

“The Examiner's Death”

Her life was blameless blameless
so when the Drivers License Examiner died
she went straight to the Vestibule of Heaven
It was crowded but after two centuries
she reached the desk 'Take a number'
said St. Christopher 'We'll call you'

'Two centuries and you'll call me?' she said

'You should have made an appointment' the saint mumbled
rubbing his halo like a hubcap

'How do you do that?'

'Not my department' he said 'Have a seat'

The Drivers License Examiner could hear
choirs singing and the still hum of suns
buzzing like mopeds through the empyrean
This is timelessness she thought There is
no time Shadows pooled and diminished
diminished and pooled forests rose and tumbled
between sheets of ice In her dreams
her husband laughed his little
cough of a laugh

When her number was called
the man at the desk looked like God
eyes dark as inkpads

'Do you have a death certificate?' he asked

'How could I? I was dead when they issued it!'

'Keep your voice down' said God pursing his lips
'We've got a problem'