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# Afterimage

*for Michael Snow*

What happens in uninhabited spaces  
(New York loft: 1966) still exists  
in hippocampal-mind & still frame  
film: closer, closer. She walks across the  
floor, but brief – I thought I brushed her  
shadow, inch -by- inch. Empty  
wall travesty: tint my 16 mm polyester-  
emulsion: life. Flicker: filter orange & stop  
Strawberry Fields (a tractor-trailer cuts  
across clear windows, one -by- one).

Image burn-in: photo  
receptor projects me:  
discomfort. Eyes-rapid  
in wake of rack-lux light.  
Again. A shadow. A woman:  
clicking rotary-dials: *There's  
a man lying on the floor.  
I think he's dead.* Close,

close: fade-in, in  
sharp frequency:  
ever-increasing  
beeping  
& jagged-hum  
Wave (length)s

# The Depot

I.

Scaffolds mark the cusp of a new city, I'm still  
burning downtown – train shuffle, rattle my slate-tile  
floors: there is no tunnel to my doors. I barricade  
us in.

II.

I am Corktown, blooming marble  
& bronze, a Corinthian-bone tower  
of commerce: manufactured grass  
littered mahogany: no sticks, no stones.

I can take you anywhere, but where  
would you want to go? Passengers can't  
take the wrong train. Come see my floors,  
wainscoting & terrazzo, say your goodbyes:

take your first step, frontier  
storefronts: take the boards  
off, open up shop  
inside: cracked door frames

& crown molding: a deep-throated whistle –  
call this place home.