

Something Horrible Has Happened

by Gary Hardaway

This is always true. Somewhere someone
who shouldn't have died too soon
in an explosion or crash.

The smart drivers know the signs
and the back street ways around the wreck.
I count them from the front porch

and name them for convenience
after the vehicle they turn
off the major thoroughfare

onto my street. One: Mr. Ford F-150.
Two: Mrs. Honda Odyssey.
Three: Ms. Lexus IS 250.

The ambulance wails east
with its freshly broken load of something
horrible. Traffic then resumes.

