

Everything That is Useful Includes Bullet Casings

found in front of my house  
after the last shooting

hacked pieces of cactus  
from my Mexican neighbor's yard

a piece of thread and needle  
from when my mother had steady hands

encaustic art by a friend  
who no longer wants to see me.

These are my life's wanderings  
featured in the next distraction.

A five-man SWAT came through  
my house with loaded guns;

boots soiled the living room carpet  
my mother stood in her see-through nightgown.

She held my hand, I led her away  
while a light flashed in our faces.

He said, *we're looking for the bad guy*  
which is a useless memory.