Guns in the Basement

I won’t hold words to your head.
I’ll take instead the cell of this poem, its exposed metal toilet, communion

wafer-thin mattress, the high bird of a window that turns its white breast over and over.

I could be hiding in heavy traffic, instead, left again, another, again, another cell of difficulty. Revolutionary sugar cube in winter never melts on the tongue. Set on the snow: a crystallize maze-eye of fanaticism, smashed monk spectacles

iced upon the plastered alcove, beneath the aristocratic, soft leaded glass. (I will never tell you it can wait.)