

Accident Assurance

by Ophelia Hu

I heard about your autocide
up and down the whole complex
and they said
they found you in some grotty ditch
about say six miles down
from the last roof in town.
And they said they couldn't fathom
why you weren't
more careful
but really, I've seen them sadder.
They said you were all gussied up
like a rabbit
for the kitchen table,
a rockabilly queen
with your brows on stilts.

They found your athymic neck
clipped like a bag of Skittles
and your lifeblood left a Rorschach test on the dash
in which they saw the future
and their own exits
(straight ahead and to the right.)
And everyone asked
what happened
that night
and where
were you headed.

But I knew
you weren't headed anywhere.
You were just arriving.

