

Glum

You know those
vanished cars
forgotten about
until one spring day

an anonymous tip
sends the cops out
to a newly thawed
local lake

to winch the wreck
streaming to the
surface? That,
I'm told, is what

it's like to get a
smile out of me,
my expression
a wintry landscape,

manner stiff as
a corpse's digits,
the thing itself all
but given up on

and only raised by
superhuman effort.
So hide them here,
your bodies,

your secrets.
When it comes
to the betrayal
of mirth, at least,

I'm the last place
anyone is going
to think
to look.