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# Guillotine

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## GUILLOTINE

If I look at too many pictures of it  
something will go wrong,  
so I just trust that something will go wrong  
without me seeing a picture of it.  
It's not a guillotine,  
it's not electricity.  
It's one ventricle  
that keeps your Mother out back  
with a cigarette and a perm,  
if I look at too many pictures of it,  
she says, I'll see it.  
She speaks like I speak  
of the wonders of the world,  
they're your feet on a screen,  
please beat, please continue to beat,  
please discontinue your beat,  
I already know you can't.  
If I look at too many pictures of it,  
I will have reenacted some primal act of seeing  
a thing for the last time  
before I finally decide  
to do something.  
Shamelessly.  
One wonder of the world is me.  
One wonder of the world is pixilated  
and in front of me.  
One wonder of the world is a Mother.  
A Mother can make a noise  
like you wouldn't believe.  
A Mother is perched in a tree.  
A car goes racing down my street,

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the driver calls up to me:  
it's someone's Mother  
on one of her nightly drives,  
and here I thought no one  
could see me.  
Please beat, please beat it,  
it's not a guillotine or electricity,  
it's one ventricle pushes in  
and one ventricle pushes out,  
so please push, please push it please,  
over here,  
in front of me.  
I want to see.