

Mariposa

by Gary Hardaway

Blood covered him.
His fingers slid through it,
searching for a pressure point
to slow the catastrophic flow.
At 10, I'd never seen such blood.
My father pressed on,
deliberate and calm,
waiting for the ambulance
to take this stranger,
mid-twenties by the look of him,
who had, like others before and after,
misjudged his chance
against the Santa Fe-Topeka
locomotive where the tracks
cross Mariposa Drive.

