



James Loper by Andrew Wyeth

Wyeth - Loper

He stands by the fence
as his fate frames him
he cannot help but see.

It's not an issue to him, he thinks.

He could just walk away
but specters don't stop haunting
because you asked.

Already the blade
may have done its work.

He is

in limbo.

His hands, in or out?

schrodinger's pocket. In one second
it will be.

Yet the choice is

not his.

The handle stands
in his way.

He couldn't dash into negative space
if he wanted to.

The blade would surely catch him
by toeless shoes
cleave him open
drain him as dry
and dead

As the grass pricked dirt.