

## whatever speed I dared

The empty motorway carves its way west,  
cuts through moor and hill,  
no tail lights in front, no headlights behind,  
everything uncommonly still.  
Right now, I could drive  
in whichever lane I wanted  
at whatever speed I dared,  
criss-cross the curving lines of cats' eyes,  
wind down the window,  
blast out *Born to Run*,  
howl into the night  
like an American werewolf.

Caught in my full beam,  
a skittish hare makes a dash  
for the other side.  
He pauses for a moment,  
all gold-spun fur and liquid eyes,  
ears raised, one front paw held high.  
I lift my own foot off the pedal,  
grip the wheel, ready to swerve.  
But he moves off again,  
without a backward glance,  
leaping the barrier  
and melting into darkness.

I shiver and turn the music down,  
moving over to the inside lane,  
slowing to sixty until headlights  
appear in my rear view mirror again.