



Elegy for Right-of-Way

Once, we knew whose turn to turn it was
When to a four-way stop we came
We did not play a silly game
Of twisted kindness: no wildly waving hands;
No angry shrugs

Rules were our guide for all to
Follow in standard-step arrangement
O how we avoided courtesy derangement!
Your turn was yours no matter your sex,
No matter your abounding grace

No need to see every sun-blinded face
No anxiety, your calm betrayed.
No forcing the matter of who stayed
And who went. Nothing left to choice,
Nor chance, nor life-threatening mistakes

How can we drive on in a state
Of emotional chaos in thy wake?
Hear this, driver! Stand your ground. Do not partake
In intersection foolery! Only go when it's your turn,
And return us to thy rulery!

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