
Labeled Olustee, Lake City, Raiford—hiding

From the moon, that bloated pig carcass
Someone's uncle jumped from the Syke's Creek bridge
Through, or so I was told round an island bonfire
Once. We've spun them thick, boys, these webs

We've worn for masks like missing children's skin.
But I want to never want to be a stone again—
For just one of my words, even if it's my last,
To taste like a switchblade's tongue

The sweet milk of just one backwards
Cop's slit throat, so you will know there is
No sleep in death—so you will make it
Safely home, headlights off, invisible.