

## **Driving Home the Point**

The point had had too much to drink  
and was getting silly  
so you offered  
and didn't wait for a response,  
just grabbed the keys.  
*Where do you live?*  
you asked  
and the point couldn't answer,  
that's how drunk she was.

Did I mention it was snowing,  
that it had snowed all day  
piling in the yard?  
The roads had been plowed but a thin  
sheet of white ice still stuck  
to the asphalt  
and thick flakes flew against the windshield  
like thousands of crazy insects.

You should've asked the point to stay.  
You should've given the point  
the bed and taken the couch,  
or vice versa—  
the point was drunk so the couch  
may have been just fine.

Instead, you drove, not really knowing  
where you were going,  
not able to see  
more than a few yards ahead,  
waking the point up  
once you reached Michigan Avenue  
to try to get some sense of direction.

The point had sobered up enough  
to stop seeing double  
but the snowflakes kept coming

and you circled between  
    Rhode Island and New York  
        until the point found  
what she thought was probably her building.

It turns out it was. Or close enough.  
    Congratulations.

        Mission accomplished.  
By then the snow was so deep  
    your tires were beginning to spin  
and the temperature was falling  
    on the city like a knife.

You called out to the point  
    but it was too late;  
her red coat had disappeared  
    behind the coded door,  
        her cheap cell phone  
left face up in the passenger seat of the car,  
    all its bars gone empty.

