Car Rides With You

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I find the low hum of your car’s engine to be a strange kind of sedative, lulling me to sleep even as my neck and back rebel against the discomfort of resting upright. It takes me to that place where paint-coated marbles roll behind my eyelids, spattering vivid reds and purples with each bump in the road, where I can hear your chest rise and fall to the beat of whatever song comes up on the playlist, and the faint brush of your hand against my thigh is the only physical connection between us.

As you drive us to the Outer Banks, a part of me longs to remain in this world where the distance between you and I is as tangible as the distance between where we were and where we’re going. When I wake from this state and see your calm profile resting in the corner of my eye, I stay silent and close my lids once more because I sleep more comfortably in your car than in your bed.