

In the Middle, the Night

the wilderness stumbled

in the beginning (I was a survivor) I was an answer
I remember the flash & my hands & his face

(was there ever a mystery) a man under scrutiny
(this is a city of matches & heavens) he was tall &

trapped by his good nature we took a lot of photographs
we bought a house & a shotgun & then a stranger

(a blur of very fast & bright) I can imagine running
when I found him & his wound I wouldn't say hope

or finally (a game of weddings & widows) a life
of Junes transformed (I was possible it's very natural)

every dampened life is a crime scene a dump a diversion of
gloves & careers (the facts were a background) that story

was a life of figurines & their beneficiaries (a man & woman)
(clothed & confiscated) my story again & again I turned

around he was standing & then on the ground (his neck blown
open past possible) I tried to look (a question of focus) it was

more exact as a mystery (he was a working murder) a house
that began in the middle of the night (the most exciting part

is breaking) with his words he had broken (his story) a gun
a duffle bag (I returned a widow) a camera of taken things