

Shooting¹

The body thuds in the hallway
Beyond my door,

Near the wall I determine
Is not nearest me.

In my way, I ignore it,
Gather the spill of butterflies

On my floor, under a table.
The baby runs and cries
A cry that I know

Forms the next scar
From their belly button,
And the next sound

Is a round of two
Doors slamming,
And I've never heard
That sound before,

The snap of muzzle,
But the dog must have.
It stays beyond the wall,
And it growls.

¹ By Prince Bush, published in *Northwest Review*