
Seth García's poems have appeared in *Zone 3*, *Slipstream*, *Boston Accent*, and *Reckoning*.

Seth García

**HIDING IN THE CROOK UNDER HIS OFFICE DESK
FROM AN ACTIVE SHOOTER, DAVY CROCKETT IS
VISITED BY AN APPARITION**

Which one's the mockingbird? which one's the world?

– Randall Jarrell

Gripping a stress ball that looks like Earth,
figured into the angle one's body must take
at the base of some great immediacy,
his tie never before such a noose, he wonders:

*does it come to this – to watch
all we've built distill itself into one
brief endless instant?*

What was shocking, appalling, even,
was that all there could be taken then
in the molasses slowness, was the inventory:

supplies reflecting in the dim light: in the muzzle flash catching rubber
bands; shells and stealth gear, scissors dull and stiff, pencils and open red
bleeding pens, spilling printer cartridges, paper torn floating; staplers and
thermoses, USBs and paper weights; bulldog clips, an extra pair of
sneakers to walk home in, a too cheery family photo or two; and only
quick sights of body, twisted and severed malignant, all suspended in air,
no sound, no sound; and then movement, growing wings:

eighteen hundred and thirty-six mockingbirds appeared then, calls
mimicking the shotgun's cock pump; the generational condensation,
applause of wing, new state of matters, the short shot of flame;

and he understood that, calling like this, a language needs no words to speak:

Hello, Davy. So, now we see the last extinction. It always came to this, was always happening, had always happened. See here the suspended fields and their blood, the tireless myth, the everlasting and the appalling finite. Come with us, step through this blessed, bladed rain –

And didn't everything then turn to his parents, or what was left of them in the mind; what he wouldn't give to hear his mother sing out *hush little baby, don't say a word*,

or his father, the resignation he couldn't hide after the flood took their home, how he held it there, biblically male in the shoulders, afraid of being seen without the weapons with which we surround our hearts,

and you, who claims that bullets can be split in half on an axe from forty yards out, who believes all the savagery of the cinema screen, there's nothing you can do to stop this.