

Flat Travis

By Bob Boucher, Feb. 2010

One warm California morn
three hours after dawn
on the off ramp to Lincoln,
it's a nice day she's thinking.

The ramp curves up to the right.
Travis must brake for the light.
Behind a truck's coming fast
it's too late the die's been cast.

The driver jams on his brakes.
cement truck shudders and shakes,
skids left then it starts to roll,
a full load out of control.

She sees the truck coming fast,
lies across her seat aghast,
then the truck load of concrete
flattens Travis' car complete.

The car is flat, four tires too,
she is flat, all black and blue
and totally unconscious too.
Now here come our boys in blue.

With a crane they lift the truck
off her car, Travis to pluck.
No one thinks that she'll survive
but she's still breathing and alive.

She is flat, four inches thick
one leg broken like a stick.
A few months later it is true.
Doc said you're good as new.
But the poor thing
has been flat chested ever since.