



Wounded

He grimaces as if suddenly stabbed,
when he recounts how he just somehow knew
the car coming up beside him was going to explode.
He rammed the gas pedal to the floor and,
like a Pamplona bull that's been goaded to gore,
shot into the Salt Lake City traffic.

After that wreck he stayed at home mainly, struggling
to be by his wife and child as they unwittingly wrapped wire
around his brain, until it was so tight he had to retreat
to his silent and dimly lit room.

That's where he remained for the majority of the next
several hundred days, in the company of no one,
with quietness burdened by the task of keeping
the mortar fire and screams away.

Then today, after she found that he had somehow
made his way to the store to see about a gun,
his teary-eyed wife coaxed him into their minivan
and delivered him here.

He now hangs his head, drained from having
his story extracted. His long, dark brown hair
gives in to gravity and reaches for the floor.

Hot tears surface and travel downward, like blood
from the bullet holes in his daughter's body, after it
dawned on him he was firing on his own little girl
and not some fanatic asshole in his dreams last night.

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