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Indian Step (Freedom)

Daniel M. Gannon

Seated uncomfortably as smoke laundered eyes
drop and recess like blinds against a window pane.
I travel and hope, and I pray
with ears shot by a rifle-fire engine
clearing the mist around the city's sunset of lights,
glowing fresh fuzzy peaches and halogen mercury dimples
delicate as a dandelion in a vacuum.

White rivers of snow seethe from the banks of corporate sense.
Buildings you can touch and wonder of construction.
Frank Lloyd Wright at our fingers dreaming
of a Church St. that has never seen such similar symmetry.
A god parallel city of cardboard tapering in its own sun,
sewing grey strands to piece together the lives of bricks.
I've never been through Indianapolis.

I further, I recede.
Hands cracked anticipation.
Driving at night is truly free,
roads out of nowhere affix no mirage
sketching more an acute ghost than a guidance.
This freedom, this new found love,
this Indian step of death
searching for a pre-Christian Christ
to savor a fresh palate,
to taste all the essence in a barrel of God

in an open road, carving highways out of hills,
lines now guiding the way.
Exits in pause stop

the reality of speed.
Such immaculate grounds for exhaust and asphalt
(as if Bolivar might have met Brazil with interest).
Bleeding rocks run essence in the ditch-prisoned guardrail
convenient in a mother shell cracked open in ritual
for a rush hour crunch and the broken travelers,
who wander alone between the fuzzy peaches
hoping for resonance in a random hotel room.