

Afternoon, Late Empire

Jacob Fricke

this highway's so long you can see your future as a smudge of number at the vanishing point
so long you see every stage on the way to oblivion but horizon's hands are as still as the hawk
watching above

this highway's so long you can see the storm before it happens like time in a waiting room fish tank
so long the thunder on the way is a magazine feature you gave up on halfway but the high gloss
cover shot remains

so long you know the ground's gonna shake but for now there's some lemonade left in the cup
holder

so long the roar at 80 mph is as plush as a livingroom still life

so long the daylight might be actual gold stuck on a Beaux Arts wall where the myth unfolds in a
single freeze frame

this highway's so long the only ripple on the landscape's the huge color of horizon where time
devours itself

this highway's so long all you gotta do is go but the clock blazes so bright the light still hasn't hit the
ground

this highway's so long you've seen the explosion but you're all still waiting for the sound