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Rat Race

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RAT RACE

Justin Goodrich

Metal deathtraps cascading
toward the false air bag security
surrounding me.

I can see
those who try to kill me.

Green light or red,
it doesn't matter to them.
Ignoring the flashing li –

Someone just cut me off!

In a hurry or just have
no sense of humanity?
The sanctity of life flies
out of the window of their
Swiss cheese jalopy.

Cloud of
death seeping into my cocoon
clogging my O₂ with smog.
I strain to
see through it,
impossibility is just that.

Yes, my clarity driven stereo is loud!
No, I can't drive any better than these "normal" folks!

It's either a geriatric popping
high blood pressure meds,
or an adolescent popping
a zit
hitting a max speed of 35 in
what used to be the fast lane.

Ambulance sirens scream
as the knowledge falls over me
that they are headed for the latest

mangled metal monstrosity.
It is me.

“Get out the IV, this one’s losing fluids fast.”

I don’t watch
the news.
I live the headlines.
Every moment I inhale.
This isn’t bumper cars.
This is the real deal, folks.

The metal smoothie continues to liquefy
without me.
I despondently search for a way
to exit stage right
from the road kill causeway.

