

## **Pulled Over in Short Hills, NJ, 8:00 AM**

By [Ross Gay](#)

It's the shivering. When rage grows  
hot as an army of red ants and forces  
the mind to quiet the body, the quakes  
emerge, sometimes just the knees,  
but, at worst, through the hips, chest, neck  
until, like a virus, slipping inside the lungs  
and pulse, every ounce of strength tapped  
to squeeze words from my taut lips,  
his eyes scanning my car's insides, my eyes,  
my license, and as I answer the questions  
3, 4, 5 times, my jaw tight as a vice,  
his hand massaging the gun butt, I  
imagine things I don't want to  
and inside beg this to end  
before the shiver catches my  
hands, and he sees,  
and something happens.