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Sharp Things

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The boy who sits patiently who in alarm realizes
something of the danger of the netherworld edge the boy with cotton
in his mouth a thin film between and his father across the room
turning for a moment his face away traffic passing outside
school buses headed home each wriggling thing disgorged or disgorging
earlier his friends asking *where is he* as the bus moves
up hills and down but someone saw *his father take him early*
the boy with suction hooked inside the mouth and sound drilled
straight hot and ashy into cerebellum *you will sleep well tonight*
you are a brave one the person who says it masked and moving away from
him
boy who finds analogs for drill and needle wills himself inside
bright yellow blur as if to move a body out of a room past reception
were to meet invisibility his own were to consider
the not-return-return scenario its many doorways the something on its
face
that doesn't tell what it knows bus number eight headed
under railroad trellis *Tucson loves you* bannered where it's been left
in all weather familiar as the turn by the diner toward home

sharp things sharp things in the mouth

and sharp the voice

that says what's about to happen