

“Panels”

Ruby fires and the assassin crumbles. Stunned
Texas rangers flicker past in black and white

before it starts again, twenty frames a second, Stetsoned
heads bobbing as the suspect writhes and shrieks,

as Cronkite for a third time points out Oswald
on the blood-slick floor,

beside another screen

where the curtain-swelling Minnesota sky is cold
gunmetal blue, where November sleet careens

along the panes. The Justice League of America
struggles with Lex Luthor at the center

of the earth, trapped in a valley of crimson lava.
And as my mother weeps

the panels blur.

Sleet falls all the way to Dallas until the center
of the earth has frozen,

the gunflash over and over.