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Accident Pedestrian

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ACCIDENT PEDESTRIAN

I am looking at the sidewalk. The cracks extend outward in all directions. This has happened before. When I was a child, a green truck pulled up to our driveway and stopped. My mother stood at the window watching for several minutes with the cordless phone gripped tightly in her hand. Then the truck turned around and drove away. I can feel the movement of the traffic under my feet. The same water that falls rises and falls again. When I was a green truck, my child stood up and pulled pieces of glass from his mouth. I am looking at the sidewalk. My mother the window phoned for several minutes, hand like birdless recording. I remembered the name of that song I was telling you about. Then the truck bent across the sky. This has happened before. I see the headlights and I feel my body change shape, a subtraction.