

Freak Accidents in Los Alamitos, California

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Dad, first, heard the sputter and groan,
then pointed to a giant exoskeleton
in the sky. The tail tipped
and whirled, vanished in the trees.
The sky flashed gold.
We looked at each other, so strange
to see death in a light. Our power
was out for hours.

The Eyewitness News said, "Miracle
Angels," as the footage of six perfect people
stepping from the smash and wires
gleamed eerily in our living room.
It's easy to stay alive, I thought.
Forget the seatbelts and life vests,
Mom's scalding soup, the deadly mix
of men and candy. *Those* bodies
flew from clouds to cement, touched wind
and voltage, lit up the town. So I spun crazily
on my roller skates after dark, teased cars
and hung from branches. I could twist
like rubber, survive like steel.

Years later, a local girl bumped her car
into a tree, hopped out and walked
to her boyfriend's house. As he called
the police, she died in a chair.
"It's so easy to go," everyone said,
and for a week or two even Joey Spinelli
stopped pushing drugs. I began to use cross-
walks, but continued for months, adding
broccoli to my diet, updating tetanus,
planning fire escapes in the house.
It's everywhere: gas leaks, loose
library shelves, dogs that pant disease.

I recently met a boy who used a pool sweep
to scoop a parrot from a power line,
electrocuting himself. For a moment,
he saw his skeleton glow—fiery, blue bits
in his hands. "But the best part,"
he said, "was the helicopter ride
to the hospital, so cool and high.
Though my skin was smoking, I got lost
in the blue and noise. You just learn
not to look, you know;
you learn not to look at your body."

