

“Do you want this yogurt?” this guy I work with
(a coworker, Scott)
asks

As we watch the man sprint down the block,
it’s too late for Olympic trials
The destined blue conversion van,
adorned with a sticky regiment of delinquency notices
from weeks of idle parking

He takes off his shoes
I wonder why he’s not wearing socks
 on this winter day
and I watch
as this impromptu one-man show
sets the stage:
He hops in his mobile refuge and closes the door
The audience affixed

(looking out the window)

Dominick: Somebody once told me not to write poetry behind the wheel—but I think that
mostly refers to when the vehicle is in motion.

Scott: (agreeably) You can’t even read maps behind the wheel anymore.

Dominick: The GPS device made us illiterate.

Turn at the next light it says
While following an arbitrary line,
I’m deciding to go askew
 Now I’m racing down a road of delineation
 The paths are blurry,
 as I translate the variables,
 using a star-lined guide

Trying to write it all down,
I can’t behind this computer
Avoiding ghostwritten applications
calls for some dictation

Dominick: Take a note. I’m more productive when I speak.

Scott: Is *that* the note?

Dominick: (ponderously) Yeah, that should probably be saved for something better—
something more tangible.

Scott: (looking out the window) There he goes!
(the man emerges from the vehicle)

Dominick: My response is as follows:

Parking cars by-the-book is a dubious distinction. Witnessing perfect distanced chasms, vehicle-to-land, is at your ruler's own hazard. Harmoniously aligned wheels (would-be sideshow attractions) acting almost servile to the curb, obliging its parameters and personal space with a dirty, smog laden smile that is emanating from their once shiny hubcap teeth. There he stands— complacently chewing on some token brain food, not wondering where the spotlight is shining. Pondering deeply, he flicks away a knowledge encrusted morsel from his bottom lip. He's about to utter a preconceived observation, but only then realizes the relative impact of a few select words in a uniform style and, for now, goes on devouring his hand-held happiness. Contention, he perceives, on the future of his face.

Scott (scratching his head): I lost my place.
Dominick: Mouths can't keep up
with thoughts.

Then, there
behind a moment of calculation,
the vacant shoes
become occupied—
all the while thinking how
most ideas look better
on paper

The news shows a feature about the art of cartography
interrupting my random online Googling
while, somewhere, the van speeds away
heading in the mysterious
direction
of certainty