

Merritt Parkway

Denise Levertov

As if it were
forever that they move, that we
keep moving—

5 Under a wan sky where
as the lights went on a star
pierced the haze & now
follows steadily
a constant
10 above our six lanes
the dreamlike continuum . . .

And the people—ourselves!
the humans from inside the
cars apparent
only at gasoline stops
15 unsure,
eyeing each other

drink coffee hastily at the
slot machines & hurry
back to the cars
20 vanish
into them forever, to
keep moving—

Houses now & then beyond the
sealed road, the trees / trees, bushes
25 passing by, passing
the cars that
keep moving ahead of
us, past us, pressing behind us
and
30 over left, those that come
toward us shining too brightly
moving relentlessly

in six lanes, gliding
north & south, speeding with
35 a slurred sound—