

SIMONE MUENCH

Photograph 3014: Execution of an Unknown Boy

FRAME 1

Your hands
open like your mouth.
Arc lamp of eye; terrible
engine of your head.
A counterrevolutionary.
Colt wedded to your coat: wool-wet
and a path of moths.
Record of reach.
Low voices behind
closed oak doors.

FRAME 2

The Kittlerian camera
shoots you as you gaze
straight into the cylindrical
barrel of a pistol. Record
breath: blink.
*Transport of pictures repeats
the transport of bullets.*

FRAME 3

Record of a clock your father once
pitched at your head. You vaguely
remember the ticking. Silk
stockings, metal
burn of a gun, a mew gull
flying out of reach.
Record of trees
pierced by shrapnel.

FRAME 4

Record of the executed.
Record of an aperture.
Record of your etiquette.
Record of a cold sea.

FRAME 5

A ring of dead men, vanishing.
Faint glitter of black coffee.

Can I? What if? You waited.
Record of vital organs.

You slept in the earth
to avoid the stars.

Tired of light and galaxies,
tired of men and milk, tired

so tired, you whispered
behind the full-length mirror

that reflected the moon-blue moths
but not your missing form.

FRAME 6

The Colt sang once, parting
your pitch dark hair.
Flesh turns to sugar. Grey gull
swallows the sound. Its
silver wingtip, clipped by light,
glitters insistently. Feathers
turn to sea reflections.
Record of your smell.
Sun-wet. Songfleck.