

**Jus' Thinkin'**

*The Storekeeper – Gavin Hood*

There is this short film I watch  
On DVD where there is not a sound but for  
Things moving,  
A car rolling,  
The door closing, and a single

Shot. All are Black  
There, in Africa:  
The shopkeeper,  
The thief, and  
Even the little children who will soon come after  
Candies. The director, chatty,  
Talks over the silence. And I  
Still think: blast the damn bastard!  
I relax into buttered popcorn well after  
The tool cuts into wood,  
Into iron, and into the frontiers of  
My peace.

I finally wrote his fate into the palm of my hand  
That time he killed the night-watchman.

I think the victim of repeated burglary  
Is one smart chap as he lay a trap  
Of plain white twine, zig-  
Zagging low across the doorway and through  
    The sturdy black trigger. I anticipate  
The stealthy entrance,  
The trip,  
The tug,  
The final boom.

But no one is prepared for after that when  
Like someone's darling

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A three year old raises her little head  
First, then drags behind her bleeding  
Body, into the vista of my  
thought.

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