

One Poem

Laura Jaramillo

WAVE AS IN WARRIOR

soldier of no one's
fortune
cheerleading
drills in the
parking lot
each night

someone advances
a wet crawl through
the crowd

Whiteout on
life's value

a veritable meadow
of not noticing
disguised out
in the open
to have no privacy
be exposed
and invisible

to become
someone through
the unthinkable
to articulate
the empty

spaces all lit
up at night
for no one
malls
churches
schools
supermarkets

epidemic
of light
epigenetic
howling

everything
belonging to gender
and everything
not belonging piled up
on top of it

I want to say
I feel it too
a formless
lacerating
loneliness
collectively
inflicted
individually
wounded

not clean
or cauterized

many days like
this a thumb pressed
down at the top
of the skull

someone advances
a theory but language
is banished

a terrible meadow
a crush of onlookers
a nativity of debtors

public hearts
atrophied a para-
military state
and its afterbirth

as the sniper
on the roof
comes closer
who above
the record
keeper keeps
the records

someone advances
the door locked
from the outside

ropey saliva
seconds dilate
to milliseconds

pitter patter of
hearts ace of
pentacles

a man walks in-
to the theater
halfway through
the film
into the aisles I freeze
the dive reflex
takes me
I think this is
the end

the man dives
under a seat
only to find
his wallet

to think wow,
I'm still alive
and in quick
succession what
now

