

JOHN C. BENNETT

An Arrangement

After the split,
the struggle, the recession,
love's small apocalypse,

we began to meet behind
the shed where that rusted
radio lay; covertly,

so they didn't know.
Bulger fled, I reported,
and a hush fell

over us as though
we'd lost a father.
She pointed at the radio—

Take it.

Beyond the surveyed acre
of our yard we could hear
the whispers of the rebels.

A few small assassinations
lay ahead, but the murders
would go unreported,

and each day after, I carried
the radio wherever I went—
kept our arrangement.

Dog Gestu

So that's wh
separation fr

a change of s
work at build

and haven't s
or *boundary*,

help you with
notice of you

hours you cho
and the gothic

We're all wait
the crosspiece