

Long Drive

As I drove, Virginia Woolf
bit her fingernails
[probably thinking of women].
She turned the dial on the old
car stereo from station
to station.

“Just pick one!” I yelled.
But she kept turning the knob.
Kshh, kshh, kshh.
“I like the sound between
stations” she said, as she sucked
her thumb nail.

Freud, in the backseat,
wore a frilly pink dress
while rummaging through
his bulky pink purse yelling,
“MY BALLS! HAS ANYONE SEEN
THEM?” THEY WERE HERE
A MOMENT AGO!”

I was about to suggest Darwin
had them, but he’d been hog-
tied and ball gagged and thrown
into the trunk
where he thump thump thumped
at every stop.
He’d upset my passengers with
his diatribe
about “Survival of the fittest”,
and they found it fit to hog tie him
and lock him in the trunk.

We were all taking a long drive
out of my mind, and the ashtray
looked like a tiny island
with a bent cigarette sticking
up from a dune of grey sand.

I slapped Woolf’s hand,
clicked off the radio
and she screamed like a llama
being pushed off a cliff.

That's when Freud began
pounding his pink
purse on the back of my headrest
yelling, "ARE WE THERE YET!"
and
"I HAVE TO PEE!"
and again,
"ARE WE THERE YET!"

But we'd long left behind
the highway tunnel
and there were no longer
any signs on the road.