Final Destination
Anna Bowman

The sky falls in a sheet of gray,
washing over the tallest mountains,
flooding the monotonous stretch
that spreads into interstate,
taunting me at every turn.

The Tempest squalls
as the tide pulls at my tires
and the torrent coats my window,
despite my need to see
the Toyota that I tail too closely.

This deluge of heavy mist and sleet
sustains as I continue to drive
into the mammoth, slick puddle,
so I collide—
a tidal wave, devastation.