

# Awol

## Chris Cacavas

Stormy eyed on the edge of dawn  
Nose pressed against the triple glaze  
Floor to ceiling, wall to wall  
Silent traffic streams both ways  
Along the fussy freeway drivers  
Dream of Sunday barbecues  
Of a sudden, seems I can barely  
Face my self, no face to lose  
Call the bosses, call supervisors  
Won't be in today to work for you  
E-mail that girl who's working nights  
She can dress down for this wind and rain  
Leave her new Korean compact  
Let some cabbie take the strain  
Take a shower, take big espresso  
Take to the hills, and take a view  
Little black dress stretching over  
Hard crystal peaks soft valleys too  
Call the bosses, call for nurses  
Unfit today to work for you  
No wet excuses, absent without leave  
I'll be her day shift driver, exotic engineer  
Stormy eyed on the edge of night  
December, eastern time late afternoon  
Atlantic city tight behind  
Trump casino calls pontoon  
Gristle burger, frazzled fries  
End this romantic interlude  
Tomorrow morning's sweet awakening  
Could hardly prove to be as rude  
Make the journey, make amends  
Work some hasty overtime in lieu  
No wet excuses, absent without leave  
I was her day shift driver, exotic engineer

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