

# The mannequins are only playing dead

*by* James Knight

at night  
the mannequins leave  
    their glass prisons  
        and hunt owls  
in the forest  
\* \* \*  
sometimes they dance  
    a slo-mo tarantella  
        in a clearing  
bone-white  
    in the moonlight  
\* \* \*  
in the morning  
back behind glass  
their blank looks  
give nothing away  
    behind them  
        tills open with a yawn  
        and close with a sigh

