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Cindy

Michael Earl Craig

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CINDY

I'm at home running the vacuum when Death arrives,
the one from Bergman's *Seventh Seal*.
His makeup looks smeared, damp.
"Bengt Ekerot," I say (Death says nothing).
I think: I'll fuck his world up.
And: Chess, what a joke.
Just then a trap door gives way
and I'm falling, falling...
or maybe floating, weightless
in a void, in space.

I can hear the almost celestial,
heavily-amped snorting sound
of what might be a long line of coke
going roughly up a red pair
of proverbial nostrils.
"Who's there?" I ask. "Cindy?"
At this the Hooded One reaches forward,
lightly tapping his bald Queen.