

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.

