

## ***Brenda Rose***

### Driving Dahlongega

Driving through Dahlongega  
in the rain. My truck moans,  
swallowed by the night.  
We take the curves together,  
sideways at times,  
the old GMC and me.  
Wipers squeak and slap my stress  
this way and that, but we're still  
drowning with no way out  
of this dark, beautiful storm. Gotta  
keep on driving. I push in a CD  
of Leonard Cohen singing with  
his deep golden voice,  
good music to sooth my nerves.  
I take a deep breath and round a  
deadly curve headed downhill like a blind  
bitch barreling her way into hell  
chased by a thunderstorm, dammit.  
I think I'd like to paint this night  
on canvas in rich oils,  
but I wouldn't know how to paint that  
golden voice and I think I might  
be lost in Dahlongega, Georgia.

**Brenda Rose** is an artist, freelance writer, and blogger. Her works have appeared or are forthcoming in *Flycatcher: A Journal of Native Imagination*, *Ginosko Literary Journal*, and *The Dead Mule School of Southern Literature*. She lives in Tifton, Georgia.