

Grace Bauer

PASSENGERS

How many hours we wasted
staring out windows, longing
for the hands of boys
we refused to allow ourselves
be touched by.

Our hearts raced like Chevys
revved-up with desire, but consequence
sat like prudent parents
in the front seat, reminding
us of ruin.

We'd seen our possibilities
played out in drive-in movies,
all those leading ladies
brought down by too much pride
or passion. Every story had the chance
of ending somewhere we knew
we didn't want to be.

But once those doors held open
for us slammed, our destinations
blurred like all the white lines
on the country roads
men drove us down, hot
and drunk on Rolling Rock
and heading nowhere fast.