

# Little blessing spoken in road rage

by [Jeanne Murray Walker](#) in the [January 25, 2005](#) issue

Chariot from Hades, fire  
glinting from its windshield, steel  
knife splitting the atom  
to pull in front of me,  
so close now I can see  
the driver, her phone, can hear  
death ring. Searching  
for a place to get away, I swerve  
into a corridor of hate,  
detesting her, my body fired  
with full throttle hatred,  
I rev up, speed ahead, so  
close now I can see her  
her mouth a frightened grimace.  
How exposed she is, wearing  
only the flimsy dress of a car,  
her brief face etched  
and dying on the air, when  
someone calls, *Bless this  
child. May her parents see  
her alive tonight*, speaking  
through me, a voice, then  
peace, as she passes safely by.