

Momentum Malediction

You!

who thinks themselves more invincible
than Newton himself, who never once
stopped to consider the gravity
of the situation, let alone their own velocity.

You!

have pulled this stunt
somehow even more times
than I have become enraged by it,
have California-rolled
through the blood-red warning sign
so thoroughly
as to make me hungry for sushi.

You!

deserve nothing more
than to miss the brake entirely
and smash through your own garage
going stupid-ty-five miles per hour.

You!

are lucky I am a Quaker,
for if I weren't,
oh, if only I weren't—
I'd shove that stop sign

so far up your exhaust pipe
it'd shatter your transmission,
pop out of your dashboard,
and bitch-slap you.

Twice.