

THE POLICE CAVES

John Harper

Their undersides
Touched by a close few.
Take them off—one, two—
In process, a tease.

As wings discuss, not fooled
By extinct shells, appearance grows in mind.
Bend, on a track or dead in a pyramid,
The agony in peeling
The start away.

See of the first surface,
Fall and roll a spike loose.
Withdraw, sunless,
Cover the house with the shapes.

The rest comes off—one, two.
Do not damage to get closer.
Remove them and not there.