

*Field Notes*

1.

I called you from the truck stop.

I planned to sleep there  
all night.

The attendant mumbled something over  
the loud-speaker about how unattended baggage  
may be suspect, but I was busy talking to you, so I wasn't  
paying attention.

I was too concerned about the caution  
tape surrounding the entrance.

Why must relief need a warning?

I only pulled the car over to unclench my hands in the first place.

2.

You once told me I felt pain so deeply you needed  
to build a bridge over it, wide  
enough for us both to stand on—

You bought green muck boots.

You became a carpenter.

You told me, “you have to be tough with fruit  
trees, don't let them out stay  
their welcome.”

I uprooted everything.

No more peaches.



5.

I climbed into the car.

Spread  
the Atlas across the dashboard.

Look at how much space I'll live  
without you.

6.

I unbraided

my long hair in the rearview, every exit sign  
a vertebra along the highway's back;

possibility without the bruises.

Sweetheart, I'm ready to confess tomorrow isn't coming for us.

I pulled the car over,

whispered your name  
into a shoebox, and abandoned it in the river  
where we surrender  
the things we long for most.

The empty passenger seat is real and it must no longer depend on you.

I mistake shadows for churches.

I can build a whole world out of lack.