

Little blessing for suicidal child

by [Jeanne Murray Walker](#) in the [August 12, 2020](#) issue

I am driving in late day sunlight  
when a girl in a silver car aims  
for me and quick as an email  
from hell, sails to my address.  
Her stare obliterates me, empties  
my driver's seat. So fervently  
does she want me out of her way,  
she seems eager to be canceled too.  
I begin to hope that death will  
oblige the lust she feels for it.  
An opulence of loathing  
fills me. Full throttle hatred,

until I see her mouth, her suffering  
frown, how exposed she is, wearing  
only the flimsy dress of that car,  
her brief face etched and dying on  
the air. And as I swerve from her path,  
a voice speaks through me: *May her parents  
see her face alive again.* It amazes me,  
my own voice. It changed me.