

Polaroids

clipping.

Hands on the casket, handful of soil
Hand a rose to the widow
She lays it tastefully, angled down and to the right
The mahogany and the white contrast nicely, as well as the black tie attire
The air of this event, somebody was important
But a distant stare proves too strong to ignore it
Little window on the ground floor of the chapel, and the face pressed up against it make fog breath
Highlights a fading heart
Raindrops on the hood of the El Dorado, her acrylics clicking on the headlight
Her bubblegum poppin', her head slightly angled
Down and to the right, and her angel pendant dangling like a lynched bird
Space for a last prayer, pained like a pinched nerve
Awaiting a last word, posture reading "last straw"
Tempered stance of her partner is palpable even out of the frame
And without her naming his crime, he must be prostrate
Like a last prayer, awaiting a last word
Posture reading "fuck"
Whiteboard, multi-colored lines in dry-erase
Roughly angle down and to the right
This is right before the leap through the open window
But in the moment it's all smiles and perfectly crowned teeth
Perfectly crowned teeth
Someone looking secretary
No offense, but that's the air she gives off with the pleated skirt and neatly tucked-in blouse
Neatly tucked-in blouse
Holds a phone as if it were a scarier event
That these executives who read her work don't even know about
Don't even know about
And frozen in this pantomime, a moment where it happened
Time would split off with a fix to make its mighty mountains cry
Mighty mountains cry
The curled lip and and terror eyes, a giveaway of what she hides
The back side of the picture dated 1929

All of these photos tucked neatly in a box
And hidden in a sock drawer or underneath the bed
Memories are gobos making shadows on the locked present that has been fixed
So it's best to leave them dead

Don't bother with it, live lobotomy
Split the bottle better
Drink the god and leave the
Past behind for the fire
Don't nobody want these Polaroids

Don't bother with it
Live the lighter side
Split a spliff together
Smoke the god and leave the
Past behind for the fire
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Hands in the air, half eyes wide, half eyes smiling
And a couple others with their heads covered up, too afraid to look

The track slopes down and to the right
Rough guess, two seconds from the top of the drop
The exhilaration on the faces of the riders more than worth the price tag of
the printout
Which was also way too high
Time-stamped by mullet length and neon Billibong logo
And fitted cap with hologram sticker on the underside that certainly won't last
till the ride comes to a stop
Peace signs and wide grins in the foreground
In the background is a great, powerful, cascade of water falling from way out
of frame
Down and to the right
It's way out of place to say, and way out of time, but ain't it strange that
both these kids are dead?
Anyway, the deep green of the foliage, so definitively wild
People used to drive to places like this just to escape
If you look close, you can see the early fiber optic cable stretching out in
to the jungle
The beginning of the end
A still life in motion, one of those night traffic shots
The long exposure makes the taillights stretch ad infinitum
Down and to the right
Red tiger striping the city street so it reads "Raver"
This is before the riots
Ghostly in the out-of-focus high rises are rising as they're want to do
Contorting just like trees looking for sun
Trees looking for sun
Mostly to the left, you'll notice piling up like nothing new
The boxes for the shanties that these buildings would become
These buildings would become
Toppled by the potholes, here they are before they sunk
Are before they sunk
Like on hold for glottal stops approaching with the sun
Approaching with the sun
They're choking on the words they never said
So soon, the running from the end of life that no one really figured had begun

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Memories are demons trying to burn the edges of the present that has been fixed
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