

Justin Monson
The Little Death Sestina

Oh, he caught some chest shots
He didn't make it... but I don't know
Nothin' about all that, he says of the guy he killed.
Casual as the ordering of a sandwich, play-by-play of a sport
I've not played. A man my age murdered over frictioned skin
At a birthday party. War stories wane, we separate, I read a book until
sleep

Strikes against day and I dream of light matters. In my sleep
I remember the beach in Port Huron, horizon throwing shots
Of thin clouds across empty space: fingers reaching for warm skin.
Tide froth laps on our little piggies letting an entire generation know
The lion's share of time we opt to sport
Shoes will become millennia detached, eventually innocence killed.

I rise with dry mouth and swat the air: mammoth fly killed.
Pancaked into the garbage no farewells from friends. Do flies sleep?
Imagine a Papa Fly throwing tiny baseballs to his son, saying *Hey sport,*
You haven't tried pop flies yet! Why don't we give it a few shots?
The kid fly says *Ehh... I don't know, Pop. I don't know...*
Can't I just hang out with my friends on that guy's skin?

Imagine Papa Fly weeps on the wall after I've shut down the party on my
skin,
His son killed.
By a being he can never know.
New meaning now given to *fly on the wall* only minutes after my sleep.
Maybe Papa Fly goes to the Fly Pub and downs shots
Of fermented sugar droplets and watches ESPN replays of some sport

He doesn't even know the rules to. He thinks *What a dumb fucking sport,*
As he orders tiny Buffalo wings then pulls off the orange skin
Of each wing but decides he has no appetite. *More shots!*
He screams, sobbing into his plate of naked wings, his son killed.
I am wondering now if I've gotten enough sleep
Because it seems I've lost my mind and I don't know

Where to find it. Over the last five years things I know
Have become finger clouds over lush grounds where the sport

Of time plays on and on and on until we forever sleep.
I felt nothing when he told me of bullets through skin.
By now I've heard it a million times, men being killed.
Like ordering espresso, he spoke of the shots

Fired into a man I know by degrees and I sport those shots.
They swirl around in my head: a beautiful concerto of killed
Innocence with sleep deprivation, a development of armored skin.