

Cymbals Eat Guitars

"Gary Condit"

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We went and left the dog on the highway median
Glaring sky to map microbial floaters against

But it grew dark as we sat 'hind a car that wouldn't let
us pass
The child in the back wouldn't quit waving her doll's
arm
I said "from the age of six this boy did not want to live"

The passing of time hasn't changed your dad's pained
expression

I felt our diners and our movie theaters in poisoned
nighttimes
Intumescent and crawling
Nonlocalized awakenings
Memory's strange abbreviation

In that other time before I knew you
My parents fell asleep bathed in wavering blue
Some breathing dogwood trees lined the street
Swaying white and pink
Carpeting the canopied hall

The shared nightmare of your shut room on a rail
Through the absence in the morning
Hole in histories
We made for some show
Pulled off to the side when rain came prismatic,
spreading the headlights
Then you drove me home

Is it teeth-shaking polyphony grace and completion or
nothing?

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