

# Averages

Category: Poems

written by Kenneth P. Gurney | March 4, 2011

## **Kenneth P. Gurney**

The helmet-less skateboarder  
with his head split open  
never checked his rearview  
for the one-in-a-million chance  
gaining on him and all of his  
experience through  
six-hundred-thousand plus  
ollies, railslides, and mctwists  
makes no real difference  
as the EMT scribbles the words

*organ donor*

on some official looking form  
before the ambulance zooms off  
toward the hospital.

## **About the poet:**

Kenneth P. Gurney lives in Albuquerque, NM. His poetry appears mostly on the web, as he prefers to spend SASE and reading-fee monies on pumpkin spice cookies for his Dianne. His latest book is [An Accident Practiced: Poems by Kenneth P. Gurney](#). To learn more about Kenneth, visit [www.kpgurney.me/Poet/Welcome.html](http://www.kpgurney.me/Poet/Welcome.html)

## **About the poem:**

"I witnessed the ambulance arrive and went over to find out what was going on. The kid with his head split open lay on the sidewalk. He was a skateboarder of skill, according to his frightened friends. I made up the part about the EMT scribbling 'organ donor,' but I had heard ER nurses comment that bicyclists and skateboarders who do not wear helmets are 'future organ donors.' The poem's title reflects that the law of averages catch up to even the best of us."

## **Poetry editors:**

Judy Schaefer and Johanna Shapiro