

PATTI WHITE

*Capote Recalls Being Dill*

He teased me through the bars,  
had bad boy charm, words  
like salted buckshot.

When the appeals  
failed, my dear, my heart was  
broken.

I could hardly bear  
the sight of the noose on his neck.

I recall a hot day, an albino rattler  
just coming out of the shade

so seductive in his insinuations

the gleam of the snake's white body  
the muscles just under the skin

the thin cool column of flesh

and my aunt's hoe like a trapdoor  
rising and falling in the sunlight.