White Window Shopping

if familiar mirrors peeled
away like skin
could we set our sun —
blind selves out there
on bitumen
to wait for the hit
we identify with?

black memories reverse
against the grain of voices —
voices we have tried
without a broken chord
or swollen tongue to show for it
when death strikes dumb
again
again
black memories reverse
and as we cop the muffler’s heat
shall we try for street-wise diction
now, a laid-back line?
how to repeat that squeal of tyres
how to score as metal bites
into our tender bodytexts?

remember times
when we hoped to borrow
for our measured sorrow
a motif from the Nyoongah Daily News?

sometimes white violence taps
the window of the text
a cry beyond all simulacra
upsets the cool parade
of syllables and blanks
pronouns split like mannequins
bleeding from the neck, the hip, the wrist

of bodies they replace
and then there's something tacky
on that glass we can't dismiss
we try our clothes, our sprays
  erase
  erase
but still it's there:
these memories conduct their smear
campaign always from the other side