

## for antonin

Apologies for the abetting  
calling crowd, unenamored joy at  
enunciation of yr death each thin and slipping  
as prescribed enthusiasm can be. Felt from within the  
call and response. A number of executioners are brought  
to the center of a football pitch (you understand this) each  
holding a rifle they arrived in pairs or more are talking between  
themselves. In the early afternoon the lights are put on. They agree  
to spacing themselves out facing the center and the rifle comes up to  
the shoulder. Balanced in a practice. Sights pulls falls etcetera. each  
fallen in last moment of dislocated confused limbs. A lack of desire. If  
not why you understand how this works you understand. The persistant  
glare from polished gunmetal laquer black along the glare from blades  
of grass passing into the air, the plastic glare of plantlife under stadium  
lighting. Enormous burning bulbs which come on with a click like the  
slide of marrow sinking from the ruined bone, the endless  
protrusion which you feel in yourself as a ghost the phantom pain  
of another body. We knew you in this practice. Nothing else  
was needed and absent an autopsy the great white body  
held up on metal table, the indignity of the running  
metal gutters alongside your legs, the pattern of  
thick black veins on your calves where the  
blood has gathered in dramatic  
trace.