

# CutBank

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## Will

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## WILL

In effect, he runs himself over  
with his own car, a low-grumbling  
'74 Mustang, metallic maroon  
except the spoiler, a primer-gray thing  
slapped on when he retired.  
Oh— does he take to liquor? You bet!  
He somehow drives home afternoons  
from Scheren's, across town.  
Today, he backs into his driveway odd  
and hangs the chassis on a railroad tie,  
the rear wheel spinning  
one full foot above the gravel.  
So what's he do? Hops out,  
leaves the door open, engine running,  
transmission set in reverse.  
Then— what of all things— the guy gets  
under the tire, fits his  
chest between the moving tire and the ground.  
That's when

I call for Mom. Her shout, "Will?"  
in disbelief, her "Jesus *God*"  
as she breaks into a run,  
Mr. Patzelt letting fall his garden hose,  
and this terrible moment: forever,  
the time it takes the man's neighbors  
to scramble over, fifteen seconds  
that spinning wheel draws out to years.  
"Will!" A gray man with a car on his chest.  
His own car— you'd think it impossible!  
And what can anyone say  
to him, for him, even if he's okay?  
Even if he dusts off, parks the car—  
what on Earth could anyone say?