Act Five

WHY?

There is no grace in act five
Only the nerves, insect-like twitches
Involuntary bowel movements, and confusion
A snail in salt doesn't fall asleep
With a half-smile
Like Grandma from the after-school special
It twists and contorts
It jerks and writhes for some time
Like a living severed limb on fire

All the people who taught me card tricks are dying
I've been trying
To get my pop-pop's good looks from old snapshots
And all the people who taught me card tricks are dying
I've been trying
To steal my grandfather's handsome from old photographs

Even if the world is saved
And the couples kiss before the credits list
There will be more than a lifetime of death
In the scrambled signal snow that's left
When the black intake runs out
The invisible frame's death tacked to your movie reel
Far outweigh the reel itself

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There is no grace in act five

A circus tent and all the folding chairs fit in an old coffin f
or travel
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