

Safe Cracking

Sis rage is now in the doing
can't be seen.
He's bent to this act
of insecurity.
Shadows all around.
His face is almost hidden.
Angular, sharp lines, crescents.
Wolve's eyes, what little you can see
when they look.

Sanded fingertips
for a woman and this vault.
Pain, even, in the slow turning,
tumble, combinations.
The tick and feel, shape inside
a clockwork maze of security.

Machine machine machination
machinimagine a nation
machined against imagination.

Slavery slaving slaving
to fit in like a key
to a safe to a safe
safe safe safe life.

A machine entering the mind
like a thief, cracking.

The safe holds plans for further sleep.
How to do this.
Who knows but is afraid to speak.
Who can be bribed with honour, comfort.
Who can say
assuredly the thing that is said
again and again, believe.
Who will say
it's somewhere else,
that we are safe,
that we are not hypocrites,

that we are free.
Ah, to dream such dreams of security.
He pines with fingertips
law's tumble, silence, shadow all around.
The la la la of law opening,
Opening, cracking down
on either side, tumbling
toward the lock's last double
think think

It's done. His animal eyes brighten,
he grins, grips the bar,
jerks it down—

a sound like a cell slamming shut
echoes through the corridors.
The vault swings open, well-oiled,
wide to the moonlight from a window
and he stares now fiercely into emptiness.

Nothing? Nothing. Empty? Nothing.
He blinks in disbelief.

And just before the sirens shriek alarm,
the flashing lights begin
and the vault slams shut,
he sees himself
grotesquely mirrored on the shelf
distorted almost out of recognition
in this harsh play of moonlight and metal,
angry, punitive, dark.

The law descends, lawless.

