

Construction of Disorder

Bang bang bam bam bam screech radio
sirens in the distance
closing in
silence.

At midnight I jumped out of bed and into my car. Either a drive
by shooting or a huge car accident yanking out my sleep.

4 blocks with windows down
Scared remembering
Count them now
Too many
All the lights

I can't tell what is happening, why such a big hunk of car parts is
like that
Where are the people? Listen to the man on the phone.

Two SUVs racing, truck at the light
Swerving then smashing
Twisting then rolling
Banging then crashing
Silence

Approaching the pile, there is one man hanging and limp sandy
hair, the gold truck is okay it's the other two that are one.

Open Umbrella shamrocks metal
Everywhere books flap in the breeze
Spines tell Therapy
Constructions of Disorder
Legal Practice

He's so polite each time I'm asked to step away. Don't touch the
books. This is a crime scene. Please step away.

Air balloons lights uniforms crowding
Board and straps and teasing
Alive one alive
Moving crimson arms
Ambulance

This is why I'm still here. I'm waiting for the miracle. Or waiting to see death in that same misshapen way.

Metal – man's womb or tomb
Born kicking and wet
Attendants
Hope answered
2 Alive

Walking past me I hear the officer. Get your stuff out - the one hanging out of the car still has a pulse. Why aren't they running?

Released from fear by improbably hope, I return home at 12:28. The calm good police officer waves me through and I pray for the rescue workers so strong and present.

What would those 4 men think of calmly walking into a peaceful home tonight?

Sleeping - he exhales as I push my lips to his pulsing neck and realize what he is. He is the calm rescue worker. I feel selfish for directing his energy all to me and our children. It is good. Thank you God for this man. Thank you God for the men and women still in uniform.