Windscreen glum with rain
keeps the speckles off their noses
and his hands on the wheel.
The pourings are not the tears of grace or forgiveness
from the all knowing one. This is an atheist douse
a meaningless watering of motorway full
of countless Fords and Renaulds
that carry lovers under this blow of sky.
Broken lovers with their special lingerie and private trimmings
their special plans for later this week
now with their secret biographies
and sleepy eyes revealed. Quiet lovers now learn
the words for uncomfortable silence.
Terrain falls towards
a contemptuous sea, the painful tide
of being found out. The spray of words
said over long distance lines
retains a luminescent gleam
like radiation in the heart.
In the distance kelp shows itself on shore
to prove green still exists beyond this window
as the woman, afraid, picks her nails
for fear of dirt sticking
and he says without rage or grief
without knowledge of his voice’s audibility
May You Live…may you live.