

8.

I am alone in my car. It's late; in the rear-view mirror I see a man in a dark-colored Ford. I turn down a side street, but he follows. At the next corner I turn left; he turns left. I speed up; he speeds up. I circle through the narrow residential streets, back to the highway. I see a patrol car, headed toward me, stopped at the light just ahead. The man moves into passing gear, slips past me as I pull beside the patrol car.

I honk, roll down my window; the policeman is young, grinning at me as though I stopped to tell him a joke.

"A man has been following me," I tell him, surprised I sound so excited, so breathless.

"I don't blame him, lady," the face smirks. The other policeman, on the passenger's side, laughs.

I speed away, fleeing the enemy, man.

EVE KELLY

Phoenix Exploded with a Big Bang

The dulcimer had lain dormant for an eon
but now drips sound
like honey melting in a cup of camomile.

It sings with the plaintive voices
of my ancestors
crying strength to me from the coal dust mines.

It is the vibration of a star that I saw
trailing illumination across the sky,
dancing with death
and laughing in its face;
it was gone as suddenly as it was born.

It is the singing tongues of God.