After the Divorce Hearing, I Confess My Sins

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It was god-awful cold:
wind chill eighty-one below.
My tires froze solid,
and Debbie's telephone
went down in the storm.

I was stuck fifteen miles
into unincorporated Will County
with no way to get home
to Andrea, to the kids,
and no way to call,
and all I could think
was bless Debbie's furnace,
bless our hot and heavy breathing,
bless the blankets above me
and Debbie below.

And I could hear
branches breaking and things
flying through the air
and smacking up against her house
like it was tornado weather,
like it was summer
swooping down on us
and carrying us away
toward our final judgment.

Christ Almighty, I said
and closed my eyes
and dug my head hard
into Debbie's broad shoulder
and kept on going,
pumping like crazy
and praying the wind,
wherever it took us,
would set us down easy.