

SHANNON JONAS

*the first night alone with Frank*

he left his boots to dry on the tin roof—the laces loose

there was a machete on the cutting block in the kitchen  
and a black & white photograph of a finger with a painted nail

the blade smelled like rose water

*the third night alone with Frank*

the grail is the figure eight

two zeroes orbiting one another despite oblivion

for some time he had recorded himself repeating this

*the fifth night alone with Frank*

no sleep. rain—little to no stars