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| HISTORY AS ADDENDUM AND NIGHT TERROR  
(ACQUISITIO)

*"We'll cover up the cover-ups and move on."*

—ROBERT POLLARD

I'm wearing my thin invitation  
on my already thin sleeve. The door  
prize is to peek into the cordoned-  
off crowd, to see the mourners or  
revelers or faint fingers tracing  
the secret sigil that keeps us all

away. It is always this dream I wake  
from, always some exclusion on a humid  
afternoon with no sun, too quiet to be

a wedding, too odd to be some sincere  
remembrance. There are children's  
voices, but they're not in eyeshot. Red trees  
sag threateningly toward gray grass  
as if to taunt it with color. The stanchions  
are strung with hemp cord stained

from use. The whole affair smells  
like the inside of an old hat. My hands  
blister and bleed and shake.