

# Hummingbird hearts in a breadbox

*by* David Burton

we married in the ruins of a pachinko hall  
the tiny bones in the pocket of your track suit  
luring a trail of wild dogs out from the underpass  
and that one jack rabbit that was not so wild,  
just skinny and blind, with a hole in its cheek  
from a nail gun, and the hurt of winter in its lungs,  
as we watched the meteor shower flash  
over the Hiroshima Trade Promotion Hall,  
in reflection, on a razor I shined to a mirror,  
and the moon appeared over your shoulder  
like an obsessed store detective who lived  
a hundred and twenty years before us  
in tiny unpainted rooms, so far from the sea

and then at the slot machines  
where the glass was broken out, we stopped:  
both suddenly dreaming  
of teeming pre-industrial rivers,  
and a summer where we climbed recklessly  
through the architecture of sleep,  
drinking beer and wearing beards of bees,  
breaking into museums to hang your paintings  
of hummingbird hearts in breadboxes  
and slipping into historical suits of armor  
to joust to the death in empty parking garages  
on the wrong side of town

