

# Daedulus again

me, I'm the driver,  
the one with the prehensile thumbs and all  
the wisdom needed to guide these 2000 pounds  
of rolled steel through the night  
dodging the odd farmcat, porcupine, skunk

you, son, you're the chosen one captive in  
the dashlight's subterranean glow, your finger  
punching the radio, searching for some dj  
savvy enough to stroke the pain out of your  
tumescient rage

me, I'm still trying to figure us out, wondering  
if after these seventeen years, I'm any closer  
than I was in those midnight hours spent caressing  
your mother's swollen belly  
intent even then on tracing out designs to  
carry us both out of this maze I have made  
of my life

you, son, I can't blame for collapsing into  
an inertia of your own choosing  
moved by instinct  
to ward off any warped calculus  
any feeble construct  
fashioned from these clumsy thumbs  
this superfluous wisdom

—DOUG RAWLINGS