

CAMILLE LENDOR

It's the little screams

There are swarms of seven-day parasites in the air—
piles of them older than seven days coat the ground;
mounds of dry spiculate wings meet your barefoot step.
Though you can barely see the clammy, black-mouldy wall
your hands graze between each stride, you notice
there are people here, and they are screaming.
They are screaming, but not in an expected terror-filled tone.
Some people are screaming louder than everyone else.
Others act like they're the only ones screaming.
Others wail while holding splinters in their tiny thumbs
as if with the heft of beams, schlepping, peering at you
between neck-thrusted cries. Some people don't scream—
they laugh! At the splintered wailers, the indulgent screamers,
themselves. And others, between the screams and laughs,
face the wall, keep to themselves. But you focus
on the screams. You focus only on the screams.
Because you know behind the screams is silence.
Screams—the preposition. Silence—the red herring
that makes sense. You feel like it's time to leave,
but you were already there (screaming).
(You were already there screaming.)