

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

