“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.

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