

Watching the Sun Rise

by Ariel Bealer

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.