

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.

