

# Something Horrible Has Happened

*by* Gary Hardaway

This is always true. Somewhere someone  
who shouldn't have died too soon  
in an explosion or crash.

The smart drivers know the signs  
and the back street ways around the wreck.  
I count them from the front porch

and name them for convenience  
after the vehicle they turn  
off the major thoroughfare

onto my street. One: Mr. Ford F-150.  
Two: Mrs. Honda Odyssey.  
Three: Ms. Lexus IS 250.

The ambulance wails east  
with its freshly broken load of something  
horrible. Traffic then resumes.

