Sitting in a Gravel Parking Lot

Nate Pillman∗

∗Iowa State University

Copyright ©2010 by the authors. Sketch is produced by The Berkeley Electronic Press (bepress).
http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/sketch
Sitting in a Gravel Parking Lot
Nate Pillman

Looking up at you through an open car door
The wind so dead I can hear a squirrel
Patter down a wrinkled elm from
Across the highway

Sitting here because it’s within arm’s reach
But I’m too scared to sit inside
Worried I might startle you
Chase you away like a deer at
The snap of a stick

—Your eyes reminded me of one really
Two strong coffees in white mugs
Just light enough to see the pupil
Just dark enough to reflect nothing back

The way we all needed you
Made you seem like one too
You were that trophy we wanted
A headless body instead of a bodiless head—

I talk fast and stupid and you sit there
Watch without words

Somehow I know the squirrel made it
Wherever it was going
Across the highway
Maybe a patch of ryegrass next to a careless stream

I disappear and you’re alone
The gravel flaked where I was sitting
Just like all the other rocks
And a sudden breeze making
Silk out of the space around you

I was never there