

2007

incrimination

Gabriel Baldessari

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Recommended Citation

Baldessari, Gabriel (2007) "incrimination," *The Messenger*: Vol. 2007 : Iss. 1 , Article 61.
Available at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol2007/iss1/61>

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afternoons of losing minds
 and penguins nearby,
 the shades were lowered slowly.
 (i am aflame)
 and as the mind numbs
 the back burns—
 a tingle towards destruction.
 cells destroyed.

—Joelle Franchot

the world is dying.

the lady says
 there is no room
 for disappointment:
 if there is
 more to life than this,
 then good,
 but there is
 no way
 of being certain.



a boy is brain-dead today.
 and I may never see
 that-girl-who-meant-everything-once
 for a very long time,
 if ever again.

all Love is on the brink.

the son of the man who mows my lawn
 was killed,
 possibly by the boyfriend
 of a woman he was seeing.

then there's the thought of cancer.
 the fears of me.
 the doubts of us.
 the dreams of the dead ones.

everything is disillusionment—
 we are the disenchanteds.
 we are the ones who will not listen
 and will not run with our arms outstretched.
 there does not seem
 to be anywhere else to go—

there does not seem
 to be any way to live.

—Gabriel Baldessari

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