

## Statistics

Rain waxed roadway floats pale neon.  
Scoff clad mall rats snicker on by.  
Sternum up on the gutter bricks,  
matted head gentled by the curb,  
JD oozes out a final drop  
and gives it up -- his broken bag weeps of last *mad dog*.

Five-thousand-four-hundred-twenty-four pound fiberglass and steel body box  
strangles out a last bleep  
and slides to a stop.

Vic or Perp?

Beats me, doubt he knows, teeff.

Spark him?

Naw, he's flatlined.

Stokes?

No, ah, baggie. He's a leaker man

One-hundred-twenty-three-thousand-four-hundred-sixty-five dollar annual budget. One-thousand-four-hundred watt warning light. One-hundred-ten decibel audible alarm. Sixty-six gallon volatile hydrocarbon tank. Six minute thirty-seven second morgue trip.

*The* fifteen minutes for Doe comma J.