An Hour after Suicide

Coral Hull

Follow this and additional works at: https://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview
Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.4747
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