

HAROLD SKULSKY

## The Perfect Crime

You are about to meet the perfect crime,  
Minutes away; don't trouble the police.  
The instant after reading this—real time—  
Expect to lock eyes with a masterpiece.

No marzipan rabbit ticking on the stair,  
No blowpipe hidden between cuff and wrist,  
No highwire humming in the midnight air  
Under the fleeing arch-equilibrist.

Instead, think of a vortex down a drain,  
A presence in a room it didn't enter,  
A pleasure made of nothing but a pain,  
A circle made of nothing but a centre.

Think—that we're out of time. The next is laughter,  
Shearing the life between before and after.