

Unsafe

It's hard fiction
He said. The book
Has been tricking them
He said, stolen, charming
It was a transformation
Tales without plot or people.
What he called
A simplified explanation
Linguistic extremity
Not much comfort
Wounds, anxieties.
But they have shied away
From any questions about fashion
Any formal reckoning
Great hints, slight distinctions.

Could you make senses?
Or is fiction a job
A sort of sonata
Newspaper clippings
Incidents, where on one page
We add
The fear that it will endure?