

# *The Man Who Shoots Stop Signs*

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Standing alone on a dark road, maybe he believes  
the new ones are virgins, too hard to resist.

Or maybe his girlfriend told him Stop, and he did,  
but he didn't like it. Tonight he hates the word.

Or maybe he got lucky at a yard sale, bought a six-pack,  
and drove around to celebrate his new used .22.

Or maybe it had to be the sign or his dad, and his dad  
was never home. So he made-do with the sign.

Or maybe, as ugly as Fallujah was, there are parts  
of it he misses, or wishes that he could've missed.

Or maybe if your nights are bad enough, you don't  
want to be told what you already know. Whatever.

Whoever walks these roads will know you were here,  
that you found one last way to sign your name.