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Collisions

Jenny Molberg

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Jenny Molberg

COLLISIONS

—after C.D. Wright

The year they caught the first serial killer but not the second
I lived with a woman who because of religion had only the
most dangerous sex with men—brilliant—tall—I kissed her in
the parking lot She burned a hole through the rented carpet
Someone followed her to work drew smiley faces on all the
menus She always felt someone was watching—locked doors
twice—this was the year we drove down Magnolia Street hot-
boxing the car Nutria dissolved into lakes Facts we could not
know but felt The backs of our necks on fire I taught at the
parish school My bag full of snack-packs Dahlia with her purple
glasses her made-up words Jackson in his Batman suit Their lives
waterbirds in my hands Julia's stepdad pulled her out of class
his face closed as a box My roommate bled on the floor She
wouldn't let me see it She walked home—night, indigo—a car
parked outside shone its brights through the slatted blinds The
man had followed her for weeks His teeth wet in the parking
lot light—his eyes binoculars—he turned the wheel so the
light covered our legs The cops never found him—they hardly
found anyone—she rushed around the house turning over her
pictures with men I didn't understand At school Julia wore a
daisy-covered shirt when she came back to class we ignored our
lesson sat in the corner—yellow plastic chairs—he kept hitting
my mom she was saying I couldn't let it happen anymore The
man not her father The blade in her hands—a line in the sand—I
believed I knew what she meant but I've never been brave The
flags from the belltower whipped The floors sticky everywhere
I went All the ways I saw it didn't happen to me—then it did—