

GUILLOTINE

If I look at too many pictures of it
something will go wrong,
so I just trust that something will go wrong
without me seeing a picture of it.
It's not a guillotine,
it's not electricity.
It's one ventricle
that keeps your Mother out back
with a cigarette and a perm,
if I look at too many pictures of it,
she says, I'll see it.
She speaks like I speak
of the wonders of the world,
they're your feet on a screen,
please beat, please continue to beat,
please discontinue your beat,
I already know you can't.
If I look at too many pictures of it,
I will have reenacted some primal act of seeing
a thing for the last time
before I finally decide
to do something.
Shamelessly.
One wonder of the world is me.
One wonder of the world is pixilated
and in front of me.
One wonder of the world is a Mother.
A Mother can make a noise
like you wouldn't believe.
A Mother is perched in a tree.
A car goes racing down my street,

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Amy Lingafelter

the driver calls up to me:
it's someone's Mother
on one of her nightly drives,
and here I thought no one
could see me.
Please beat, please beat it,
it's not a guillotine or electricity,
it's one ventricle pushes in
and one ventricle pushes out,
so please push, please push it please,
over here,
in front of me.
I want to see.