

# Minor Amputations

Rose Herald



Dead inventor.

1945 dark bedroom in day.

Injured mouth.

“I used to want  
but I've decided that's stupid.”

A voice like crystal bells crashing onto a  
wooden table.

"You talk too much."



Video camera.



“Zoom in on his hands  
playing the piano.”<sup>1</sup>

“Pan over to the left.”

Something is wrong here.<sup>2</sup>



Keep the lights off and  
go to the basement.<sup>3</sup>

Close your eyes  
if it's too dark to see.



Blue tarp nailed to the shed.<sup>4</sup>  
Plywood on an unfinished structure.

Overcast.  
Ground still half frozen and wet.<sup>5</sup>

A devil in her hat  
next to the scarab beetle  
and above the prawn tail.

Piano's down the hall.  
Barely heard.  
Barely remembered.



Curtains could open  
and everyone could see  
cigarette smoke bleached out  
and rubbed on your face.



(The floral scented courtesy lotion.)



He said, “Rib cage broke.”<sup>6</sup>

He said, “Keep your mouth shut and don’t do anything; you’ll regret it.”

He said, "When I disappeared, I knew no one cared. Hand soap scented hands held close to my face. Dark bar, alcohol, and cologne on your buttoned-up shirt.”

He said, “I took a bone from your  
dead body and put it inside mine.”<sup>7</sup>



Across the street:

"My new neighbors  
are silhouettes."

"What do you mean?"

"They are like lace curtains  
and the lights never go out."<sup>8</sup>





He said, “I want to chew your voice.”  
Then he smashed the corpse  
with a hammer.



No one's resting place.  
No air; withheld.  
Midnight quiet.

“I don't want to talk about the morning.”<sup>9</sup>





Across the street:

“Wait for him to start yelling again.”

"Fuck, this is boring."







## Notes

1.

I'm trying to remember  
every haunted corner.

2.

Dead kids.

Sky red.

A wound  
cauterized by  
the sun.

3.

“A creepy basement light from some unknown zone. The chalk marks keep us safe while we throw books at the glow. It's not a metaphor. The tunnel we see through is pitch around the edges and we can't escape this perspective. It blots out everything and it blinds everything else.”

4.

Child versus nail gun.

Losers in the grocery store.

Pinned to the empty shelves  
and bleeding.

5.

The shadow of the archway, covered in vines, looked like the opposite of life.

Funeral lighting lit the lawn.



6.

“Wood smoke hangs low, creeps through cracks, and burns my eyes. I lay on the bed in a way that says I'm dead or dreaming. Clock ticks. Candle burns. Overcast fades slightly and graces us with warmish light.”

7.

Standing in the field nearest the house.

I can hear the phone ring inside.

"Life's so big that it repeats itself."

Click.

8.

Fake TV dad.

Stare into the toaster.

Christmas Eve red glow.

Violin plays sad sounds.

Cold and alone.

9.  
True headstones.

10.

Incense ash on a porcelain sink.

11.

(Photo of a crowbar.)



