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Sunday Morning

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Sunday Morning

By Matthew C. Brennan

Back home from Kroger, I sense that something's terribly wrong: five squad cars flashing red cordon the street, and yellow tape extends from a fencepost to a worksite shed across from us. Beside it rests a Jeep that jumped the curb and stopped, and running from the scene, a woman, sobbing, scrunches her face into a hand-wrung rag, disfigured by whatever horror she was brought to see behind the white construction trailer.

Later, in their now-quiet cars, the cops roll away and leave the tape to flap in the wind like litter from a Sunday picnic. Nothing on the news, no sightings of the suffering young woman anywhere. So afternoon slips into evening, couples walking their well-groomed dogs and killing time, the half moon rising, a slow leisurely winding down of a watch reset on Monday morning.