

JAC JEMC

WUNDERKAMMER



This? the rhyme of a dime landing on the floor
being good even in hard times
a fact stumbled upon

This? late folklore squeezing the life from drowning men
a woman half her length in the temple of a seizure
a hybrid of inconsistency and mystery
bronze language
a microcosm of misdirected memories

This? the protective mechanism against dust and decay
a pickled punk
the singing pet of a thumb-sized man

This? overlaid broken nuisances
This? the aching fingers of a dare
This? the thick break of a tight shadow
This? heads thrust past stiff windows
This? historic sobs snaking off
This? a frightened circle of light

There it is.