San Antonio Review • San Antonio Review (Issue 2 | Winter 2019)

Morning drive, March 2019

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¹San Antonio Review

Published on: May 11, 2019

Updated on: Sep 22, 2020

DOI: 10.21428/9b43cd98.4d104488

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In such a serpentine situation
As Interstate 410 before eight a.m.,
Language is not quite precise—
Aggro jazz
Of chrysalis lives,
Some in Chryslers
 Accelerating,
 Halting to complete
Stops,
 Swerving between artificial lanes,
Closing gaps between HUMONGOUS
Buicks with grannies behind the wheel
Who should've stayed home instead
Driving their pinche wheelchairs

In such a serpentine situation as this,
I'm not quite sure yet where
Language is leading me,
But fortunately—
I'm happy to report this—
The sky is cloudless,
Clear as a summertime pool,
And I'd like nothing more than to
Dive in,
Swim a few laps,
Wet-shimmy like a slithery cottonmouth,
Outrace those squawking grackles mocking me daily

San Antonian Alex Z. Salinas was the inaugural poetry editor of San Antonio Review.