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Psychic Captions

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Psychic Captions

Shaina Monet

Vassar Miller Poetry Award Winner

Write you real. Me. Unreel like the tape filled with your face. The collage for the funeral.
Write you upright. Not in the ground. Not sleep-tight. In the covers, I'm colder than you
and the waves you thumbed through, then—Remember this: the only way to hear you (or
me) is here—Wind up tape. *Start over.* Gape at curls, cheek. Wonder at fate and eye. You
were—before pearled, spilt-dye, snapped from bone split round your neck. Spoke.
Metallic language wheeled and pedaled. Pretty still, I'd bet before the creature-traveller
and the door opened, before the voice said, *yes*, unsettled, *you*, yet—