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.