

JOHN M. ANDERSON

*Line Drawing: Thurber's Brother Shoots Him
in the Eye with an Arrow*

This does not happen
in the slow kinetoscope
flicker of six black crayon

cartoons on a gloss page—
wit in the taut economy
of line, in the blank

time between one drawn
realization and the succeeding.
It happens fast

in memory and again
and again in play,
in the celluloid

flash lit/floodlight
snapshot and fluid as something
unfathomed, forgotten—
spilt ink, spilt milk.