

Sarah Pett

For A.

We went driving in your parents' car
Out to the desert,
Sweet like shalimar

On the radio, the sandy scar
Of dunes on the windshield.
We went driving in your parents' car

And didn't stop until we'd gone so far
That dusky silence hit
Sweet like shalimar.

We were all alone with our
Camel lights watching the floating moon.
We went driving in your parents' car

To see if we could stop the mar
Of what we'd done from turning sour, while
Sweet like shalimar

Played on over things that were
Wrong, that heartbreaking song
Reminding me of things that are
Sweet like shalimar,

And of things that are gone
Since we went driving in your parents' car.