

Glass Cuttings

A heart blown open flaps, is
a shutter. After being caught
in the crossfire we wonder:
what cause?

Artillery on each side,
thunderheads rumbling,
engines which drone—
This is the sky,
ominous clot.

We are beneath it, in-
conspicuous, smuggling love.

The setting is smoke filled,
a German war scene on some movie.
The danger's subliminal, an
undercurrent which rustles, apprehends
edges, goes slow mo, goes—

Am I sinking before you?
Up, up, you can't seem to catch.
Who shut the sound down?
Your face, such a pale shape,
that blur I—

Freeze the frame. Cut the shot.
It's precise as a negative
with light flooding behind,
imaging absence, the only
proof we have