

October 20, 2008/January 21, 2009/April 20, 2009

PRISMS OF A CRIME

Sadie Hickman

I.

He is a man, he squeezes the trigger,
and doesn't look back to see
another fall to the concrete.
He runs away, runs to save his own life.

II.

The explosion pierced her earphones.
She's afraid, half-deafened now, confused,
as the blood blurs on the sidewalk.

III.

Staring up at the light of a street lamp,
his vision bruises and tunnels in pain.
No memories, no angels, no heaven's gates,
only the city night's glowing grey-orange clouds.

IV.

A pen scribbles on rain-wrinkled paper.
More forms, more forms, more forms for the morgue.
The chicken will be cold at home,
it's a microwave night.

V.

Toss the coffee, don't watch it splash,
jump in the van, peel out, watch the taxi.
Recorder in hand, camera man in the back.
Do the dead deserve it? Does it matter?

VI.

Sixteen thousand plus dead last year,
their lives taken by someone else.
Paper-thin skinned fingers type another name
into a typewriter, then the next,
and the next
and the next.