

After Hub Cap Annie

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On the way to the morning meeting
your cathedral of chrome glints.
TV howl, starburst guts, blackhole heart,
the sound wind makes into its own beginning. A man shaves into
your display of winking rims, a concrete Angel nearby, haloed in a
blue Naked City sunrise. Someone saw the beauty
of the orphaned hub cap, siphoned by the unseen pothole. First to
turn, Annie, toward the highway, a busted gathering, First to bend,
Annie, misfortune into tools.
First to shine, Annie, something useful.
Into the daybreak none of us saw coming.
The meeting begins with silence.
The sound of air escaping our lucky lungs.
The roads go slick with detour.
A pothole is just another way to change direction. If
you break down, we'll repair.