

## *Sharp Things*

The boy who sits patiently                      who in alarm realizes  
something of the danger of the netherworld edge the boy with cotton  
in his mouth    a thin film between and his father across the room  
turning for a moment his face away        traffic passing outside  
school buses headed home each wriggling thing disgorged or disgorging  
earlier his friends asking            *where is he*            as the bus moves  
up hills and down but someone saw    *his father take him early*  
the boy with suction hooked inside the mouth and sound drilled  
straight hot and ashy into cerebellum            *you will sleep well tonight*  
*you are a brave one* the person who says it masked and moving away from  
him  
boy who finds analogs                      for drill and needle wills himself inside  
bright yellow blur as if to move a body out of a room    past reception  
were to meet invisibility                      his own                      were to consider  
the not-return-return scenario its many doorways the something on its  
face  
that doesn't tell what it knows                      bus number eight headed  
under railroad trellis *Tucson loves you* bannered where it's been left  
in all weather                      familiar as the turn by the diner toward home

sharp things sharp things in the mouth

and sharp the voice

that says what's about to happen