The Face in the Toyota

Robert Bly

Suppose you see a face in a Toyota
One day, and fall in love with that face,
And it is Her, and the world rushes by
Like dust blown down a Montana street.

And you fall upward into some deep hole,
And you can’t tell God from a grain of sand.
And your life is changed, except that you now
Overlook even more than you did before,

And these ignored things come to bury you,
And you are crushed, and your parents
Can’t help anymore, and the woman in the Toyota
Becomes a part of the world that you don’t see,

And now the grain of sand becomes sand again,
And you stand on some mountain road weeping.