

Hummingbird hearts in a breadbox

by David Burton

we married in the ruins of a pachinko hall
the tiny bones in the pocket of your track suit
luring a trail of wild dogs out from the underpass
and that one jack rabbit that was not so wild,
just skinny and blind, with a hole in its cheek
from a nail gun, and the hurt of winter in its lungs,
as we watched the meteor shower flash
over the Hiroshima Trade Promotion Hall,
in reflection, on a razor I shined to a mirror,
and the moon appeared over your shoulder
like an obsessed store detective who lived
a hundred and twenty years before us
in tiny unpainted rooms, so far from the sea

and then at the slot machines
where the glass was broken out, we stopped:
both suddenly dreaming
of teeming pre-industrial rivers,
and a summer where we climbed recklessly
through the architecture of sleep,
drinking beer and wearing beards of bees,
breaking into museums to hang your paintings
of hummingbird hearts in breadboxes
and slipping into historical suits of armor
to joust to the death in empty parking garages
on the wrong side of town

