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Appearance Of A Force

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Anything could rupture the skin of afternoon: a plane inscribes a scratch on blue porcelain; white hands flutter up from your plate. Who would not be frightened if it broke now: if one odd pain like a gaping fish broke surface at the pupil of your eye?

Flags of steam open and fade. Dressed in purple, you fade in the corner. Glass catches the blood-light: a globe of wine. What can I say? You are too far off—your face a pale smear on the wall, a small white pile of hands in your lap.

A hammer hurtles toward the membrane of the window. I fold my hands and wait; it is impossible to stop the meal.