

from Juked #5, Spring 2008

JAMES BELFLOWER

JEROME

Doors through the high town
seem farther apart
tonight

perhaps this is like death

visiting plaques as a child
unformed fingers
along them
saguaro ribs gnarled into canes

*line of them
with canaries and those
leaving with full cages of silence
and candles*

town burnt
everything but the lacquered heart
permanent distance in buildings
even its name
white in soot

no one died
so they are nothing so

I begin to learn my name