

In dreams cars flew

In her dreams, cars flew off bridges
somersaulted over guard rails
hurtled toward garbage trucks
missed hairpin turns.

Recall middle school physics
that gravity affects momentum
and water will be displaced by
the weight of the Pontiac.

Like a leaf on the surface of a pond,
the car is briefly buoyant;
it rocks in waves that sing tenor
in a duet with the vehicle's fizzy, sinking alto.

It nestles into the spongy sediment parking lot
the driver's side window open, as though a teller
would hand over an envelope of twenty-dollar bills
from the drive thru of an underwater bank.

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