

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.