Drive

Terry Scheidt

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DRIVE

Pam said. Took one look at her face didn't ask what's wrong
said I'll take the baby you get in your car and go
and she did in the rain in the squall and it carried her out
into the hills where the windshield wipers couldn't keep up
with the storm with the years of study and pleasing
back when she thought she would be someone. She drove
she was sobbing for waste and for what and when she was done
she dried woman's eyes turned around in the rain and drove home.