

Toys of the gods

Impossible with impoverished words to describe even as it occurred:
Some things puncture the veil of self, commanding witness to something else.

A concussive collision; twisted metal, bruised bodies, broken glass
abrupt, flinchingly intense but a prelude no less.

Are there malevolent gods who play with us?
Positioning mortal pieces for aims beyond reason?
For time does not stop when lives collide abrupt.

A boy bust forth, born of the wreckage
screaming running, fleeing the damage.

A woman in a white car driving,
slowing but still steadily
approaching.

The boy, lost and weeping
stumbling
the distance
closing.

The Boy The Car Converging
COLLIDING, him deforming, crumpling.

An astounded second hanging
birthing...

CHAOS

People running, shrieking, cars squealing, sirens wailing, panic reigning.

Ambulance lights flickered in the aftermath.

Cars discarded at crazy angles
spectators aghast

EMTs secure the silenced child.

Police statements, ravaged bodies, ragged breaths, tow trucks, cameras
and me.

Steven J. Sackinger
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MMV