

## Blocking Traffic

You can't tell your wife  
about that raging moment  
at the guy in front of you  
blocking traffic to talk  
with his friend.  
Not all the honking horns  
in the neighborhood  
could get him to move his truck,  
so you jumped from your car,  
shouting, flashing fists  
like a heavyweight contender.  
He smirked and went on chatting  
while horns blared behind you  
like fight fans out for blood.  
Finally, with the nonchalance  
of a champion  
after a knock-out victory,  
he drove off, more horns  
detonating down the block.  
Nothing to do but drive away,  
and play out fantasies.  
But no one you can tell,  
least of all your wife,  
who'd only cry, "My God,  
you could've been killed!"

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