

Little blessing spoken in road rage

by [Jeanne Murray Walker](#) in the [January 25, 2005](#) issue

Chariot from Hades, fire
glinting from its windshield, steel
knife splitting the atom
to pull in front of me,
so close now I can see
the driver, her phone, can hear
death ring. Searching
for a place to get away, I swerve
into a corridor of hate,
detesting her, my body fired
with full throttle hatred,
I rev up, speed ahead, so
close now I can see her
her mouth a frightened grimace.
How exposed she is, wearing
only the flimsy dress of a car,
her brief face etched
and dying on the air, when
someone calls, *Bless this
child. May her parents see
her alive tonight*, speaking
through me, a voice, then
peace, as she passes safely by.