

DWAYNE THORPE

BLOTCHES

Small black submarines in the blood
cruising for years invisible
now begin to nose the surface.
Periscopes sniff the collapsing horizon,
hounding the designated target.

Now those itching spots on his hands,
after two years, won't go away.
Once he scratched until blood ran
but they surfaced again, lethal and steady.

Often he sits on the morning bed
as the lady of all roses declines
through room after room—vacuuming.
Soon he will fall through the hole of his shadow,
leaving the testament of his shoes.

Now the shiny black sedan
cruises around their block all night.
Their paper faces peer out from
the drawn corners of fearful curtains.