Two Toyota Crash

Angela Sorby

Two Toyotas Crash

No real damage. The drivers are blessed

by the pope of fate,
the one who appears erratically,
the one who doesn't shave.

Their engines purr ho hum
ho hum, awry on offramp ice.
Do the drivers deserve their down coats?

The wind says, Heck if I know.
It can't reach their bones.

The man's air bags blew. He's OK,
just bloody with small flesh wounds.

The woman he hit is still forty-two. She notes with wonder how her parka fits her perfectly the way a dove's skin holds the whole bird together.

Fate is not a thing with feathers; it's old, bald, and blind, a pope who can't decipher the man's name,

David Pratt,
as he scrawls it on scratch paper.
But the woman reads: David, Yahweh's beloved. She has never felt safer.
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