

the blind girl & the hit man/

"An Act in Two Plays"

Part One: *the blind girl*

Scene I

One afternoon in the park,
her hesitant memories
skim reluctantly
over gray matters
the sun-patched blues
overlooked in the clearing –
skip like dusty old records
stuttering, scratching by
to a walk in the park;

or more accurately,
she attends today's preview
reviewing the usualness
each yesterday reserved,
reenacting passive afternoons
walks in parks distract –
weather plays no part.

we see the girl
who can't look back –
surveying the terrain edges border
varying degrees pitfalls embarrass,
her far away eyes too close to tell
map the signs hands print
reading her future in palms –

she parlays this invaluable foresight
into broadening delicate prospects
panoramic bounties shortchanged,
tracing their lost horizons back
through widening passages
narrowed birth mislead
guiding her first steps
with more tricks:

- learn to separate shadows
- blackouts have good memories
- daylight's never late for tunnels.

her steps rock more than plant
like a slow number at a fast dance,
a broken reed in the lonely storm...
she was a careless gesture
and nature spoiled the rest –

the dome's black-eyed shiners
eclipsed by a sucker-punch
tinge monochrome reels
darkness dreams in color
her flowers lit under ground;

greed sees through mirrors
their silvered glasses glaze
with light's stealing glance
at the beauty tarnish masks
from every reflective angle
she faces herself in thought –

sunrays deflect a certain irony
sparkling violets highlight
along those peering blind spots
striding sightseers traffic,

flaring her make-believe mouth
routine forged with smiles
at each bashful recognition
of the glowing resemblance
compliments pass in the dark:

the stare is subtle as the sway
her profile's bounce of hair shades
like curtains flicked over split glass
once approach turns to examine...

under the sage tree's kindred stigma
where immovable views attract,
she soothes struggle's wayward soles
far from sight to mind –
and saddles a bench supporting the idea.

Scene II

an ear masters sight
peripherals envision
instrumentally tuned
to sounds fury mutes –
quickens string section's pace
heart plucks on sudden beats:

rears her head to sweaty strains
with that ruthless pause
fear shocks into silent scream
to stabs in the dark
peepers level at targets,
like toxic-tipped spears
to flesh out in blood
her wet shivering hide,
doused in cool pools
an icy plunge chills
from staring back
at the man in black –

widens her, eyes to mouth,
no tear or word she'd risk;
this same gingerly girl
under the furtive blankets
shades ease into breeze,
what walk & heat unrest
tree & bench relieved,
now blinded by secrecy
their sight conceals –

leaky pores stream & meet
over the turbulence of bones
in their ache to escape
under the wiggled outcry
her bitten-down lip jags,
sharpen saw-toothed nerves
his glare dulled into cold feet:

those acerbic lines grooved
steely-stone etchings
of hard action's signature,
the calling card
in the hurt business:
blood seals the deal
delivery guarantees.

for once her defense falters
in alliance with ground
like bottomless scratchings
of frightened calm
when sudden stillness
has no place to hide...

*she thinks back along walls' guidance
her feet track pursuing hands
away from those direction of echoes
trailing voices gain in sound
exposing the light acoustics carry,
the louder silence
speaks to shadows –*

*she pines over intimacy distance walls
combing cracks toward obscurity's gap
looking for the entrance in exits –
her hands dragging feet padding floors,
intruders' knocks assaulting doors
incessant of cross-eyed tempests,
while wavering towers
pummeled and buckling*

*steer wasteland's deserted drifts
to access the higher grounds
these lower depths shore –
by an imaginary tug of rope,
she pulls down trap doors
in the blink of a lighthouse
acting as shelter when tides
are stronger than shutters...*

for an instant there, the scene
touches upon a different feel –
not closing out but holding back:
did she see something she shouldn't
among black and white snapshots
memories develop in darkrooms?
was the road for martyr's freedom
a cross between pillars and barriers?
which then stake the bigger sacrifice?
well, that's not for us to say,
but what we do know is this...

she owns to the barrenness
of her fruitless stands
carting afterthoughts
courage betrays in solitude
whom desolate pleas
keep company –

she no longer holds
to standing her ground
chasing escape
liberty traps in a cage,
catching herself
alone with time –
now down to the last hope
running out of fear:

unwilling to fight,
unwilling to die,
too scared to stay,
more afraid to run
*how never asks
for whom or why...*

if they cut down the tree
dream plants a song,
when he closes her eyes
a flower will open –
an iris of purple swords
the light defends.

Part Two: *the hit man*

Prologue

He was animal-made.

the environment fell prey
to his lurking prowess
roasting carnal banquets
their product served
with silver platters
garnished in all seasons –
civility hushed over tables
like hunchback beggars
mercy finds in prayers
 to appease famished guests
 man invites in beasts –

he sizes the mark
measuring the music,
slimming openings
by incisions of precision
carving out notes
at bones in the flesh,
sleight's vanishing hand
sharpened with knives
inhaling the long breaths
the air layered with scent
 raping thrill at the kill
 in a symphony to red...

accidents don't wait...
he happens first,
before late arrives...
he's already gone
 nowhere's never
 seen him coming...

the future no longer confides
to tell the past of his presence –
memory forgets itself,
plagues wouldn't rat him out;
he's that whisper of gossip
you *don't* talk about
 even his shadows
 have ghosts.

*evil's reign of the wild has never been truly harnessed
(and I'm not about to temper it here), but appetites that ravished savor
are fasting from slowing down – his chews as big as bites
spew the victor's spoils hunger won't stomach
turning to the role-reversal of his last assignment:*

...he queered the play's opening
stage-struck-at-knife-point, a twist of the con man's prop
peeling back his skin's identity
naked under the same covers
vacant roles plugged with holes –
his helpless shadow gutted, outworn,
the silhouette smudged, washed out
a coffee stain of faded black
asking where do shadows play...in the soft light of doubt
our oil lamps illuminate?

fanning these darker thoughts
prowling concrete slabs
his transparent days canvas...into camouflaged nights:
subjects as romance
and death its art –
floodlight lengthy pictures
the speechless paint
with blood splattered scenes...sticking to musty galleries
framing unwashed carnage
walls inch closer

having fathered the sins
of unborn children,
like death houses of living ghosts, nudging,
crowding his silence
their memory shadows –
but why was he their keeper?
sustaining the torch-lit hand...survival fatigues
with sharp-eyed vigilance
measuring a razor's guard
for the edge against vengeful gods...

*sleep flits its shadowy schemes.....circling cool aired cabins for escape eyes no
longer harbor.....pressed against the tinted panes.....like splintered glass
grating teeth.....regarding that one last long lost flame.....whirlwinds puff blowing
the pilots out.....*

can one outrun the future?

*he had given time the slip
but now drags drooped, wavering
a flagging hoist of skull & bones
with his blood on the contract,
musters a last game of chess stalemates maneuver
keeping death in check –*

*but black pawns are foot soldiers
in a game of kings:
the sun-starched stakes
lining up horizon's highways
jut out like marked graves,
road signs read like headstones –
with time running the race,
he's bucking for the short play on a long ride
looking through side view mirrors
at a white horse creeping into view...*

can one's blood not stain?

cleaner hands trace soft and slow
the nameless badges
citing his age-old wounds
the ribbed seams mapped
seared between sewns,
like landmarks for the vanished
battles tattooed in their honor
identify anonymity's foreshadow
of the forgotten memory ages,
held up under the light
are blotted out by the sun
warming a cold blade –

he rips the threads that tied him down
imprisoned like a live bullet late to life
triggers second shots cold chambers release
killing the past in its tracks
by the warmth blood streaks
over the rusted emblems of his trade
smoothing puckered-patched
needle-scarred crevices
stitched in the course of silver linings
unlace a shiny new nakedness
softened in hard red rain...

Part Three: *the man & a girl*

(the 'blind spot' at the park)

She could conceive this man unborn – almost see it:

visions of accidents
both blindsided by fate
with their nature torn

an oasis in a mirage – the sleepy deserter leans into shade,
whiffs of sage
bear her fragrance

angling for heat her shadow shares in crooked light,
warms his blood
out in the cold

and he leans once more – nestles his knotted crown
resting birds of prey
her breasts cradle
to cushion harm
before the fall...

a feathery brush combs his hand, skinned to sand,
and he leans the last
where prayers touch:
a flower's kiss takes
death to dance

spying eye to eye, lips weaken knees to beg –
eyes that denied
breath's last request
plead from the place
we all kneeled in once

nature's softer verses survive their surface,
uncover remnants
dug beneath ruptures
too deep to silence

rivers wetting lips along solitary banks
rage before they meet,
mouth to mouth:
finger in a kiss
licks the hurt...

closing curtain

she was the diamond with the ring missing –
her wild orchid
stranded yellow
disarranged in roses:
lady's slipper
misfit for gold

he was a messenger with a gift:
if hate could love,
life earns its death –
his belongs to her

she crowded her presence with his absence –
where freedom is loss
only the lost are found
with a borrowed kiss
he owed to life
she buried his name,
kept the knife

he sees his passing life desire designed –
killed the demons
to save an angel
planting a flower
in a nest of stars
her corn-colored light
caught in the fire...

upon his closing eyes, he left his mark –
who waited for the girl
until dark.