

Interruptions In Filmmaking

There were pearls in the wardrobe
made from rope and seaweed, and you
took them to the hermit

crabs – gave them permission to use our
skulls as shells. You married our father
to your hobbies and drew

every part of his prayer. Our bed was
your throne was a chair to the heralds
weighted with paper,

lined with gold, Saturn burnt into the edge.
There were dead invites to the breeze, rested
upon our contemporaries.

You glistened when he pulled your hair
and laughed when I was hooked by
the wrist. Two thorns

in the cowboy's paw, and a half dozen roses
left in the fuse box. I still remember these
moments and your

belief in the death of hierarchy. Love your
ascension, your parade, the jubilee you
arranged for yourself.