

Yes, No, Yes: An Acrostic

I exit from the Edens Expressway onto Fullerton, stoplight red at ramp bottom.

A homeless man spots my opening window as the Subaru rolls to a stop and he
Makes his way over, shuffling past puffs of exhaust visible in the winter air.

Need Money for Doctor reads the cardboard sign he carries in raw hands—
Only I reach into my glove compartment for a box of granola bars and
Thrust it toward him as the light turns green and he hurries forward. Just

Before I leave I see him look at the box, then at me, then at the box
Again. I turn left through the underpass and in my rearview mirror
Dozens of makeshift tents cluttering the dank space recede.

A flat note, a missed step, a blind eye, a loose grip.
My wheels are spinning.

I am freezing.

Amy Spungen
Highland Park, Illinois