



## FROM *RODE ON*

Betsy Fagin

That was pretty mean, even for police.  
We drive beyond smokeflashed rivers  
enchanted redness (*the water still burns*).  
Soon abrupt got mouthy, curt like gas pump  
business transacting with future's heights,  
descriptions of words never said in small towns  
of Cokes where moonlight is imprisoned but escapes  
like desperadoes to the California new. Imperious  
with countryside cushion backs myself bare chested  
unshaven we limousines in this like conscious  
people through drowsy towns. Tell my prayers.  
His prayed road eyes his next who front splendid  
facts, but muddy themselves in their haste.  
Wine bottle on the railroad, sitting for a moment  
between junction nightfall and now.  
This day is like a car crash. Pour some out.  
Tuesday as fuck. Keep testing me.



## FROM *RODE ON*

Betsy Fagin

See trouble much? Ever so, United States of America,  
the only gun road met all time without anything to eat,  
no extra cents or ticket money, just time to kill.

Trouble game sees same the fall following all the races.  
Looking past my lying confessions, concluding  
my speech about this magnificent life and the beautiful glass

full or empty. Most comparison of threats frightens  
abruptly then become corny after thorough investigation.  
Sheriffs at home in delinquent county

their license to arrest and operate out-of-state needs  
inspection. Lights and brakes to back in time, to great  
night cars stealing day passed expressly for this trip

to age falsifying Los Angeles. A working road,  
nothing sane about the road's end. A woman could  
reach the coast in a car-wrapped soul suddenly mad

through this remarkable night. Huddled  
under staircases in our own filth, we wanted to keep human.  
Made schedules for ourselves and set easily attainable goals.