

Premonition

Bob Boucher Oct 2012

Driving to work that morning
down Jefferson Boulevard
in my green VW Karman-Gia,.

A radio broadcast,
President Kennedy and First lady
on a Motorcade in Dallas.

My body begins shaking forcibly
so forcibly that I can no longer drive.
I pull over to the side of the road.

A voice keeps screaming in my brain.
They are going to kill him today!
They are going to kill him today!

I must warn them.
I must tell someone,
but Who, The FBI, The Secret Service?

What should I tell them?
What, Where, When, How?
I don't know but I am certain.

Today is the Day.

Calming down, I drive to my office.
Silently sit at my desk waiting,
waiting for the terrible news.

I do not have long to wait.