

# 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.

