

## The Crossing

by Sheena Gingerich

I've barely managed two steps before the damned hand appears.

12 The countdown, once summarily disregarded, now threatens  
11 another humiliating episode of honking and head-shaking.

10 A clone of my former self blows past, skirt swirling  
9 and heels clicking. No doubt this doppelganger  
8 scorns my insufferably slow pace as much  
7 as I once did – and still do.

6 I shuffle past the  
5 rolling eyes and  
4 revving motors  
3 of the right  
2 turn lane  
1 and  
0 stop, safe on the sidewalk,

gasping.

Behind me, the masses carry on as if nothing is wrong.

