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Sudden Onset of Scelerophobia

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BRANDON RUSHTON

SUDDEN ONSET OF SCCELEROPHOBIA
fear of wickedness

Pardon the inexcusable exercises taking place
in front of the elementary: how fast can we stash
a mannequin in an unmarked van. This is no lesson
in clean get away. Call it what you will. A schoolteacher
suggests her students are just like evidence: only good
for sinking in the river. Like all lovers of distance
the neighbor keeps a pair of binoculars by his backdoor
which should help him see *suddenly-so-unexpected*
can be a good thing. For example: an emergency appendectomy
keeps the apple picker on his toes. It's not a stretch
to assume this is the evening the kids will take liquor straight
from someone else's mouth. Nobody here is concerned
with pollution or how plastic bags suddenly become fashionable
over our faces. Bad days always beg the question
how much bath water must soak the ceramic tile
before we pull the plug? You've got your feet up
on the faucet and I mention, in passing, you are at your sexiest
in a ski mask. My compliments are like fish
going belly up, you say, a final attempt to be exposed as tender.
You're making me out to be harder than I am.
I should confess in this city not even the cinder blocks
are innocent. If you saw the boy perched on the overpass
with his cargo shorts full of stones you would understand
the windshield glass in my hair. You would understand me
if you could see the boy. If you could see the boy drowning
you would agree it looks like he needs a buoy
steeping alongside in whatever body of water I left him.