
DARA WIER

Bevelled, Windowless, Cruciform Bunkers

Right before our eyes it says as we stare into our rearview mirrors.
Never before the same again appears against a plain brown wrapper.
Peace be unto you, a tame monster says, in a rainstorm in a whisper.
It rains almost everywhere, tall trees hang upside down for little cause.
It makes as if they are fringe, a frivolous thing for a tree to be.
Mothers don't know what to do with their babies.
They say this all the time. They say it in code so no one knows.
So much that has gotten so big has snuck up on me.
I wonder to what I was paying attention to be so automatically
Distracted. There are trip wires around me. There is an electric
Eye that starts me in motion when someone crosses its path.
You have been my motion detector, slow motion detector.
There you go again putting yourself under glass in a frame.
Still. I am so often baffled by you, I am so often shamed.