hitchhicker

Kelsey Steinbach*
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i have a hard time staying on the road
when the passenger seat is empty.
i hunch over the wheel like a wilted flower,
an unwatered lily.
you were here and we couldn’t find the moon,
but you were here.
before the morning dew
creeps back onto the blades matted beneath us,
i want to remember these moments.
the moments i knew.
when we sat nose to nose,
electric blue breath the only thing between us,
instead of 926 miles we weren’t willing
to risk.