Traffic

Woman warrior when stuck in traffic
sings love songs, screams, screeches her wheels
across the lost metropolis
puts locks on certain memories
to survive. She has nothing
to say to you
she has everything
to say to you
she sees you in the next car—
forehead pressed to the steering wheel
stereo blaring
sweeping your mind with your eyeballs.
You’re a full-blown adult now—
blind as a hubcap to the unseen world.

Brynn Saito

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