

Pamela Miller

Five Visual Poems:

Mr. Last Stand

Mr. Hidden Heart

Mr. Faithful

Mr. Jaws

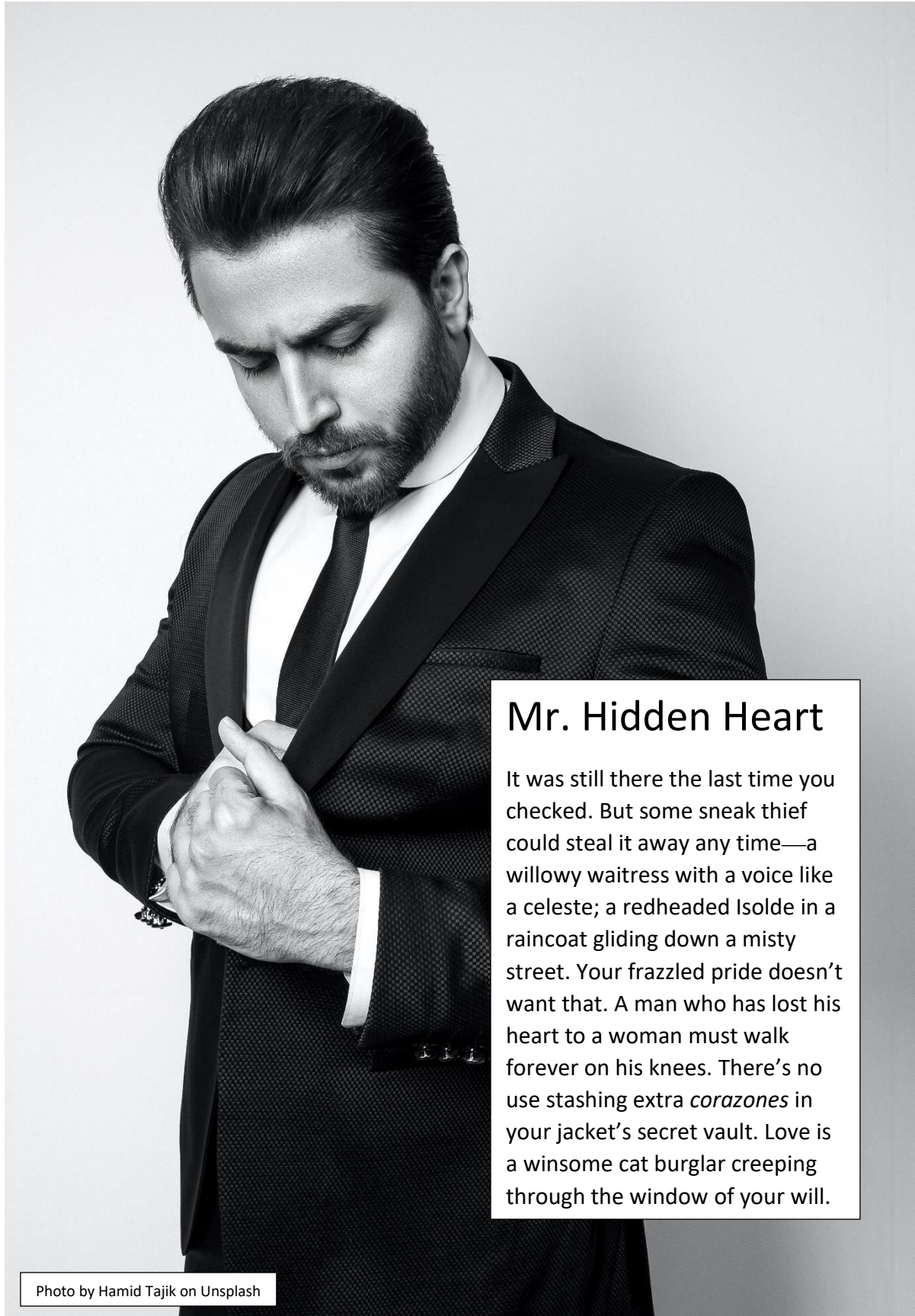
Mr. indistinct

## Mr. Last Stand

They've tracked me to the edge of the Earth. I've run out of trees to hide behind. Yes, I sucked the loot out of fourteen banks and beheaded a shrieking hostage in a swamp. But no haggis-faced cops are gonna take Four-Eyes Benson alive! I can do the death shimmy even better than Bonnie and Clyde. *Toro, toro*, come gore me! Then send my gold teeth to my wife.

Photo by Eve Maier on Unsplash





## Mr. Hidden Heart

It was still there the last time you checked. But some sneak thief could steal it away any time—a willowy waitress with a voice like a celeste; a redheaded Isolde in a raincoat gliding down a misty street. Your frazzled pride doesn't want that. A man who has lost his heart to a woman must walk forever on his knees. There's no use stashing extra *corazones* in your jacket's secret vault. Love is a winsome cat burglar creeping through the window of your will.

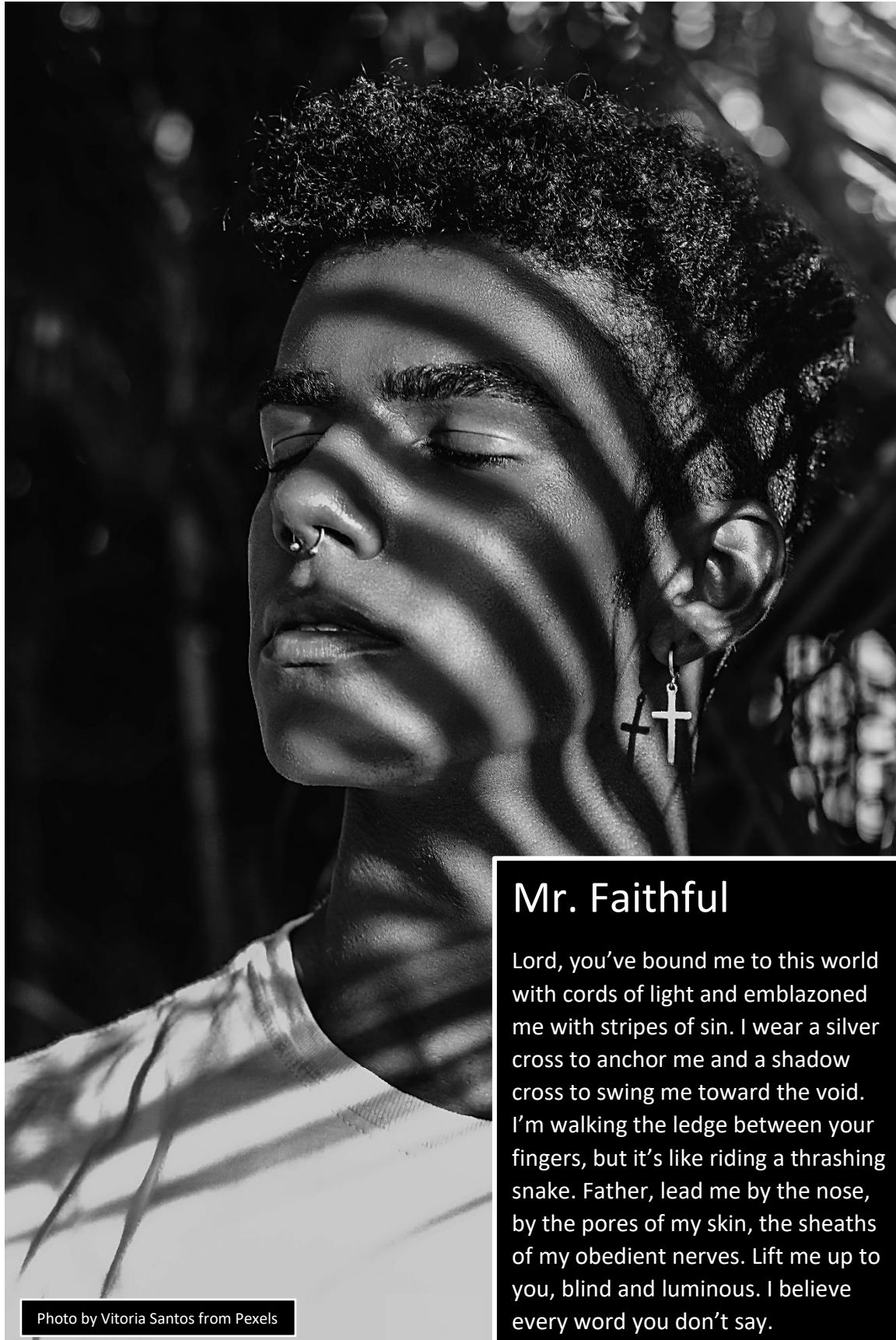


Photo by Vitoria Santos from Pexels

## Mr. Faithful

Lord, you've bound me to this world with cords of light and emblazoned me with stripes of sin. I wear a silver cross to anchor me and a shadow cross to swing me toward the void. I'm walking the ledge between your fingers, but it's like riding a thrashing snake. Father, lead me by the nose, by the pores of my skin, the sheaths of my obedient nerves. Lift me up to you, blind and luminous. I believe every word you don't say.




Photo by Waldir Évora on Pexels

## Mr. Jaws

I'm performing the scene I call "devouring my own head." I was born in the shark's maw, that's for sure: a Philly neighborhood barnacled with blight, where hope was a bricked-up sea. My drama school classmates were terrified of me—the way my voice tore the skin off words. Now I act for myself, with my own two hands. I'm playing the scene where Jonah emerges into the light.

## Mr. Indistinct

Nobody can bring him into focus. He's a hazy shadow dipped in Vaseline. Is he beaming like a toddler? Is he sneering like Richard Widmark? There's really no way to tell. If you let him date your daughter, she'll disappear into the blur. You'd want to slap that punk right in his nebulous face, but you can't quite put your fingers on him.

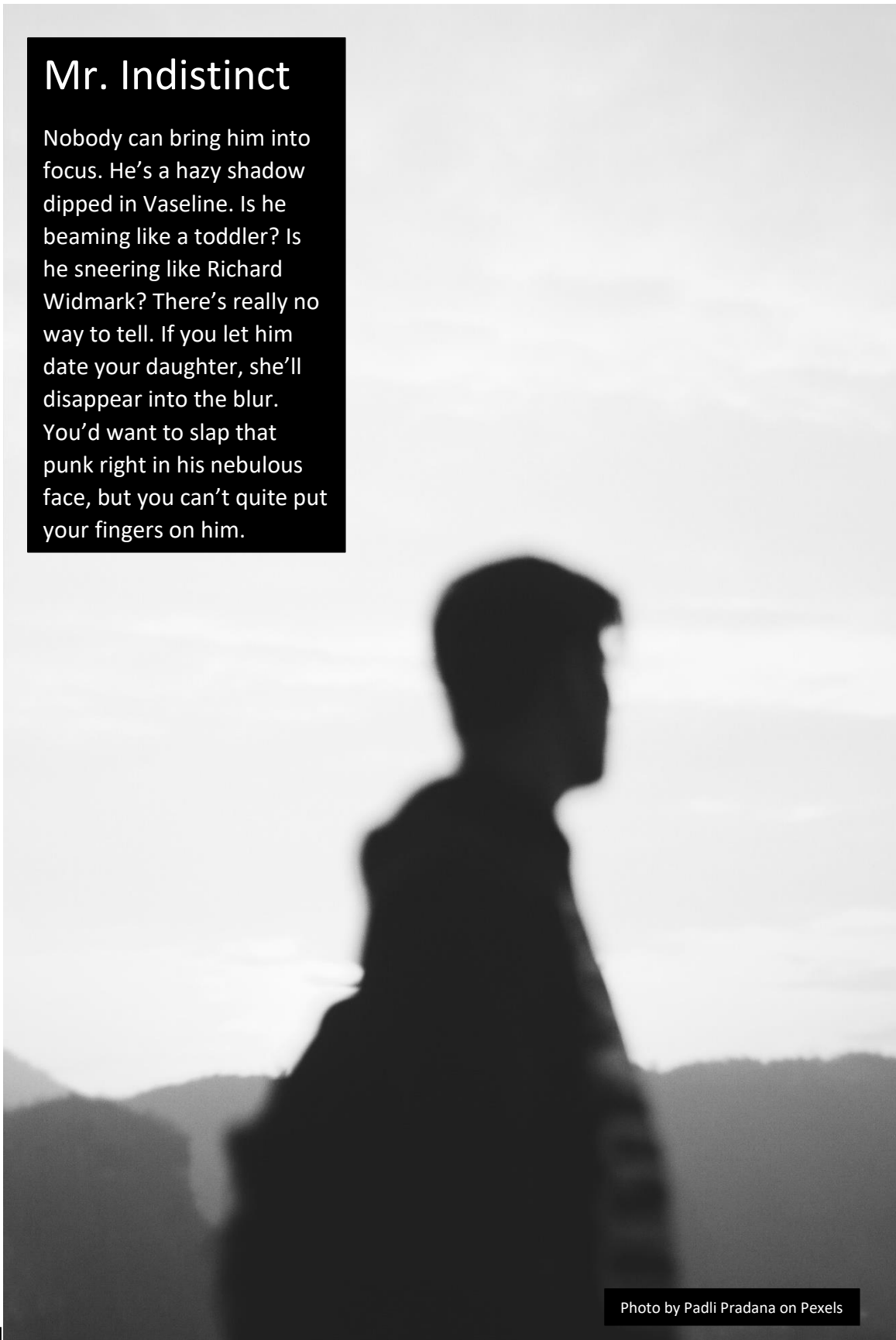


Photo by Padli Pradana on Pexels