

Prometheus

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after hugging the thin smoke between his lips,
teetering it up and down, and
stealing for a fire in his back pocket
it happened.
the moment when *is* turns *was*.

now there are no movements left,
except for the haunting vibrations of an invisible child,
sitting on his left,
running a stick down the Indian mounds of his back,
having mistaken him for a xylophone.
while a blond, carpet-headed woman with a nose stolen
from an oil-ridden Petrol, sits on his right,
holding his hand firmly,
watching as unused adjectives drain from his dirty fingertips.