

accident

by nancy mason

a cold crisp night
and voices laughing; voices echo
still, bright stars
a patient moon
and voices laughing; voices echo

door slam shut
the reflex locking
gliding forward
laughing; echo

a swift wide turn
an open door
sliding, sliding
a cold wind
terror: panic!
dragging dragging
hard, rough cement
merciless pavement
shrieking brakes
roll, crawl over to side
quickly—faster!
cars whiz by
voices echo; voices
no more