

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