

from Event Horizon

Nigel McLoughlin

5.

 rifts in the coma
of a sandstone sewer
like the birthmark
a priest engraves
in a child's pale cry
hot as a meteor

revellers wave and smile
the drones siphon a lifeline
startle out the whine
like blood witch-hunted

in a creed of impertinence
an aircrew hackles
like some weal for a rebel
cornice of sleeve
to grip like statistics
in a surge of propellant
the killing shown in the trailer
a placebo