Drunk on Highway 82

Bushes kneel by the roadside
branches heavy with white blossoms and I ask
“Jasmine?” and you take the next exit
to let me pick my first syringa blossoms.
Their honeyed scent slides from nostrils to tongue
so thick I feel like Baudelaire’s child
drunk on everything.
I feel my pores drunk on sun rays
the road getting drunk on devil’s dust
the sky drunk on its own blues
   lichen drunk on the rocks.
And yes, you say time to go
break off a small branch to take with me
and I bury myself in this sweet death suffused
with fragrance and light brilliant
   even if extinguished.