Pass Road Fury

by Jonathan Rivera

I drive through congested arteries
of the city. Even though I will likely be late,
I am patient and abide. I hear honking
behind me, I pay no mind,
but as you race past me horn blaring
eyes locked furious and intense
I stare dumbfounded for a second
and I internalize and reflect your rage.
Gas! Gas! Gas!
Fuck going to class I’m going to follow your ass.
I will follow you until you reach your destination I will
confront you because my rage boils over
My hands grip, my teeth grit and my mind’s eye
pulsates with the image of your imminent destruction.

Meanwhile,
the radio goes over the news highlights:
Hundreds and thousands of Americans
without water and power in the state of Puerto Rico.
Bump-stocks equal freedom, and now some policy
makers might, might,
might be open to reforming
gun control laws. The continued onslaught
and desolation of the Middle East. The systemic
income inequality thick suffocating racial vines
interwoven fraying.
The same radio that not too long ago had a person
argue that the civil war was not about fighting for slavery.
But I don’t hear,
I only hear the torrent in my ears full of furious sound
Violence and heart, rhythmic beating churning in tune
To the gnashing of engine pistons.
Although I am walking to class, movements muscled in
memory
my mind is still
chasing.