

Chimera

ROB ARNOLD

He was carrying the shotgun again.

It was a game he liked to play.

Shells emptied of shot, gunpowder intact.

Taking aim at the wall, the sofa, your head as a joke.

Then the pump-trigger-blast, hot sound from the barrel, the wind
and the light suppurating from the shaft.

This is how you played, long summer days while the parents were
away at work.

Lowering the basement lights to watch the fires of creation
scorch new meaning into your faces.

Or lying naked in the laundry room, belly smeared with ketchup
to appear more dead, authentically eviscerated by invisible
buckshot tearing through the gut.

And where is the terrorized little sister now?

Who was led crying down the stairs?

Who stood still, taking in your lifeless glare, your genitals
crumpled and fleshy, and screamed that she might be next?

What did she imagine she saw?

What would she remember?

