Hit and Run

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Amy Peter

Someone’s uncle,  
Someone’s father,  
Someone’s husband of nearly 30 years;  
met an untimely end staring into headlights.  
He didn’t deserve to die at a speeding car’s mercy.  
Even if he’d been more visible,  
it still might not have stopped.  
The driver that blew through the crosswalk  
didn’t give the man a second thought.  
Hit and runs are a tragedy,  
but they happen every day.  
As long as people are so rushed;  
neither car nor man look both ways.  
The family doesn’t know who killed him,  
and they probably never will;  
but that doesn’t mean they’ll stop searching.  
Justice for the hit and run killer,  
and the victim gone too soon.

For Lack of a Hero
Jessica Shubert

Pigeons scattered as the gentleman with the tailored suit walked up to where the woman sat on a flattened Coke box, plucking a banjo. A nickel or dime would drop into a cap crumpled on the sidewalk occasionally.

“You’re six cents out of tune, my dear,” the gentleman said.  
“And sixty cents short of a sandwich,” she replied without stopping.  
He glanced around, sniffed, and left.  
When he returned, he set the sleek case down and opened it, smiling self-consciously. She shifted for him to join her, cross-legged on the cardboard stage. The banjo led and the violin played along.