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At the Scene

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AT THE SCENE

The pictures
aren't painted so easily anymore.
I labored a night
at a murder scene.

I stood there
writing a poem
using the cold hands for reference,

systematically
checking my pulse when it raced,
and then afterwards
at the typewriter
I knew the correct order
of events.
Flinching to avoid the collision course
with death
that my uncle and others
have taken,
and the shaping of the eyes,
the pupils that roll on forever
in the dreams of the onlookers.