

deadly impact the
collapsing vertebrae the
neck snapped loose at the
medulla oblongata the
windows exploded the
mouthful of debris and the
siren-like whistling of the black winds of
chaos

ONE READER WRITES:

She would see it in *Time Magazine*: a picture, himself
in the foreground, still strapped to the seat, bent
double across the belt, chin on chest, elbows limp,
hands drooping and swollen, one shoeless foot two in-
ches deep in muck, slightly deformed at the ankle,
collar and cuffs amazingly spotless, a bolt from the
tail-fin blown like a needle through his liver, blood
and yellow bile oozing out through the stain on his
suit, slowly filling the chromium ashtray in the arm-
rest, cigarette butts rising to the top, overflowing;
rust already setting in, melted plastic, pieces of
burnt cloth, the ruined spirals of aluminum girders,
lymph and ectoplasm flowing green in the mudpuddles
folded unused vomit bags stirring in the wind.