

Blind Spot

Missus, you almost killed us!

It takes your eyes two sweeps to see him
and her flanking their black car,
doors flung
wide, akimbo, fists
on hips, voices layered and limbering
up for the fight.

*Back there where you changed
lanes. Yeah, I'm talking to you!*

You
who've signaled every intention, waved
your gracious go-aheads and put both hands
back on the wheel, ten-and-two
and competent. But these two
don't want your startled apologies or else the wind
has tossed your side of this
aside.

*Ran us
right off the fucking road! Check
your blind spot—*

You know you should walk over,
enquire about necks and backs and
vehicle alignment. They're so young, and you know something
about being knocked
askew.

Instead

you stand awkward, immobilized,
let their righteous profanity
pelt you like flung gravel
while you wonder how long they followed
you for this,
how you didn't even notice.

(STANZA BREAK)

Long after they've emptied
their mouths and driven off
you feel the shock of it and all day
you're checking
 over your shoulder,
suddenly aware that a moment's
inattention
might be the cause of some
great reckoning, certain your skill
behind the wheel was all that held you
 to the track
and now—now all that's left is to steer
into the path of what's been
dogging you,
 to pull slowly alongside the curb and wait
for another swerve in traffic.