Rat Race

Justin Goodrich
Western Michigan University

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/laureate

Part of the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/laureate/vol13/iss1/17

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Lee Honors College at ScholarWorks at WMU. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Laureate by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at WMU. For more information, please contact wmu-scholarworks@wmich.edu.
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
deat h 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.