

## **REDLIGHT**

The redlight stops him in his flight  
from the only door in fifteen months  
warmly opened to him. Now everything  
is a wound. Tailights glare "Why?"  
and the stoplight bleeds. The glass  
of a corner church, locked up  
and soulless, spells in stains:  
"Who will love you now?"

When the redlight lifts to green,  
the tailights soften, but his foot  
falters upon the gas.  
Behind a horn blares, "Go! You never liked  
that funny way she laughed."

As the road lengthens behind him,  
his heart begins to cool.  
Like glass, it smooths and hardens.