

Highway rollover

Bethany was heading home
happy to be going home, until Edward.
Damn Edward,
calling, arguing, rehashing.
Let's schedule Sandy for therapy
therapy! Who needs therapy at thirteen?
"Dr. Braun said Xanax,"
she says switching to the center lane,
"he is a doctor after all."
Edward yelling about drug addicted kids-
"Not our kid!" she yells back
throwing the phone, satisfied.
Seeing from the corner of her eye
Black Mass
a ripped off retread?
No time, NO TIME!
Jerking,
spinning,
hitting, hurting, bouncing...black

Headache, throbbing, tasting blood, weird noises, smells, sounds...

How much time? Still light.
She is propped but pinned,
with a clear view through the car, through the window
to the southbound side of the freeway.
Plus some sky; dingy, polluted, why can't it be blue, just this once?
Moving hurts, even a little.
The truck is crushed around her, embracing, smothering
So small now.

Some hissing, dripping, spluttering; her truck's bleeding to death.
Further away, other sounds, a low thrumming, whirring, chopping?
Straining, listening, hearing...helicopters!
More than one sounds like.
Damn buzzards, feeding off the footage.

Looking tiredly again at the southbound side
cars are crawling by, drivers gaping, even pointing,
at her, through her.

Humiliating, frightening, infuriating.

“Bastards” she breathes weakly.

Despair closes in swiftly, suffocating.

All these people, parading, staring, memorizing

All these smells, clinging, stinking, choking

All those helicopters, hovering, gorging, recording

No sirens, no police, no ambulance,

no one helping.

Steven J. Sackinger

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MMV