

How to Spell Loneliness

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In the parking lot,
chipping paint rumbles

with rusted mufflers fallen
to fold in misty rain.

From a frame, this
reminds you of a hollow foam

rimming a dirty diner mug.
On a page, you spell

loneliness with six dollars
on pump seven, sputter

of gasoline beside you.
With two pedals, I can mock

the noise a worm makes
dragging charred body

along the pavement.
In the parking lot,

a sparrow shakes her ass
in an oil puddle, neon

like the glaze of a forest
fire on passenger side window.