

JINXED

He has begun to feel he's dangerous, somehow —
not merely unlucky, as when his car
was totaled in the driveway by a speeding drunk,
or the time, helping his cousin move,
he broke his ankle jumping off the pickup truck.
This is different: he thinks he knows,
but can't explain, why he walked without looking
in front of that cab last year;
suspects the feeling he had that recent day
of nausea rubbing inside him like two dry sticks
was related to the fire that killed his best friend.
He trembles with relief each time
he comes home from a day of cursing his coworkers
and finds his family unstruck by lightning.
There'll come a day, he's sure, when
he'll refuse to leave the house,
certain that, in a moment of distraction, he'd step
on a crack in the sidewalk or stroll beneath a ladder
and then return home
to find his door marked with blood or a telegram.