

GIANMARC MANZIONE

## Human Error

The crane hoists the cotton-colored SUV back to the bridge it plunged from. Upside-down and cradled in yolk-yellow straps drooping from the jib, its spent airbag sags like a punctured lung. The rear-view mirror, tendoned to the dripping wreck, twirls in air sharp with the shotgun beaks of pelicans arrowing down to snatch their sorry targets. Studying your mess in the shoulder where the crane deposits it, fluorescent-vested men become custodians of the reclaimed trash of your anger, which triggered its measures in you for the length of a lane change or a lifetime, it doesn't matter. You floored it to hound that pickup when its occupant countered with a swerve—the low imperative that dared you to chase it all the way to the end of your life—and tonight the bay's inky waters soften you in darkness, doughing you down to your final value, the bridge's oyster-bearded pilings holding still in the sands that steady your sleep—artifact, body, some paid diver's only job.