

Cuyahoga
County
Public
Library

By Vance Voyles

THE RIDE HOME

The rain slid shooting stars
across the windshield
as the music screamed
and headlights beamed,
slapping me in the face.

I wanted to shut it off;
the stupid song,
this speeding car,
life's pouring rain,
love's slippery scar.

To find some park,
scream at the dark,
and curse his name,
erase this stain,
before driving home

in silence.