

## EVENING DRIVE

by

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I prayed  
that he had made it with the others,  
three brown bushy tails bouncing  
across four lanes of twilight traffic.  
I feared  
his mangled remains would be scraped  
from the pavement by neighborhood dogs,

fought over by stray cats or circled  
in the dreams of buzzards.  
I imagine that his two buddies  
double back to retrieve the body  
or simply peer around the trunk  
of trees to say goodbye  
and when they do,

I apologize to them  
for two tons of steel, concrete thoroughfares,  
mountains of mortar and glass,  
poisoned streams, murdered trees,  
creation of suburbs and the erection  
of a world that revolves around me  
as though I spoke it into existence.