

Timona Smith

### Visit Room Talk

#### **ONE.**

he tells the story.

she  
gets into the car with him.

there are three of them in the backseat (now four)  
two of them have guns -

two of them have weapons, the weapons are  
guns.

he tells the story.

dark space of open mouth out of which comes:

there are three of them in the backseat, the other two  
have guns -

two of them have weapons.  
the weapons are  
guns.

#### **TWO.**

children in this neighborhood are

planning in their minds  
the next morning's bike ride - they are  
reviewing their stashes  
of snail shells and gum wrappers,  
they are  
picking through their interests in  
baseball cards and TV heroes

as their  
dream eyes glide down brown and gray blocks  
past grandmothers' apron laps,  
their bodies rising away from their bike seats  
like they are animating dragons by the press of their sneakered feet  
and lifting their bicycles off of albanys' streets...

#### **THREE.**

there are three of them in the back seat.  
two of them have guns.  
two of them have weapons. the weapons are guns.

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two of them have guns and they are  
directing him, the driver, where to move the car,  
from  
one pocket of dark  
to another, there are  
three of them in the backseat.

there are  
two of them in the backseat.  
both of them have guns.  
the guns are loaded with metal.  
the metal is full of powder.  
the guns are made to be held.  
the hand fits over the gun.  
the fingers fit into the grooves.  
the trigger is made to be touched.  
the hammer is made to be pulled back.  
the thing that is pulled back  
is made to be  
released.

there are two of them in the backseat.  
both of them have guns.  
the guns are loaded with metal.  
the metal is metal and the metal is pulled back and the  
thing that is pulled back is  
made to be released.

**FOUR.**

he tells her the story. she is in the car with him.  
the metal has been pulled back,  
the metal has been released.  
what is released is hot heat -  
makes contact with the body,  
burrows through,

stops.

but there is no blood  
in the story.

maybe some pieces  
slip out from the car that he limps from  
and fall down  
through the grate  
in the street  
to be rescued later – only

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there is no later.

here  
every conversation  
is an episode alone

that floats and drifts in

time - less - space

thirty-minutes-if-by-phone,

four-to-six-hours-if-alone in the  
packed hall of lovers sharing  
short square tables and  
families and  
friends  
playing cards and  
telling jokes. his  
long legs clothed in green he  
comes through a security screening  
every time – he never mentions, he  
never talks about - though

sometimes he emerges past the  
heavy metal door  
with a tremble in his chin -

she asks but  
he doesn't let her in.

he  
tells the story  
she  
gets out of the car with him