

# 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.

