

Gandy Dancer Archives

Volume 5 | Issue 2

Article 11

5-1-2017

911

Macaulay Glynn
Binghamton University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://knightscholar.geneseo.edu/gandy-dancer>

 Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Glynn, Macaulay (2017) "911," *Gandy Dancer Archives*: Vol. 5 : Iss. 2 , Article 11.
Available at: <https://knightscholar.geneseo.edu/gandy-dancer/vol5/iss2/11>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by KnightScholar. It has been accepted for inclusion in Gandy Dancer Archives by an authorized editor of KnightScholar. For more information, please contact KnightScholar@geneseo.edu.

911

1. I was ten. I had to run away
to clear the screams from the receiver
while my sister bled into a towel,
and our dog, now a strange animal,
charged at the door with murderous intent.
2. It was never dialed,
but the cordless phone found a new cradle
in the thick marsh of the pond out back.
Marble-eyed sunfish observed as
I was sent with snorkeling gear to search till dusk
but found only nests of dirt.
3. A drunk motorcyclist looked up at me from
his back as blood clotted like wax on his swollen head.
My own voice sounded unfamiliar
spelling out the road name under pooling lamplight.