

*Private Moment*

Sometimes when you drive through land so deep and smooth and so warped in hillscape as to seem a recent cavern of the sea, ocean washed, or the trees are flecked of their bark and speckled in white, or in the lake three geese broken from the flock leave six separate currents dispersing in their wake, or when the sun goes down behind the shallow rise that protects the gas station from the highway and the cornstalks in the wind before the reaping look as if they're reaching out for a slyblown escape from the combine, or you lie at night on your brother's futon and look through the window onto the silent courtyard of the city complex, and meet the eyes of the cat across the emptiness, you imagine all of this as some soviet cold war slum, some cinderblock ruin of some different time and place less free and so much less real than this one, and you think that that's what it really means to be an American, worried about your car, sex noises through the wall