

The Law of Facts

Margie Cronin

Death is not a discrete event that is easily identifiable

—Charles M Kester

testimony seen through the window
becomes grey in the rain
and white in the snow
and blue as a bandit sky
thinking it is hiding from the weather
when it *is* that
as loud as the loud-singing moon
up-close and faceless
as quiet as glass
moreover
shock may not be
and the smile may be the fear
it evolved from
over five years and five million
and seen through the window from another
the scene of death is redeemable
as sleep
of the argument
as the theatre
and of the kiss
as greeting not farewell

the experience of honey
makes honey sticky and sweet

perception

embodied in perception
and through our stories is what is accurate

is knowledge of blood stains

different

to knowledge of love