



Patrick Ryan Frank

Car Commercial

Blue air, black road, red dirt, white car: white coupe
on its straight shot through a cloudless desert, fast
and bright and beautifully framed, metonymy
of a lovely life – spotless, stopless, smooth
unlyricked music and the quickest route
out of monotony and toward the curves
of Montana, its mountains grand as majesty
and breasts unconquered, or toward Manhattan, sleek,
still buildings serious, direct, reflected in
the windows, black so anybody could
be driving, even you, probably you
saying goodbye, dull bungalow, goodbye,
hello A/C, combustion brogue, the road
implausibly empty, flat, implausible sky.

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