

“Stretch” by Charlotte McManus, Homewood

It is quick. Most things
are, or seem to be,
like

Driving to my sister’s and I catch
a glimpse of a girl in her Jeep. She looks
too young
to afford a Jeep but she is in a Jeep all the same
and I catch her with her mouth open. Smiling at something? Maybe at
the world

Tumbles back into concrete and winter and the dirt
from the road flings itself onto the windshield and I wonder
where she is going and why I wonder
what she is going to have for dinner and why
I wonder when she is going to die when she is going to bed when

My mother says
“I swear this stretch gets shorter and shorter.”
We’re at the exit
already