

Exit Strategist

A quarrel in white.

don't know who to turn to. Veil of splitting leaves

fluorescent veil

approach. You're my witness.

Stacked baskets

My sword

Don't touch the trees

represent. One bird, one way out.

Broken bridge

& the good book of knots.

she goes by. These arts I invented

A bowl full of fish

I walk the plank, I'm off

In noir low light, the women

veil soaked in rosé

for kicks. Pine tree shadows

The dirty perfume we trample.

with too many arrows.

crossed yours. I win, I win.

don't clap three times. All the pretty moths

Is this a game?

says the bannerman. I hold a dead lighter

Like a long apple peel

so he could not refuse me.

writhing in place. Out over the water

this ship—

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