

Traffic Light

Waiting
at a traffic light
in my dream
my fingers rested
under my chin
like a vagrant
beneath a bridge
as mumbles
of static radio
and pipe exhaust
flooded the stretch
of mile marks
and road

until realization
honked
from the vehicle
next to me
and there he appeared
in the other lane
attempting
to shout revelations
above the foreign language
of engines

and before I could
reach across
the passenger seat
to crack
my window open
and ask
if he could
repeat himself
the light turned jade
and he was gone *again*—
I woke up with sand in my eyes.

*This poem first appeared in *Roadmaps*.