

The shadow's explanation was then  
that getting his soul out of the room  
God had scorched the window.  
My brother suggested that it was like his  
brownie box camera. The sun had got so used  
to stopping where the old man stopped  
that the pane was like film. His reflection  
was a positive negative.  
Then my mother offered  
that the story'd been made to suit the window.  
My father looked at her.  
My brother went on with his box camera theory.  
And I stared, and stared  
at the film in my head  
that was to hold that image regardless.

### Live Wrestling

The Murfreesboro Mauler peels  
John Blank out of the ropes, where  
he threw him,  
and body slams him.  
They ride together on the mat  
like that for several minutes,  
flipping like fish, the Mauler  
grinding salt into John Blank's eyes.

They struggle to their feet  
like rapist and rapee, Blank blinking  
and blanching, the Mauler, mauling.  
When a huge man from the studio audience  
with sinking ships on his forearms  
pops a packet of ketchup in his mouth  
and leaps into the ring,  
appalling the Mauler and drawing applause.  
He goes for the villain

who steps aside neatly and plants a fist  
in the ostensible tourist's throat.  
The ketchup breaks open;  
the fans at home slap their knees  
and the announcer stumbles on the word hemorrhaging.  
The camera spins around, simulating chaos.  
And for a second we glimpse  
a policeman lighting his cigarette  
and a 10 year old boy dragging  
his bawling brother back from the bathroom.

-- Jim Hall

St. Petersburg, FL