

HIGH BOTTOM FOG

Wet with imagination
Wheels bend with the road
Chasing a triangle of red
On the back of an eighteen wheeler
Dipping every so often
Down below the lack of visibility
And absence of clarity
Into knowing what can be known

Seconds of farsighted illumination
In the lower latitudes of the highway
Then re-immersion
Into the blackened white burden
Of insistent and far-flung unknowing

This upper-tiered impenetrability
Driving the mind down
Below the weight of considering
Deeper than any figuring
Into a clearing of all specific intention
An effortless opening of presence and connection

Peace in real time
As headlights bounce off the lower reaches
Of a high bottom fog

© 2003 Roger Lienke