Sonata

1.
Where are we, I ask, delirious
from sleeping in the car, my neck
crooked and sore. It’s raining;
She’s driving. A pause comes
in the sound of rain pounding the car
as we pass through the gate of an overpass.

2.
In Hell, she answers,
at first, then takes back.
I’m with you, my love,
so this must not be.

3.
Hell is where I’d be with
someone else.