

Where Are You Driving?

Laura Veirs

You tangled up in the gnarled tree
You do as you damn well please
You were torn and faded by the elements
Staring straight through me

You, in suspended animation
You green and gone firefly
That storm brewing at your temple
Never seemed to die

Oh, where you driving, son
To meet another one?
Where you driving, dear
To meet some other year?

Your briny eyes are hollow mirrors
Your mouth a rose parade cloud
Must be a trick of the light
I'm spinning all around

Through clouds of dandelions
Seas sailing out on the wind
Hoping you'll be the one
To plant yourself on in

Oh, where you driving, son
To meet another one?
Where you driving, dear
To meet some other year?