

# Gandy Dancer Archives

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## 911

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# 911

1. I was ten. I had to run away  
to clear the screams from the receiver  
while my sister bled into a towel,  
and our dog, now a strange animal,  
charged at the door with murderous intent.
2. It was never dialed,  
but the cordless phone found a new cradle  
in the thick marsh of the pond out back.  
Marble-eyed sunfish observed as  
I was sent with snorkeling gear to search till dusk  
but found only nests of dirt.
3. A drunk motorcyclist looked up at me from  
his back as blood clotted like wax on his swollen head.  
My own voice sounded unfamiliar  
spelling out the road name under pooling lamplight.