

## *Winter Driving*

**By Mark Low**

I know the ways  
of mud & snow –  
careful not to slip,  
cut the ruts,  
and spin.  
High centered,  
like the belly of  
a short fat dog,  
or a startled deer racing  
onto an icy pond.  
I know men like that.

Men who won't reach for foxtail,  
retreating under a bumper  
of brambles & back-up lights,  
when their vision is stolen  
in gulps & splashes.  
Like when I turn  
in the panic of dreams  
for the edge of a quilt –  
nestled in the bow of your back,  
your thin ridge line of legs.  
Always, I'm driving  
in search of you.



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