

Highways

Joshua Fish

he highways

and seldomly
watches baseball
but is without time
when he does

he falls asleep on the living room floor
while movers step over his fragile fists

he walks down the sidewalk
in big city without shirt on

and in conversation
postmodern art is like
pushing a pedal on his floor

he gets fired
for being too opinionated
then learns the names of all the trees leaves on his block

he touches countries
and they stay warm

he seventy seven miles an hour
at night on sea cliff road

and he highways