

Just North of Junction Six

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an Audi Quattro rocks,
beetle black, on its back, four wheels
still spinning,
its red-stained airbags bulging,
through a broken windscreen,
like a busted lung.

A yellow dragonfly,
rotors rotating,
circles, waiting.

Six miles in both directions,
coughing, ticking over,
tapping into cell phones, apologies and excuses,
tune into Radio 2 for Sally Traffic's instructions
'Please be patient and turn off your engines.'
'It's December! You must be joking.'

On Gravely Hill, exhaust fumes spill,
and linger until,
they're lingering still.

A policeman,
first responder,
pukes onto the hard shoulder,
because someone fell asleep at the wheel
wondering how to explain to his wife,
that he preferred to spend the rest of his
life, with the woman bleeding to death
in the passenger's seat.

The yellow dragonfly,
spins its tail,
and leaves, without landing.

With apologies to Fats Domino, who lost most of his possessions after Hurricane Katrina hit New Orleans in August 2005.

Joe Reynolds