THE PROSE POEM:
AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL

Volume 6 | 1997

Saved

Barry Silesky

© Providence College

The author(s) permits users to copy, distribute, display, and perform this work under the following conditions: (1) the original author(s) must be given proper attribution; (2) this work may not be used for commercial purposes; (3) the users may not alter, transform, or build upon this work; (4) users must make the license terms of this work clearly known for any reuse or distribution of this work. Upon request, as holder of this work's copyright, the author(s) may waive any or all of these conditions.

The Prose Poem: An International Journal is produced by
The Berkeley Electronic Press (bepress)
for the Providence College Digital Commons.
http://digitalcommons.providence.edu/prosepoems/

Barry Silesky

SAVED

Like that dream where she really wanted you—gleam of skin, breast, cock—The usual compensations? Then trash on waking, mixed with the swollen leg, throbbing while someone tore up the back door in the night, and the house was stripped. All over the world the shooting goes on. Then the doorbell rings and the pain is actually gone. With the notes buried in the counter's daily junk pile, you had no idea you'd even entered. Now it's another city. No paradise, but all the blood, sex, he, she, flushed away. It's not all luck. You have to pay attention, send in the entry. Now, I can quit this stupid job, take over the building, gifts to all our friends. We can be lost again, actual ghosts wandering the streets. All we've got to do is keep out of sight. Of course that's impossible. It's time to clean the gun.