

## *Positive Feedback*

A row of steel frames with counter  
weight chains raise target silhouettes  
above a concrete bunker.  
Rifles whip crack and echo—

*What else can a rifle do,  
but crack? Pop, chatter, bang, clap,  
just names for the silence following after.*

On lowered targets I mark bullet holes  
with cardboard discs like shocked into singing mouths.  
White circles plug hits on the silhouette,  
black for the misses outside it.  
They seem to whistle—

*Look. Look. They can't tell  
when they've hit something.  
O what death we will make from you.*

When I fire black haloes converge into clustered  
white hearts, and the high whine of ricochet  
rounds seem to split thin leaf stems  
from their branches. They drift,  
and the bullets keep passing through.

*What art will I make from you?*