

X

Final Repose

Brockman could see
 the near future. His own death
When he saw it, he took with grace and good humor,
Like much else.
Seeing his own tears on his dead face.
Like an angel in peace.
Stoic too,
Since the police had enlisted his help
 to find a killer,
And made him a target.

Death was prolonged, not quick.
As his murderer arched, he waited in resignation.
Watched his cocoa milk come to boil.
His body
Wrapped in a plastic bag for disposal,
The moisture in the bag collecting
In the well of his eyes
 and running down his face.

Paper Hearts

He collected the hearts of young girls.
But not in the way you think.
When he buried them
He cut a heart from the dress
 in the vicinity of a newly pinked nipple and blushed breast.
Kissed their dead lips.
Shovelled soil on angel cheeks
 and shining ringlets.

Kept his souvenirs in glassine bags
 with other trinkets.
When we caught him he grinned.
Smile like treacle.
Sixteen hearts in a box.
Fourteen we knew about.