

LIGHTSEY DARST

BLACK MAGIC

Now that we have carried our freakish timing (on the very
nape of cymbal) to its natural limits, have quarreled

in department stores like Saint George and his Dragon,
have folded stealth fighters of our Valentines,

what next? When you dashed our dimstore Sèvres
from the picnic table in your faux-rage, yeah that was great,

but what's on tap for our encore? The stripping mannequins
in the darkened shop look on, no, through our tableau. Eyes

lashless and vacant cuffs, we stand with no air between us,
sleeves full of gulls, each waiting for the other to pull

from a buttonhole that fake poppy with its prismatic flag.