

Why?, Act Five

There is no grace in Act Five,
only the nerves
insect leg twitch
and involuntary bowel movements
and confusion.

A snail in salt doesn't fall asleep
with a half smile
like Gramma from the afterschool special.
It twists and contorts, it jerks and
writhes for some time like
a living severed limb on fire,

All the people who taught me
card tricks are dying.
I've been trying
to gank my poppop's
good looks from old snapshots
And all the people who taught me
card tricks are dying.
I've been trying
to steal my grandfather's
handsome from old photographs.

And even if
the world is saved
and the couples kiss
before the credits list,
There will be more
than a lifetime of death
in the scrambled signal snow that's left
when the blackened tape runs out.
The invisible frames death tacks
to your movie reel
far outweigh
the reel itself.

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There is no grace in Act Five...
A circus tent
and all the
folding chairs
fit in
an old
coffin for travel.