

18-Wheel Roulette

Bogeys at your 3 o'clock, 9 o'clock, dead-on—
phantom eyes playing 18-wheel roulette,
Chi-Town to Mile-High strewn with loners,
pairs, suicidal
hordes flicked from grills like birds off a
windshield.

You've logged night-years hauling Apple
Jacks to Zantac,
racking up kills without malice or
forethought
highballing I-80, Jesus on the dash, a 5-Hour
Energy
buzz as your Kenworth's 400 horses guzzle
diesel
from Star-of-Bethlehem Kwik Stops or Flying
Js
harboring all-night ladies the schedule must
neglect.

Fuel up, chow down, push on, high-beam
blinders
luring foolish venison, 24-hour country tunes

weeping at impact—till the night that
Peterbilt on high
catches you napping and knocks you ass
over head
into a heap of roadkill only a mile or two
short of a sign
saying next rest stop 27 miles.

So there you'll be, sweating out your
payload again,
waiting in line to pull before the grand
weighmaster
green-lighting the lucky—but shunting the
rest down
a harrowing grade to the antlered byways
of hell.