

## The Darlings

### 1. The Black Site

Peter Pan  
who is a woman  
a writer  
and lives in a shack with a purple door  
comes to my dream  
with some of the Lost Boys  
who wear plastic flowers  
because I can see their shadows.

This is not allowed.

I see fire.  
I see fire on top of someone.  
I see fire on top of someone coming in.  
I see Black Magic Fire Music on top of two young men coming in.  
I see fire creating monsters  
in a black site  
where no one ever looks  
even though Hieronymus Bosch painted it 500 years ago.

## 2. Halloween

The Darling's house  
is over on the left side  
of a suburban street  
in Grand Rapids, Minnesota.  
It looks like the house in *Halloween*  
where Jason or Michael  
kills the teen age couple  
just as he was about to take off her underpants.  
Comes in with his machete  
or his hatchet  
or his finger knives,  
real  
identity hidden  
behind the blank  
featureless mask  
with the white shark eye holes  
and kills them  
while the Id monster  
from the Methodist Church over on Elm Street  
breathes  
loudly  
from the TV.

### 3. The Abduction

The Darlings don't live here anymore.  
Wendy was abducted at 4:30 A.M.  
from the warm summer streets  
while she was walking home from her Burger King  
or baby sitting job  
or maybe she was taking candles to Sunday service?

The two kids  
who took her  
look a bit like goatherds  
with unshaven chins and bad teeth  
didn't know they were a tornado,  
a pillar of fire,  
ecstasy,  
ecstasis,  
Pluto --  
"to seize, to carry away, to abduct"  
into the Underworld.  
Death.

Neither wore a Jason  
or Michael mask  
or a plastic werewolf face  
and yet both were monsters  
shot up with megatons of shadow.

Peter Pan can't find a cure for it  
and the Lost Boys up on their pulpits  
claim it doesn't exist.

#### 4. The Monsters

Wendy's nude body  
was found in a shallow grave  
in a clearing down at the end of a pulp truck road.  
There was a bullet in her brain  
and her lower body was burned.

She had been repeatedly raped  
the police reported.

They caught the two monsters --  
they still weren't wearing Jason or Michael  
or *Scream II* Masks.  
Shuffling across the court house parking lot  
in their orange prison suits  
with cuffs on their ankles and wrists  
to their arraignments  
they do not look particularly powerful  
or immortal  
but they are.  
Peter Pan will see to that  
or Mary Shelley  
or Agatha Christie  
or perhaps Stephen Spielberg.

They will rise again  
and again  
and again.  
No prison holds them for long.  
No electrocution kills them.  
Capital punishment makes them stronger.  
Life in prison  
makes them multiply  
like Sorcerer's Apprentice's brooms.

They stand at the back of rallies  
to "Take Back the Night"  
or vigils to "Stop the Violence" and laugh.  
Laugh at how  
all the brilliant people, writers  
keep their eyes wide shut  
about the black sites  
where the rough beasts are created  
in your local church basements

to slouch toward Bethlehems to be born.

As Wendy died in the light of the headlights  
a goatherd's fingers around her throat  
the fire,  
the unbearable fire burning inside her  
a nun up at St. Scholastica  
on top of the Duluth hill  
dreamed she met God  
in the barn.

