

M A T T H E W F L U H A R T Y

Blackout Theatre

1

I find myself still sick after all these months,
still heaving the same dry barge of shit across the plains.

In a dream last night, ice blue pines
pulled through the wings of a motionless bird

suspended by nothing over infinite blue.

But now I am awake.

The sound of tearing cloth has not relented
on the insides of farmers wasted by grain alcohol.

I see my heart as a room bound in sandpaper,
set in the unresolved landscape of Appalachia,
left to scrape the colourless air.

There are mules groaning over the hill,
down in the back alleys of the marketplace,
where my marrow is sold for cheap turquoise bracelets.

2

Here I am, drunk in the bomb shelter.

Here, pawing at the break in the aluminium and cement,
sure of what had always existed:

huge blue sky, big pretty world.