

Title: Did You Hear the News?

Come day of Sins, and she sees
[cross-circle-cross] headline: an Auroran man
installs fifty-eight crosses for the city
that gambled but lost all cards; California bars
and synagogues and lost probabilities—empty.

Four wheels beat down two thousand miles
with chipped cans, cold coffee. A crumpled man drives across
fresh pavement to revive the lost spirits of Columbine and
Hurricane Hook; Sandy never saw the rain coming.

Forget the cross installed for the gunshot
to head. Forget his cracked calluses, cacophonous calling
curdling screams capping canopies of silence. Hear the
crashing stones fire /ck/ck/ck/
Kids collapsing, cold coffee turned ice. Amidst
the noise, someone calls desperately to duck.

But there are more: more than unresolved numbers
in white paper houses, more questions than answers but no one
cares for the fallen, for the shootings that shoot away from our minds.
The news does not matter anymore.

Did you hear the news?
I guess not.