

Highway 99

Heather Winterer

**First Prelude.
Where I am.**

Highway 99

the means of locomotion

tightening this ache of
fearing one more blowout
on the highway could be it
your learned feet
what do they know?

all that can melt
a phone you can't answer

everything to be conveyed
text after text
the dog

the bag of shoes
what the dog might need

upon arrival what to put in storage

why must you call it a bumper?

**Second Prelude.
What I want.**

the means of attention

all that can be taken in
companionable convoys
windmills cows a woman
singing in her Cherokee
I wonder what song?

peripheral orchards
almond?
apricot?
peripheral trailer parks
a sly horizon

good dog

why not?

Chalet Vegas Apartments 2 a.m.

Heather Winterer

First Prelude.
Where I am.

the fruit loop

8 1/2
Suede
Free Zone
Buffalo
Double Down

Svenson Avenue

Second Prelude.
What I want.

this belonging they are offering
to call an all- night lock- smith
they are letting anybody in

Chalet Vegas Apartments 2 a.m.

whose mother picks him up on Sundays in a Cadillac	whose shirt he never wears whose tattoo he no longer likes	here window sealed dead-bolt broken
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who is calling up on crutches asking for a sheet

who are walking back and forth knocking on the wrong doors

whom a red eviction notice hides	his yelling she has nowhere else to go her muffled answering	whose pit-bulls bark whose bass-line pumps the walls
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his baby in his arms the question is your dog ok?	something useful the skin between	open it make it workable
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who is sleeping in a bed somewhere

who have been received

whom can afford to be safe		nothing that fear makes vicious some peace that carries
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