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Fatal Walk in the Park

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FATAL WALK IN THE PARK

Bored from watching a "Bugs Bunny" re-run,
I grab a ziploc bag of buttery popcorn
And decide to feed the pigeons
In the park across from my Main Street
Apartment, Too tired to travel down stairs,
I hop out my seventh story window.
I do not land on my feet,
But I am improving.
As I wait at the curb for traffic
Stopped at a red light, my shirt sleeve
Accidentally catches on a silver Toyota
Door handle. The light flashes green,
The car races off, driving away from the park,
Dragging me alongside like a tin can
On a wedding car. I holler,
"Hey, this isn't the way I wanna go!"
And the Toyota halts abruptly.
Detaching myself, I brush gravel
Off my pantlegs.
But as I cross to the other side of Main Street,
A lemon yellow Camaro crashes into me
At 40 mph. I stand up, inspect
For dents and scratches in the car,
And stroll back toward the park.
I am blind; wandering past a baseball game,
Being smashed in the head by a bat.
The bat splits like a lightning-struck tree,
So I apologize, promising the youngster
I will replace it tomorrow.

I sit down on the park bench
Under an outstretched maple.
But as I open the popcorn bag,
A weightless ashen feather
Floats down from the tree,
Lands on my head,
And kills me.

Dawn Schweim