

## Perfectly Legal

It's the time of day when most drivers  
have turned on their headlights,  
but not all.

I'm headed south, Interstate-85, a few miles  
past the Virginia/Carolina border  
(perhaps you know that stretch of road,  
but no matter). Trees move past  
on both sides at highway speed,  
fading slowly through ever-darker  
shades of green.

By chance I glance up, notice a layer  
of minutes-before-sunset clouds  
at the center of the sky, lit  
from below, whiteness rippled by just  
a hint of rust, racing, (the same speed  
as my car, imagine that!) above  
the landscape I am passing through,  
as if pulling my vehicle along  
in a vortex of their creation.

And for a while I become an intoxication  
(relying even more than usual  
on my cruise control) eyes  
pulled skyward except for moments  
when I *must* glance  
at the almost-empty road ahead,  
considering, with some relief—  
though still, it seems, short of full sobriety—  
that no state in this nation  
will ever craft legislation  
criminalizing "distracted driving"  
of *this* variety.

Steve Bloom  
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