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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.