The Sacred

*Stephen Dunn*

After the teacher asked if anyone had  
    a sacred place  
and the students fidgeted and shrank  
  
in their chairs, the most serious of them all  
    said it was his car,  
being in it alone, his tape deck playing  
  
things he'd chosen, and others knew the truth  
    had been spoken  
and began speaking about their rooms,  
  
their hiding places, but the car kept coming up,  
    the car in motion,  
music filling it, and sometimes one other person  
  
who understood the bright altar of the dashboard  
    and how far away  
a car could take him from the need  
  
to speak, or to answer, the key  
    in having a key  
and putting it in, and going.