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## Lament of the Broken Windshield

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## Lament of the Broken Windshield

Follow me, I wanted to say to my driver,  
though I don't know where I'm going.  
I look to see, but my broad eye is spider-webbed,  
like paper cuts on glass.

The lights, they pass overhead, always green and  
red. I can't pause to look. Forward,  
I think, before I crack any more, before I  
crumble onto my driver's dashboard, spill  
into her lap and make her bleed,  
and make her cry.

My driver believed she could go anywhere, leave  
her life behind her with its dark and crumbling corners.  
She could go anywhere, she thought, until  
the map closed in on her with its wrinkled face,  
until a tiny pebble nicked  
me, and branching line suddenly crisscrossed her transparent world.

Now she drives hesitantly to the other side of the tracks, leaving behind  
luring signs for KMartWal-MartTJMaxxKohl's,  
all the people rushing there, but not her.  
She steers me into a cool dark garage  
where broad glass faces, stacked in piles in a corner,  
stare at me.

And then I'm lifted out, replaced. Replaced.  
It stops her bleeding.  
I'm tossed to a pile in back, where I cry crystal tears,  
and the only thing I can see  
are all the cracks in the sky.  
And she drives by, heading toward the edge of town,  
where the horizon never blinks,  
her vision so clear again that she never even gives me  
a side glance  
as she passes.

-Bill Meissner  
St. Cloud, MN