

Drive

My co-pilot is dead
A box of ashes
That once was my mother
Beside me silent
Not like her

At red lights I touch it
Finger the packaging tape that keeps her inside, careful
Starting to fray
Coming undone
It's my fault
I can't stop touching her

I ask her if she'd like to go to the river
She used to love that
Watch the slime crawl against the shore
Between her toes
Nails painted
Always
"just in case"

She doesn't answer
Perhaps she's upset
Annoyed that she's suffocating
Unable to look out the window
And notice the things only mothers notice
I apologize to the space between us
And put her on the floor

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