

# Road Rage

He steals a second of my time, presumes  
to put himself in front of me, between  
two layers of glass and metal. He's not real.

My anger is the only thing that's real.

If he really existed, I'd not dream  
of pouring out the stream of bile I aim  
at the small slot of face I can make out,  
disembodied in his rear view mirror.

If he really existed, I would not  
make obscene gestures to his heedless back,  
or drive so close that one touch on his brake  
would crumple both our cars, whiplash our necks.

If he really existed, I'd just go  
straight on my way, not turn off after him,  
follow him down the unfamiliar streets  
and, when he stops, screech to a halt behind...