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five

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As you sleep with your husband, wake suddenly eerie early morning, you can see the red and blue/shadows dancing on the ceiling, so you drudge to the blind to pull down the shades, the police car parked in the driveway, your daughter bleeding in the front seat of her upside down automobile.

And as you sleep with your wife, you feel her leave the bed to close the drapes, so you go back to sleep only to wake to her screams, on the other side of the prairie.

The blood runs between the seats, through the seat belt, out the broken window, across the street and into the gutter with the leaves and the Wendy's cup that you had been meaning to throw in the can.

The next time you got the chance.

And now you watch as blood fills that cup, each drop magnified a thousand times, each magnification holding a million DNA particles, each particle a picture of your once unbroken daughter.

And you see each step that the cop takes around the car, him uncaring, him impartial, him going home to eat breakfast with his small twin daughters and youthful wife.

He has the world before him, and does not care for your plight.

Dinner is in the oven, waiting for him.

Wait, wait for me.

And you see her on the playground, barely five, beautiful child with skinned knees and oversized tennis shoes.

She hugs your leg, you pick her up and toss her high in the air.

She shrieks.

Not now, but then, then you could pick her up and protect her from the bad things floating around her, the boogeymen of the late 1970' s.

The doorbell goes unanswered as you remember, never said goodbye.

– Jeremy Aufrance '95