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# An Hour after Suicide

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## AN HOUR AFTER SUICIDE

an hour after suicide constable johnston is still  
breathing/ a streetlight is a streetlight/ as his  
environment resumes its correct proportions/  
houses are blocks of solid colour lit by morning/  
& dawn frost dampens his blue uniform/ an hour  
after suicide every flower that held the face of  
death within its tiny centre reverts back to  
pollen/

& he is a blue flash moving across the  
dust/ the soft focus surface which he had almost  
crumbled into/ an hour after suicide constable  
johnston can barely hold onto his global torso/  
his dark heart splits & pink pebbles from his  
eyes fall down the canyons of his chest/ &  
invading insects stick to his cheeks/ as he  
falls softly like a lost ball into long grass/

an hour after suicide he is still unconvinced/  
that the sunlight which penetrates his police  
forced skin is healing/ (constable johnston where  
have you been?)/ wet eyed & trembling/ swimming in  
the slow gashes of his injuries or wallowing in  
lazy blood up to his earlobes/ or spraying the  
world crimson like a garden sprinkler/ turning  
along his dark axis with no direction but outwards/

an hour after suicide constable johnston knew the  
sky existed/ with or without his observations of  
it/ because he saw the polar clouds afloat on their  
seascapes & he saw the birds as bright as ice &  
the sun & its far away focus like a magnifying  
glass/ like the office bar heater cooking his back  
beneath his blue shirt/ & how it burnt huge holes  
into the black barrel longings of his eyes/

an hour after suicide constable johnston is twenty  
seven years down the track/ within his mind his  
lonely landscape/ & from within the tree trunk or  
beneath the door the great white note/ stark &  
protruding like a folded napkin to wipe the dribble  
from his mouth/ the final letter to himself to be  
finally reread again/

an hour after suicide a car  
screech is a car screech & nothing larger than its  
familiar drag of road on rubber/ & like a cloud he  
was observing or the unmarked car he was driving/  
constable johnston will blow back in/ like old fag  
smoke into the new dry morning/ weakened down like  
a beachball deflated like cordial/ an hour after  
suicide he is a silly boy & his shoelaces are undone