Ballistics

... as the errant bullet flew past the boy’s head he swatted at the air as if a bee had buzzed too close.
—Raymond F. Morrogh, Deputy Attorney for the Washington, D.C., sniper trial

I choose to believe the bullet went on—truing bike spokes on Nasturtium St. and threading a crooked lane of croquet hoops on 5th. Then left down Jefferson Avenue, where it deleted a malicious wish of seeds from the dandelion being held by the town bully, his eyes still closed. A surprise upset later that night after the bullet rose slightly into the miniature heaven above a high school football field to nudge a bad spiral more toward the intended chest. A fresh bowl of laced methamphetamine shattered pre-toke, marriage saved. A hole through the styrofoam chalice teetering unblessed beside the former altar boy’s frameless futon, and another hole for the spray can of aerosol snow being huffed by the kids under the trampoline, their eyes like drawings of eyes. A cloud of splinters for the sun-bleached jawbone windchime spinning shyly on the front porch of the foreclosure next door adding a new strip of sun on the dark floor inside, because I don’t know where the bullet wound up but I can’t imagine anything else. I mean won’t.