

## **Coup de Grace as a Philosophy of Life**

*After Matt Adrian*

In a way, you shutting the door was its own mercy  
killing. You see, the truth is I am a desert. I am full

of holes. Of – this. This space between us – I've gone  
and adopted it. Made him my son. We go just about

everywhere now, that little distance and I. Soon enough,  
we became this knot of crossed-out lines. Did you

know then? That I was going to turn all that into –  
this? I knew. My head is full of yew and splinter.

I've shoved my son into this piece. Tucked him into bed  
with the oven on. Baked him into blackbird pie. Carved

myself out of the scene. Go on. You can have him –  
you, out there living your best life on the big screen

of my longing. Me, legs propped up in the theatre,  
teeth gleaming in the dark like lies. All of this

I've scripted, of course. That's what I do. I find holes  
in myself and ways to reinvent them.

I'm learning to settle like sand. Behold. This jungle  
of excuse. This heavy canopy of silence.

I will trek through and through myself.