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Poems and Photographs

Reece Scannell

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Poems and Photographs

Abstract
Photographs, GUN TALK, THE TRICK

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Photographs
Reece Scannell

[Image of a person walking with a pigeon on the sidewalk, a gondola in the background]
GUN TALK

gun get you
white boy
gun get you guts
dun get you guts
gun get you doors
dun get you doors
gun get you work
dun get you work
gun get you clothes
dun get you clothes
gun get you words
gun get you
women
THE TRICK

He pulls the music down tight
over his head like a black tracksuit.
There's more of him here than there should be.
He loves his wife, but he stands on the edge
of the scene every night
getting looked at by a man; or leaves
his tie on the passenger seat and waits
for a business lunch in the park, the ibis
picking their way past him into myth;
or lies alone two hours in the sandhills.
He is Greek. He's impatient.
He is almost beautiful.
He says I don't have the time
to be out of it, some profession
of the mind or body. Two hours.
It could be so much easier for both of them.
Someone who will understand why
I am here. Not for love, he says.
That would disgust him.
He could probably manage affection.
The trick is not to appear
to be looking.