Thrown Knife

Fred Schmalz

Not simply
my body.
My body
set in motion.
Everything around me holds still:

To Park.
Good. Named.
Park bench where this man
eats from a snow globe.

The menu:
Special Market Ask Your Server.
I ask
this man
who with understanding
ordered

"cul de sac"
over
"bed of soundless"

If I listen closely
it is possible to hear
the thrown knife
displace air–

S—S—S—S—S—S—S—S—S—S

it flies by as barbwire–

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