

Cops and Robbers

You and I were always echoing gunshots and high-speed car chases.
Ready to bleed. Ready to run.
Jawed locked kisses, a whispered map of time bomb countdowns.
Tick. Tick.
No one knew who was crashing into who.

I am a detective of want,
collecting the blaring sirens that broke in your eyes.
Dusted my fingerprinted body,
in a trash heap mosaic of shadowed and stained glass clues.
Sometimes at the end of a movie, the bad guy gets away
with a loaded sack of broken hearts, still beating and bruised.
Prayers of purposed pulp.
Swallow bit tongue payback, and dream one day they will speak something softer than
revenge.

In pieces, they are shoved in an armored trunk of a soul,
guarded with by drooling watchdogs,
waiting to show their teeth.
There was no resolution in this finale,
just static screens with canned background music.
A junkyard symphony of broken violins
where no one knew how to credit blame.

Another tick tock of plot and pattern,
backed up freeways with no off ramp,
My memories, fractured lines of dialogue you left me holding
the cut of each syllable, the close up on silence,
I recast my role, no ones like a whining victim.
Or the dumb blonde who never catches on,
I will get back what you stole.

Kelly
Grace
Thomas

