

I Was Heading for Georgia but Saw the Sunrise

in Virginia the last ten miles or so
as the Interstate dripped down the side
of a high-top at five-percent grade
nothing but view to my left
across the valley I spotted that mountain
shaped like a turtle—shell side & budding neck—
poking its lonely head above a silk line of mist
red & orange set along the fog's plane
like stemless blooms of roses bobbing in a pond
like candles on a silver cake
for those few minutes I had no destination
no hotel room waiting in Columbus
no acquaintances to make
it was as though I stole a pause from life
then froze it without aid of camera's lens
before my car descended past the treeline &
on into North Carolina where
it might as well be raining & it was

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