

Black Cloth

I found him on the Gallery floor.
"I miss you at lunch breaks,
I miss you in my life".
We embraced and danced as we held on.
He always gave me truth
The man with the flaming red hair and
charming limbs.

Art had been inspected
Both unavailable to the puncture of
the heart.
We walked towards the car park.

Leaning in for goodbyes our attention was
stirred.
Three men and one woman lay on the tar.
We watched as wheels drove slowly over
their bodies.
Crushed under the weight of the weapon.
Three men and one woman.
A hood wrapped around her head.

We felt panic.
His voice trembled and I followed it.
Moving quickly.
I slid into the back seat of my car.
Breathe.

A boy jumped into the driver's seat.
Familiar
my brother
no more than ten years.

He turned the key.
The car reversed into the traffic.
Driving away
Driving ahead
Leaving the bodies behind.

I opened my eyes, staring down.