

On the shows

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On the shows
paddles are charged,
and all are clear.

He beeps back,
a gift from nylon hands
armed with solemn oaths
and perfect hair.

I wish I knew
when I shocked the poor man.

It's violent;
ninety-nine and bound
for cracked ribs,
the family's phone-voice clear
for *everything done*, doc.

He slops out from gasps,
on slick sheets,
jerking, from my own vitality,
the room more piercing
than his own end.

*

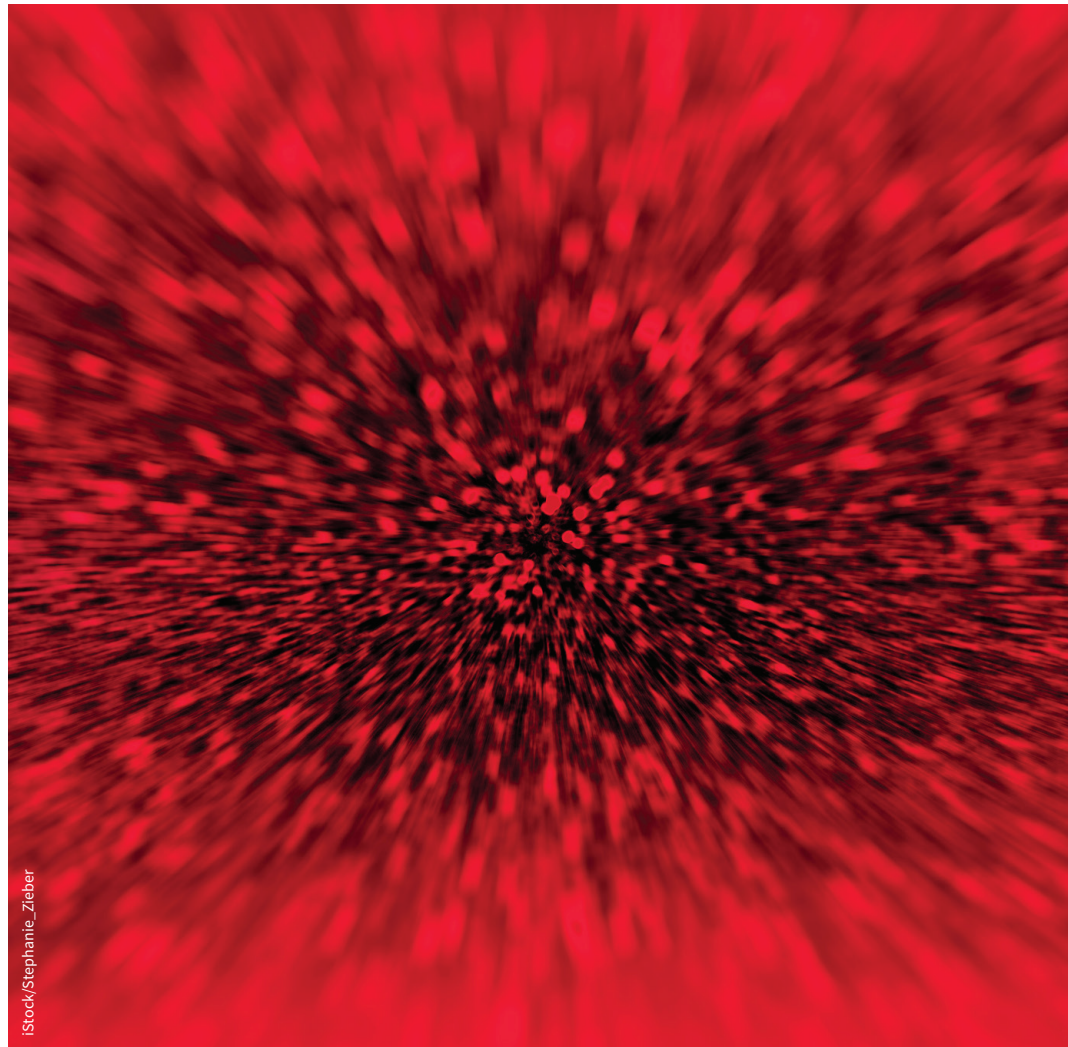
I've said I'd give anything
for my own blood
— that which left him
all those years ago —
to beep back.

Now I don't.

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