

Uncommuting

By: Jorri Heil

I drive on the battleship-grey
veins of America
past fields of unreaped
hay and chartreuse patches
of unidentifiable vegetables,
past the dried, brown blood of dead
deer, and raccoons, and badgers.
The anatomy of insects can be studied
as they smash into the windshield. See?
There is the thorax, the exoskeleton.
The same songs, the same commercials
spew from the speakers.
We elect this drudgery—
the stiff, black shoes, the gloom
of cubicles (in infectious disease
spread to offices everywhere).

Before I open the car door
in the parking spot
nearly branded with my tire treads,
I hesitate. I want to shift
into reverse—rewind—
and speed backwards
toward home. The engine
tremulous with excitement,
headlights facing east
but getting pulled west
by my black stallion on steroids.
At home, I run back through the front door.
Cheerios are chewed back together and spit
out of my mouth. My tailored suit
unbuttons and races off my arms that whip
around as the jacket untangles itself
from me and is hung back on its hanger.
The razor uncuts my legs, blood
sucks back in me, and the wound seals shut,
then my brush starts at the tips of my hair
and tangles strands as it moves up.
I stand at my bed,
untuck each side of sheets
from the mattress
and fall back in.