

Little blessing for suicidal child

by [Jeanne Murray Walker](#) in the [August 12, 2020](#) issue

I am driving in late day sunlight
when a girl in a silver car aims
for me and quick as an email
from hell, sails to my address.
Her stare obliterates me, empties
my driver's seat. So fervently
does she want me out of her way,
she seems eager to be canceled too.
I begin to hope that death will
oblige the lust she feels for it.
An opulence of loathing
fills me. Full throttle hatred,

until I see her mouth, her suffering
frown, how exposed she is, wearing
only the flimsy dress of that car,
her brief face etched and dying on
the air. And as I swerve from her path,
a voice speaks through me: *May her parents
see her face alive again.* It amazes me,
my own voice. It changed me.