



Making the Next Green Light

by Margaret
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UNDERGROUND
WINDOW

It's been yellow too long and I know I won't make this one. Have to stop or the cameras'll get me. And the morning had looked so bright.

This morning began well, the sun at my back as usual. As I wait at this interminable red light, my windows shut but someone else's cigarette smoke seeping in, also as usual, I get a creepy feeling that it is my fate to be here at this time.

Everywhere I stop. Every light I make. Or don't.

Is there an accident ahead of me I missed...or one behind that I escaped? Perhaps I'll be the cause of something that happens because I'm here. Or maybe everyone avoided it because I didn't try to make it through the yellow light.

All I seem to do is run from one light to the next, one task to the next, one encounter to the next, one day to the next. I hope I'm at all the right ones. At the right times.

But does it matter? Maybe there is no right place to be or wrong, only our constant choices forming our lives like clay into the statue of who we are. Where we are.

Fate must be an amorphous illusion, in continuous motion, every-changing with every decision by every person, animal, bird, fish, automobile manufacturer, computer virus.

I call it "fate" that I'm at the longest red light in the world, but it's really because I made myself get up ten minutes early today and faced a different universe than I usually do. A different universe filled with hundreds, perhaps thousands, of people interconnected by their places on the road, at the light, at the stop sign, backing out of their driveways, stopping to grab the paper before they leave, stopping to kiss their families...

Or did everybody make different choices today or get delayed or wake up unusually bright-eyed for a change? On this morning, did the baby spill her milk and the lady in the blue car next to me get delayed on her way to wherever she's going? What about the man in the black pickup truck behind me...is this his usual day? Is he angry because I didn't try to make it through the light? Did I change his plans? And his fate?

Thoughts of infinity fill my head and I haven't even had my morning caffeine yet.

And I wonder what would have faced me on the road ahead had I decided to make it through that light, my decision based solely on my need to make it through because I had to be ahead of these cars and had to get to the next light...the next challenge. Because I thought I had to be there. In a different universe of people who all made different decisions today, or the same ones. Scary how we all must be connected.

In all things.

It's green now, and I forge my new fate.

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