

When it's like this,

when mum is driving  
and everyone is quiet,  
heads toppling with sleep,  
and the motorway is a dizzy black  
slicked with lights,

when it's like this,  
the car is not a mile machine.

New thoughts fizz from nowhere.

New thoughts tick and gleam,  
find strange shapes,  
strange colours,  
build things,  
grow wings.

New thoughts sizzle out into the dark.

Old thoughts find new homes,  
new roads  
or  
pop like bubbles.

Worries go slow mo,  
fade to grey  
and vanish.

Because the car is not a mile machine.

It is a thought machine.