

# The Wreck

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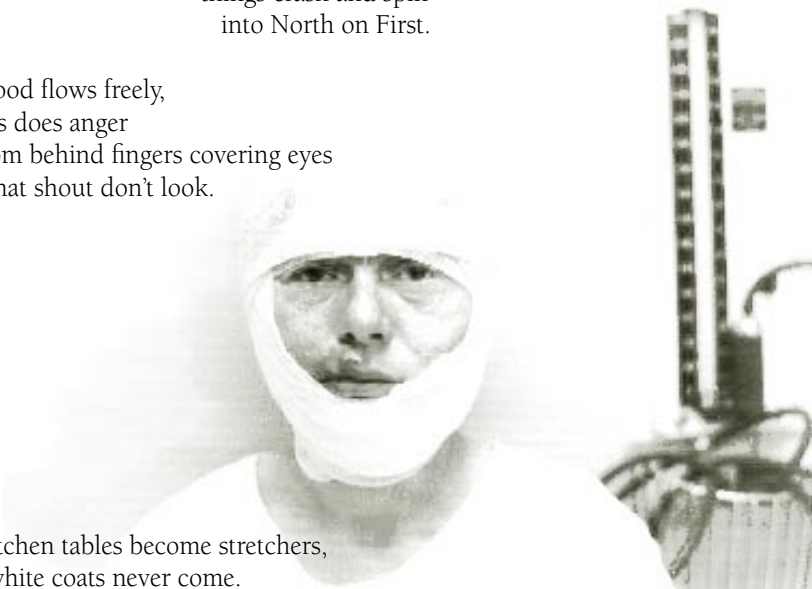
*Jennifer Johnson*

Rain falls hard in September—  
back seats turn into front,  
doors close  
in the interest of staying dry.

Traveling East on West Saunders,  
things crash and spin  
into North on First.

Blood flows freely,  
as does anger  
from behind fingers covering eyes  
that shout don't look.

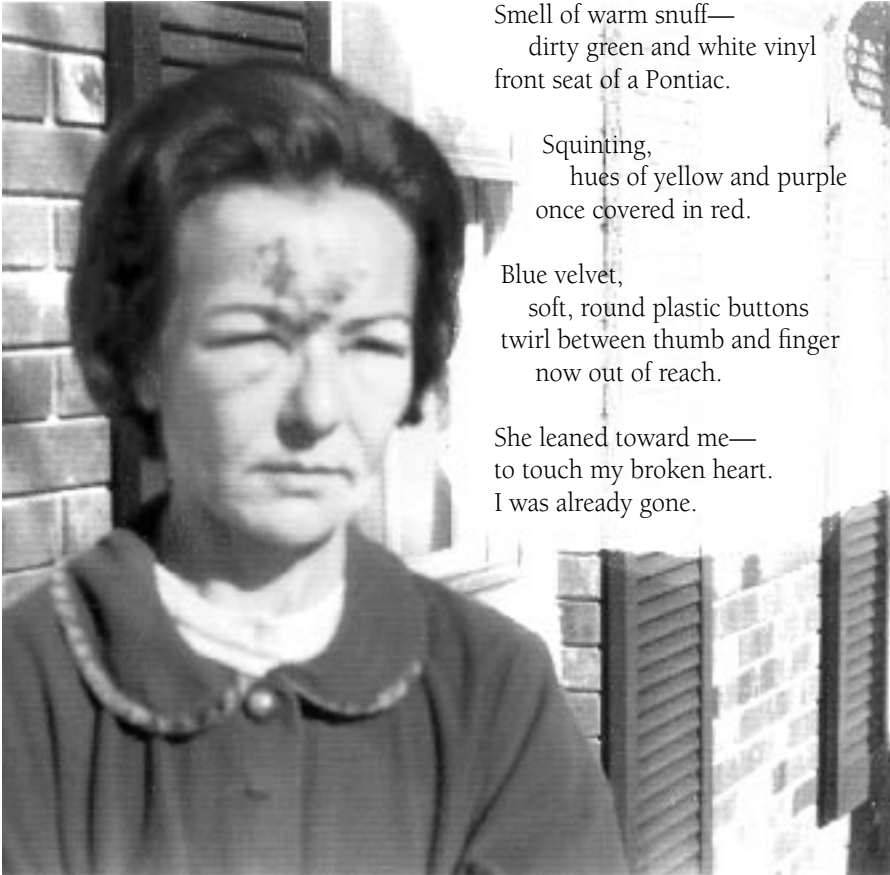
Kitchen tables become stretchers,  
white coats never come.  
visions of the Mummy  
waving backwards in the night.



## After the Wreck

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*Jennifer Johnson*



Smell of warm snuff—  
dirty green and white vinyl  
front seat of a Pontiac.

Squinting,  
hues of yellow and purple  
once covered in red.

Blue velvet,  
soft, round plastic buttons  
twirl between thumb and finger  
now out of reach.

She leaned toward me—  
to touch my broken heart.  
I was already gone.

## Plastic Surgery Phase II

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*Jennifer Johnson*



A small mark to bear...

Look quickly—  
you may even forget  
the screaming  
or the red sea.

Tiny girl  
still startles  
at the siren song  
never sung.

You look dreamy  
in the haze  
Of an aging Polaroid