

# Gabrielle in Arrears

*by* Bill Yarrow

It's 10:46 in Newark on New Year's Eve.  
You're rushing to the Ramada ballroom  
for an evening of kisses, hors d'oeuvres,  
and darkened drinks. Someone honks.  
Unnerved, you swerve to the right, side-  
swipe a Buick, slide back across the lane,  
flip into a ditch. Doctor Causson warned you  
more than once about the consequences of  
being distracted. Well, it's too late to resuscitate  
advice now. You should be calling 911, waving  
at headlights, flagging down trucks, pulling  
your bleeding husband from the car. Instead,  
you're just staring at your hands, as if, somehow,  
they were imperious tools capable of magic.

