

---

POETRY | FALL 2018

## Driving

By Meg Lindsay

I keep looking over at him in the passenger seat  
slumped down awkwardly,  
his jaw slack, lips parted,  
and I am debating  
if he's died, if finally his heart decided  
enough, but that would mean I have  
a dead person, a body next to me in the front seat.  
What do you do with a dead person?  
What if he's not dead? I should get him to a hospital  
but he would kill me, if I took him to a hospital  
and he really had died and I was responsible  
for having him revived. So many bones broken,  
so much nerve damage, so many warnings  
that the cancer will come back –  
a future of more lesions, more broken bones,  
more chemo, more misery.  
But if I don't take him to a hospital, am I  
a murderer? Culpable? How long am I allowed  
to drive around before I am culpable?  
An hour? Three?  
And after three hours, should I  
drive straight to a funeral home?  
Would that be presumptuous?  
What is the proper sequence  
of these things I never have dealt  
with before?  
He still does not move. It's been half an hour.  
My heart beats fast and I look at the gas tank  
thinking it might determine  
how long I drive around.  
We are an hour from home  
and I'd so like to be home.  
He stirs, gulps air, blinks and asks  
how close are we. Later he agrees  
he would have killed me  
if I'd had him revived and he'd missed  
an easy out.

---

**Meg Lindsay, who has an MFA in poetry from Sarah Lawrence College, was a semi-finalist in two "Discovery"/The Nation Contests and a finalist in an Inkwell competition. She has poems published in Light, Tricycle, Pivot, Salamander, Alimentum, Connecticut River Review, among others, and is also an established painter showing for decades in galleries and museums. Her chapbook about the process and emotions of painting titled "A Painter's Night Journal" was published by Finishing Line Press in 2016. The subject of her writing dramatically changed direction when her husband, an athlete, collapsed with bone cancer in 2016. [www.meglindsayartist.com](http://www.meglindsayartist.com)**

---

© 2018 *Intima: A Journal of Narrative Medicine*