

## Anne Drury

### It's Time

Moth wings flutter and beat against the glass.  
I only drink at home and alone.  
It's risky but so worth it. Like  
driving north along the Maine coast.  
All the way to Canada.

Ocean mist pauses over the seacoast before burning off.  
I only speak when necessary.  
It's tiring and of questionable value. Like  
conversations with bores in crowded rooms.  
All night long.

A red fox stares down at me from high on the hillside.  
I only sing in the car at night.  
It's both terrifying and thrilling. Like  
turning the ignition key.  
Time for a road trip.  
All by myself.

**Anne Drury** is a poet and educator living in southeastern, Massachusetts. Her poems have appeared in *Ibbetson Street*, *the Aurorean*, *Wilderness House Literary Review*, *Blue Unicorn* and other literary journals. She has one self-published chapbook entitled *Place*.