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Hypnosis

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Picture cars like Christmas lights 
strung out and winding, bright 
against blue-black bruised sky. 
You feel the rumble of the rock-a-by highway. 
Windows shield you from the cold. 
A Cheshire grin cloaked in clouds glows. 
As you breathe in, feel the dull roar of tired road 
begging you to sleep. 
As you take a split second trip to the concrete un-
der-world 
Where bridge-trolls and tunnel-rats play in the dark 
without breath, or sound, or light, 
Only darkness and silence. 
You exhale as the sun shrinks back behind you. 
Even the static sound of the speakers can’t make you 
stay awake. 
The right hand that holds your left sees 
signs you can no longer read, 
Pulling you under under the star-sprinkled sky, 
Safe in a seatbelt and a borrowed coat. 
Behind your heavy head rests his heavy arm, 
Silent and still and warm.

Three.

Two.

One.

Sleep.