ADAM WALZ

*Check Engine Light*

I remember,
at some point there was
a tollbooth,
your mother's dogma,

and a handful of snapdragons.

The tollbooth was a guide,
an explorer.

The tollbooth wasn't
a tollbooth, but
it might as well be—

In second grade,
while
all the children swam upstream
or down,

I sat beneath the whitest moon;
an emboldened
pale,
of delicate, Old European
filigree. I remember,
like an assassination attempt,
it was big, and it was bright,
and,

I remember,
it looked
like my thumbnail

held up towards the sky.