

Small Farm on Skyhawk

She steps on the clutch
Shifting into fifth gear.
The truck speeds up,
Resting at a comfortable fifty five
Miles per hour.
She smiles,
She loves to drive,
To be in control.
Giant City road, rushes past her.
The occasional street light,
Illuminates what her headlights can't.
Her heart was about three miles behind her,
With him.
On a small farm on Skyhawk,
Hidden by rows of corn
And a cow pasture.
Her lips tingle with the
Leftover feeling of his.
She can feel exactly
Where his arms held her.
Silently she turns on the radio.
An old country singer crones from the speakers.
Sings about a past love,
That she can't seem to forget.