

Lines in Contemplation of a Tragic Accident

by Con Chapman

If you were hit, dear, by a truck,
And I were left without you—
I wonder then who I would, er,
Sorry—let me start over.
I wonder up with whom I'd end
Among our unwed female friends.



There is the woman nicknamed “Midge”
Who meets with friends for contract bridge.
She's quite well-dressed and “pulled together,”
If ill says she feels “Under the weather.”
There's Tupperware inside her fridge—
I do not think it would be Midge.



There's Tricia with her mountain bike
Who likes to go on longish hikes.

Tri-athlete and marathoner
With super-wicking clothes upon her.
She wears me out just thinking of her—
Trish wouldn't have me as her lover.

There's Julie-she's the *cineaste*—
Au courant woman with a past.
Prefers her novels cutting-edge
And once was talked down from a ledge.
I'll say this now and mean it truly—
I do not think it would be Julie.



As I my malbec do imbibe
My prospects thus seem circumscribed.
Perhaps I'd end up all alone
With empty mailbox, silent phone.



I like our life in quiet burb—
Be careful stepping off the curb.

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