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The Gunslinger Sweetheart at Twenty Paces

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THE GUNSLINGER SWEETHEART AT TWENTY PACES

I sleep-walk through town & palm
the pommel of an anger again. It's old
news by now, how I ride it,
get ridden. I tell you, now a word's
the weapon, & the weapon's a vehicle that turns
back towards the mouth that built it. &
we've been walking on
hilts for so long—you can't help but fear that
I like it. I fear that I like it, too.
When this is just a dream, a thought
tumbles down like a dial on a wall-safe,
& you leave one ear on my chest. There, you hear
three blackbirds knife through a hot sheet
of equatorial rain, & the weather & I
are of the same body, mechanism, & crude
catalyst, at last. There, there is
no flight but in the fuel of a word
broken open, so that outside every bedroom
we fooled gravity in a mailbox looms,
planted on its lone leg, its trigger-mouth
swallowing what has not yet been said. Keeping
the message safe & the message whole.
What means something whole, now? I tell you, time
is the safe, then the hand that reached inside it.
What knifes through the weather is wearing a number.
What weathers through you is drawing a line.