

Interstate 93

I am a deer
waiting in the road
for your grey Toyota
under the darkness of
late Tuesdays,

dressed in my best shirt
and the jeans you once called the
epitome of me.

Hands claw out to pull
me back, but what do they know
of roads?

When the headlights
blind me, I will know
you have seen me too.

Your bumper will stay
dented
long after.