

# Apologia

*by David Ackley*

I am not supposed to be here  
where the walls run red with sonnets  
and mitigation. No,  
I did not do it, or if I did,  
I didn't mean to, or if meant,

revision sieved the occasion,

saving only the smallest pieces.

Rythmic thuds, a crackle  
as of shells underfoot.

Laughter before the show.

