

Ruben Rodriguez

All These Lanes, All This Loneliness

I fall in love every day on the freeway. Feel myself suddenly drawn to look to the lane beside me and daydream my future with this unnamed woman. An urge to let my car veer and nudge hers, nothing to throw her off course—a love tap—quick reminder of our commitment to one another.

I turn-up the radio and belt out lyrics, it's impossible for her not to hear me. But she's coy. She'll allow me my game without a glance. That's just her way.

We're the only ones to ever enjoy traffic. Sometimes she'll put on a gruff face, but I know it's for show. When I pass her, I keep her in my rearview, sure that she's watching me.

Ruben Rodriguez writes, paints, and wastes his time at the foot of the San Bernardino Mountains. He is the fiction editor of *The Great American Lit Mag* and the author of the chapbook *We Do What We Want* (Orange Monkey Publishing, 2015). Some of his poems have been deemed fit for consumption by the likes of *Welter*, *The Stillwater Review*, *Dewpoint*, *Suisun Valley Review*, *Perceptions*, *94 Creations* and others. You can find him at www.rubenstuff.com.

