

## Eli in the Passenger Seat Ollie Stewart

Somehow, in the heart of nowhere  
Your fingers part the evening sky  
And in the space you bend, your will to cold air,  
I see why some people spend their whole lives

On these roads that no one ventures anymore  
A flare of red against the dusk  
Raised veins; like yours  
And you reach out to touch them 'cos

If not here, then nowhere.  
If not you, then no one.

“Drive faster,” and I do  
With you laughing in the face of them:  
The gods you would petition to  
Before you learned; We purge our own sins

With my hand around your knee,  
Buried beneath things you shouldn't know  
No one's ever been so seventeen  
As Eli with his head back, eyes closed