

Desert Rush

By Alicia Taylor

You're riding my impulse boy,
Like a waxed sports car,
Top down,
Adrenaline!
Through the desert boy,
Sparse,
Open road,
Nowhere to go.
Seat belt hitched,
Crushing my ribs.
Swollen windpipe,
Pulsating.
Speeding together boy.
Lips sucking wisps of hair,
Hands clasped,
Flaking black nails,
Digging.
Ride me to the cliff boy.
Dirt is splintering,
Into cascading fragments.
Look at the view;
Leafless tress,
With scarecrow stances.
Ride to the edge boy.
Now stop!

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