The Poet of Hartford Accident and Indemnity

Lisa Higgins
College of DuPage, higgins@cod.edu

Follow this and additional works at: http://dc.cod.edu/plr

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol30/iss2/16

This Selection is brought to you for free and open access by the College Publications at DigitalCommons@C.O.D. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Prairie Light Review by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@C.O.D. For more information, please contact koteles@cod.edu.
Instead try one of our overcrowded bus lines!
Just be careful when using one of our bike racks
Or one of our careless drivers might run you over
With one of our top of the line buses.

We’re the CTA,
And we’re doing the best we can.

The Poet of Hartford Accident and Indemnity

Wallace Stevens on his walk to work
wondering where the words come from.

Wondering what he might do if he found an extra moment
 tucked between the actuarial tables and metal filing cabinets.

Stevens asked, “Brownie, what do you think imagination is?”
And Brownie didn’t know, so Stevens never asked again.

How lonely to be a poet in an insurance agency.
How slow the time, how slim the space for thought.

What might I do in the sliver between my obligations?
What thoughts on the drive home that Stevens might share?