

Arthur Smith

Lucky

I was so nuts back there
I barely outwitted
What must have been
two witless state troopers
At a truck stop city
on I-40 west

Of Knoxville.
We'd been at it —
Dishes and oaths,
and even the cat
Squalling in a corner,
and I sped off —

I'd already been down
and would have just as
Well been dead — me crazy
with her, and her
Just crazy, and when I managed
to shake both

Her and the law,
I thought I was lucky
Until the driver's side
wiper flew off
And the rocker arm carved
its white arc

On the glass, and I
 had to pull over
And watch them — cars with
 wipers, every damn
One of them wagging on
 by me, luck

Becoming history,
 and all of it nothing
But blows in the dark,
 the first of things,
Sitting out the rain
 in the rain.