

I am marrying the semi-truck that held me.

Everything freezes in live motion; the union is pronounced true. A tire track torn into the road of a document and a hundred little tracts of cubed glass. His lips on mine in unceremonious determination. The ecstasy of marriage, a car crash. The world slows to a halt in the interval between the Before and the Inevitable. A phenom since called irreversible.

*His hands grab hold of my hips/the impact/his chest on mine/as he wants me closer/the chemical airbag/hits my ribcage/the car begins to scream/the crowd to cheer/and the barely mobile body beyond my control now leans/leans in/with too much shrapnel in/the walls/the flesh/the paint/the hair/the soul/to deny him.*

Something as unassailable as gravity, ineffable as fate, innate as gore. He would probably like how morbid I sounded; he would probably be delighted—and then comes the wherewithal to ask me if I wanted this.

*I did/I do/and I still will/for as long as we draw breath/the same way that cars want cruel kisses/the way he wanted me awake for the paramedics/the way the windshield wanted to shatter.*