

Autumn McClintock

The Herd

Suddenly snowy, cars
break-lighting all the way to New Holland.

After Thanksgiving they're heavier
on the pedal with a gut-full.

One skids, then another
into the oncoming lane.

One won't turn off its blinker.
Left. Left. Lef—

we ease past a cop car
who got done wailing

at the scene.
Then I see them

behind the fence, somehow out in this,
black and white as an old photo

even through the sleet,
each head hung like a hand

fallen from a lap.

