

from Juked #5, Spring 2008

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DOCUMENTARY

I. Credit

Light breaks on the acute angle
of a tipped chair and arches across
smeared tile, pounding into the black
board; soft residue pours to the ground.

II. Time-Lapse

The eyes of a doll click shut against plastic,
cloth body waiting with its thick stuffing.
Maybe when those eyes close, the window
will shut. We all hope for the blinds.

III. Plot

What we want is a star as it falls,
the ash dotting a baby's nose,
the contact shivering your spine,
the fire hosing down a world.

IV. Dialogue

We only think about what others may understand;
the grilled cheese too greasy, the bread soaked
through. The plated spine of your moon hovers
with the blink of a sick light.

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V. Credits

are sure enough the only thing we leave.
You are bare foot, toe stuck in the icy gook
of a candy thrown down. The can-can rush
of sound makes you turn again, in search of breath.