

ALPAY ULKU

## **SPENDING THE NIGHT AT THE BLUE MOUNTAIN SERVICE PLAZA ON THE PENNSYLVANIA TURNPIKE, I DREAMT I DROVE INTO A TRACTOR TRAILER JUST PAST MILE MARKER 202**

You've been driving for hours, through the pitch and roll of tightening curves, lights and signs stepping into view, watching you as you pass, a living thing that thinks it's moving, thinks there are junctures and exits. Your lids are two venetian blinds, the wide, heavy, wooden kind, in a room with a bed as soft as Snow White. White pillows, white comforter, soft white down. A strand of long black hair you follow with your eyes. It is snowing. Sheets of intricate white swirls, one behind the other. You cradle the letter T to your chest, and carry it to here. So where you are is never where you're at. But that's dream talk streaming by. What is real is this: you were never grateful enough for what you had.