

## Watching the Sun Rise

*by Ariel Bealer*

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Something about 4 a.m. makes saying good-bye quiet.  
Rolling out of bed, wordlessly, mechanically we got dressed.

I drove and drove, for hours, or an hour,  
He grasped my hand and grasped my hand.  
We didn't say a word.

My car slowed down, slower and slower,  
Until we were thumping along  
Finding a gas station  
Looking for a jack and spare tire and  
Hitching a ride with a police woman  
Who listened to jazz.  
The back of her car was very plastic. It didn't have handles.  
I'd never thought about that before.

Finally we sat, eating a blueberry muffin.  
No words.

Time to let go again.